

# SONS OF DESERT

**JHAMANDAS D. BHATIA**

B.A, M.R.ST. (London)

Compiled By  
**RAVINDER L. JHA**



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# CONTENTS

■	PUBLISHER'S NOTE	5
■	COMPILER'S NOTE	7
■	WORKS BY PROF. JHAMANDAS D. BHATTIA	9
■	G. EDITOR'S NOTE	30
1	POSTMARKED 1936	34
2	THE QUEST	40
3	WHAT IS LOVE?	45
4	LIFE AND DEATH	48
5	LIFE CIRCLES	49
6	PILGRIM IS QUEST	55
7	THE QUEST	57
8	DESERT	60
9	SHAH KARIM	63
10	SHAH LATIF	76
11	KUTAB SHAH	93
12	BEKAS	117
13	BEDIL	137
14	PARU SHAH	156
15	THE TRAVELERS	161
16	THE GIFT	163
17	THE DIVINE VAGABOND	165
18	BACHAL SHAH	168
19	THE PURCHASE	174
20	LOVE'S ADVENTURE II	179
21	ENGROSSED IN OUR OWN DREAM	181
22	WIPE YOUR NAME OUT	183
23	SHAH LATIF	186
24	KUTUB SHAH	187
25	RENUNCIATION	188
26	STORY OF A LIFE	190
27	WORDS	194
28	LIFE IS A SONG	196
29	ETERNAL DRAMA OF LIFE	198
30	A PILGRIM OF ETERNITY	200

31	THE VEIL	203
32	ASHE SHOWED ME THE WAY	205
33	AS I KNOW THEM	211
34	AS I SEE HIM-1	216
35	AS I SEE HIM -2	220
36	AS I SEE HIM-3	225
37	HE SHOWED ME THE WAY	231
38	THE MAN OF MIANI	236
39	LOVE POETRY OF SHAH ABDUL LATIF	240
40	THE SONGS OF MURAD	246
41	BE-LOVED BRIDE	251
42	SONGS OF ROHUL	252
43	THE THIEF	254
44	PALACE	255
45	THE "THIEF"	257
46	THE GIFT	258
47	THE NEW GUEST	261
48	PRISONER	262
49	THE ARK OF LIFE	263
50	LOST HEART	265
51	THROUGH THE 'WINDOW'	267
52	"LEELA" - THE "SEEKER"	269

## **PUBLISHER'S NOTE**

The protection of national heritage particularly the rare artefacts and the preservation of the historical document of immense importance and their use in the welfare of common people is the standard of the developed nations.

I personally believe that the offices of the Archives Department should be set up at district level so that scattered written material of rare and historical significance be not only preserved but these become accessible to students and scholars who can take benefit according to their academic taste and aptitude.

I am also of the view that the Archives Department should be equipped to make use of sophisticated technology for availability of source material to researchers and scholars. Accordingly, the following projects have been initiated:

- Enactment of Sindh Archives
- Preservation of pre-post partition records
- Establishment of Oral Archives
- Establishment of Photo Archives
- Establishment of Central Record Rooms
- Training initiatives in Archival Management
- Establishment of permanent Exhibition Galleries for Show-casing precious archival record

This is a matter of great pleasure for me to acknowledge that our vibrant team which include Dr. Kalimullah Lashari, Dr. Abdul Ghaffar Soomro, Dr. Muhammad Idrees Soomro and other eminent scholars par excellence under whose guidance research and development works are being successfully driven.

At this juncture, I am glad to reassert that the staff members of the Archives Department specially the Director

Roshan Ali Kanasro is striving hard to accomplish the aforementioned tasks with maximum potentialities, hence I am thankful to all of them.

lastly, I shall request all readers, scholars, authors and researchers that they must share their precious views as to how we can make the Archives Department more beneficial and a place for modern learning and research.

**Dr. Zulfiqar Ali Shallwani**

Secretary

Information & Archives Department

Government of Sindh

## COMPILER'S NOTE

I was lucky to have been asked by the Editorial Board of Sindh Archives to compile the articles of the late Prof. Jhamandas D. Bhatia, for a publication by the Sindh Archives, not for the reason that I belonged to the family, but because in doing this I was introduced to new avenues of inspired writing, it proved to be an exercise to understand my grandfather's work, in field of literature and the mysticism, to which he was faithfully incline.

The learned General Editor of the series Dr. Kaleemullah Lashari suggested that I must also collect and compile the list of all the publications of the late Professor so that today's reader, if interested in the writing of the late Professor should find it easier to consult those. But it proved to be a very difficult task. I lost my nerves halfway as the work seemed undo able, specially the type of the journals and newspapers which were being published in the nineteen forties, fifties and sixties were not available in most of the libraries and also in the Archives. Reason being that this material was neither old one to have being taken seriously by the able collectors of seventies, when most of the collections were being sorted out and preserved, nor it proved to be historically very important for the archivists of today to have fetched due attention. It was his persistence that I was pushed into completing this task.

The results of this labour of love, selecting the articles by the late Jhamandas Bhatia for this volume, and having a fairly representative list of his published works is here for the benefit of the readers. One can be convinced of the importance of this collection just by glancing over it to understand the trend of writings in those days and type of the Journals in circulation.

I am highly indebted to Dr. Lashari for the guidance afforded to me in this case specially and his help in every activity this work required me to undertake. It was his singular devotion to the whole series that he never depended on the routine proof reading process, normally done at the printer's part; he himself checked final proofs, which so often seemed as if those were being checked for the first time, as we noticed that there were many corrections required. He helped in designing the layout and advised the printer in many of his undertakings. My thanks are also due to the other members of the editorial board, and also to Roshan Ali Kanasro, Director Sindh Archives of the kind support. I acknowledge Miss Anita Tabassum for the support by typing this bibliographic list and Mr. Afaq Ahmed Bhattee for assistance in collection of material.

Ravinder L. Jha



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## G EDITOR'S NOTE

The civilizations are built on the cultures; these in turn are the products of human courtesy and humility. No society can thrive without the expressed humbleness of few of its leading members. The land of Sindh is known for an outstanding civilization, which has become celebration of mankind. Indeed the Bronze Age urban cities are the magnificent expression of this great achievement of humanity. It is followed by a series of historic periods that helped nurture the material culture of great value, besides helping in shaping glittering traditions.

Till very recent the great civility, was the bases, on which the society has fashioned itself, and it was acclaimed as hallmark of this Land. It created positive impression in whosoever came in contact with it. That is the reason the local “hospitality” is widely reported. This characteristic of Sindh is a partly product of tolerance that has generated positive vibes’ helping in the acceptance of Sufis, Saints and **Sants**, this feature is visible even in modern times.

There has been multitudes who recognized these “sants & saints”, and readily extended their following, without being restricted by so-called social divisions. The times were such that it was believed that a human was as respectable as the other, and deserved due space.

These modern saints promoted this age old celebrated cause, they were seen as continuation of the line of luminous Sufis and elders, who remain studded in our social history as shining stars.

These saints commanded love and respect, they

continued to inspire the general masses to the path of love, tolerance and happiness, in the company of fellow humans.

The fragrance of love for humanity catapulted the social groups to achieve remarkable targets, the mushrooming of philanthropic associations, Ashrams, Shalas, and spilling of fortunes on creation of schools, colleges, hospitals, welfare homes, libraries etc. etc. is common scene of the Sindh's urban landscape. This phenomenon needed a social historian to explain it to us, pointing towards the elements, which made this society so vibrant, not only tolerant but loving so that the boundaries between varied creeds and castes faded in the background, so much so that the compartmentalization was unthinkable.

Professor Jhamandas Bhatia is one among such writers who brings to us the tale of tolerant Sindhi, his narrative is of scintillating stream that portrays the love, that was inherent in the society, He shares with us the emotions true to humanity and feelings of sympathy for not so lucky part of population. He happened to have seen those few persons, the living saints, who were instrumental in promoting tolerance and forbearance in the society; weaving the fabric of love out of the thread of humility. Their abstinence and self-sacrifice was visible thus effective in nursing positive attitudes.

Professor Bhatia belonged to that rare category of learned few, who utilized his pen to cultivate the feelings of love and brought a rich harvest of multitude of articles and few books of remarkable standard. His command over the expression was fully enriching and reflected his emotional side. He stood out as a flag bearer of respect for positive human feelings, and narrated his emotional experience that he had undergone, while practicing humility and developing mutual understanding.

It was the reason that he was dubbed as finest writer of English and Sindhi Languages, hailing from Sindh.

South Asia experienced an upheaval, and great mass of

people was jolted out of their emotional balance, that resulted in huge influx in, and not so equal exodus from Sindh. Shikarpur and Karachi were two such towns which suffered much on this account. Professor Jhamandas was native of Shikarpur with strong intellectual links with Karachi. He was bound to be affected, his kith and kin fell in the waves of the sea of immigrants, who all were socially felt compelled to mount on this journey to unknown. Humanity was finding no help or advise, that could come to be of any assistance to anyone, in that hour of uncertainty, but he was least affected, due mainly to his inner poise, that sustained him. He was a strong believer of human values, fully entrenched in tolerance and himself being a practitioner of love, he stood his ground and stayed where he was. This could have been easier for him to just let it go, and mount on this journey, simply as many people around him were emotionally compelled to undertake.

This was a test of a human being who could have easily packed his books and gone; but his belief in human values was the true force in his life, that operated not only on surface but also worked strongly in the inner stratas of mind, he with heavy heart bade good bye to the family members, who were departing.

His many writings were scattered, and few of his unpublished works were awaiting the light of day, due mainly to his untimely death. Being in class of their own these writings were brought together, on many instances, by his grandson, who is also one among the believers of the same philosophy; tolerance and humanity.

The material made available by the compiler was in various shapes and sizes. The old photo copies, the type written manuscripts, off-prints, and many scattered pages. The editorial job was very difficult and indeed challenging; as there was no link existing between the author's desire and the material gathered. The importance of the writings was compelling enough not to let go this chance of making this different genre of literature, produced in Sindh, available to



modern day reader. The proof reading was most difficult as well. The typed manuscripts presented twin difficulty of having being on any fragile paper, and also the normative steno induced problems. I am indebted to Kainat Shah Mohammad for her assistance in partly correcting the proofs, and to the printer who took the trouble to carefully correct these.

We are including a letter of Dr. Sorely which he addressed to Prof. Jhamandas, in response to his certain quarries. Sorely has deliberated upon the themes more or less touched by the writings included in this collection. It is therefore sort of a relevant commentary upon these articles of Prof. Bhatia.

I am happy that here one can see the example of the common Sufi way of life, practiced by the folks, the populace, very unlike the doctrinaire trends, where love and humility knows no bounds, no restrictions are laid, and tolerance is inherent.

This surely will be a unique experience for modern readers, accustomed with the writings betraying bias, anger and bigotry. Here the reader is catapulted to the heights where there are no frontiers where the belonging is only to the humanity.

**Dr. Kaleemullah Lashari**

## POST MARKED 1936

A College professor of Shikarpur, Sindh, in the year 1936 sent a letter to H.T. Sorley, additional Secretary, Finance, and Government of India. Professor Jhamandas Dwarkadas Bhattia wanted to know how English poets dealt with mysticism. Mr. Sorley, who was the author of Shah of the Bhitt and other books on mysticism, wrote back so caringly that his letter even today appears wonderfully fresh and Insightful.

The Shelter, Yeravda  
Poona, October 21, 1936

Dear Mr. Jhamandas

In fulfilment of my promise to you some time ago I am sending you this letter. I am very interested in all you propose to do and hope you will continue your studies and bring out the books you propose. There is a great need for such work in Sindh and I am glad that educated men are taking it up.

Your little pamphlet, The Pilgrim strikes me as being very beautiful and very well expressed and the standard of English writing in it is high. I have not the privilege of knowing the originals and so cannot say to what extent you have caught the spirit of them. But the pamphlet reads very well as it is and seems imbued with a good deal of the spirit of transcendental mysticism of the kind common in India. It is typical of a good deal of the work being done and forms part of a distinct school of expression which differs considerably, of course, from mystical expression in other lands in cultures with a different historical background.

You have asked me about parallels in English literature to the mystical poetry of the Shah. Well: that is big question. There are hardly any of the greater English poets who are not mystical in some of their moods. But in my opinion the greatest direct parallel to Shah can be found in the religious hymns of Isaac Watts and in Richard Caw-shay, who have the same kind of religious mysticism as Shah has. There are also some poems by Clough that might well have been written by your poet of Sindh.

Ofcourse the greatest mystical poet in English is Blake; he is a mystic of a very different type. You will find many parallels in him but he is essentially a poet of revolt, revolt against the intellectual standards of his day and an emotionalist, who was in rebellion against the coming of the industrial system. He is not a Christian in the proper sense and much of his thought is agnostic rather than religious at all. But there are undoubted similarities in him to passages and Ideas in the Risalo and a study of Blake is, I think essential for any full under-standing of mystic thought and expression. Then the other poets with mystic meanings are Donne, the Elizabethan intellectual speaking a language that no one now uses today, Shelley whose mysticism is non-religious, Wordsworth whose mysticism is romantic, and Browning whose mysticism is built round the importance and values of beauty as a source of action and activity and not as an objection of contemplation at all. The characteristic note of Wordsworth, Browning and Shelley is that of the importance not so much of the divine as of man's powers to imagine the divine.

They are quite different in essentials from the Persian mystics who have had so much influence in moulding the thought of Shah Abdul Latif. In fact, English poetry is as a whole metaphysical and commutative of the achievements of man rather than a glorification of the attributes, wonder and majesty of God. It is simply a different way of looking at things. The great thesis it all starts from it is the ability of the mind of man to see and know things and to understand beauty. It does not start from the point that man is poor meek

creature humble before the power of God, because English thought tends to take the view that all our ideas are our own creations and that they are worthwhile only in so far as they really mirror truth, which is itself a system built up partly though the creation of human brains.

Most Indian writers do not understand this fundamental difference between Eastern and Western thought. The latter is much more individualistic and much less fatalistic in its thought and expression because Western people as a whole think perhaps rightly perhaps wrongly that, man is largely the master of his own fate and the world is largely what he chooses to make of it. Hence, beauty, and goodness and truth and all the great fundamental conceptions dealt with in poetry are not really the creations of God but of ourselves. The function of God is that of a sort of controlling power we cannot really know which makes this human achievement possible. It is quite wrong as most Indian thinkers are always saying, that Western thought is materialistic in essence. It is the very opposite but Indian thinkers are misled because they do not fully understand (largely because they are ignorant of the cultural development of Western thought from ancient Greece and Rome through the Hebrew scriptures and the influence of the catholic church) how it all starts from a deeply felt relationship of man to the divine.

The images of Western thought are largely drawn from practical life and this tends to confirm Indian thinkers in their misconceptions. Actually, if you read through some of the mystical English hymns sung in English churches you will see something that is very akin in many ways to the religious mysticism of the East. The West has always thought that Indian thinkers work in two restricted channels and have little imagination beyond the scope of a few ideas which are continually being repeated, in a very beautiful language. It would be quite impossible for poets like Shelley or Wordsworth or Browning to remain long content with the narrow range of ideas which is typical of most Oriental poetry. They think that to confine thought within this narrow

of the human mind to understand things and hence they are always protesting against convention and conservatism and narrowness of outlook. They are certainly not materialistic.

Modern English poetry goes even further. Not only is it cherishing with rhythm and language in a manner that is quite new but it is drawing its inspiration from subjects that at first sight seem to be the very opposite of poetical, for example, the horrors of war, the miseries of the industrial system, the mistakes of social policy and the like. I do not profess to be able to understand much of current English poetry but some of it is extremely powerful and beautiful even when it is describing horrible and ugly things. But the motive is the same behind all these forms of expression to find out the meaning of truth and discover beauty and goodness and holiness somewhere amongst the rubbish. All Western thought is predominantly ethical not religious at all. It seeks to find out the causes of injustice and stupidity and to show how to put things right according to a moral and semi-religious code which is largely derived from the ideas of Christianity. I do not know if you have read the poetry of John Masefield. There you will find exactly what I have been trying to express here: horrible and ugly things are dissected to see what is in the bottom of it all and how they can be improved.

The series of sonnets called the Lolling Downs are as sublime an attempt as has ever been made to reconcile the rationalism of science with the aspirations of man in his relation to the divine. Then the Testament of Beauty by Robert Bridges tackles the same question from a slightly different angle: not that of the scientific inquirer after truth but of the artist who wants to see how the ugly fits in with the beautiful since beauty and ugliness are parts of the same general scheme. You cannot understand beauty unless you know what is ugly. It is when you try to define the ugly that you get into the deepest kind of metaphysical speculation. Thus there is not much point in looking for English parallels to the Shah in English poetry unless you have first a clear idea of the fundamental conceptions with which European

thought starts. Mere verbal similarities in themselves will not carry you very far in this quest. But I think I have said enough to guide you in your study of the subject you should never forget that all through European thought as the constant background runs a firm conviction on the essential capacity of man, his power to improve himself and his need to follow a religion of love to his fellowman, to treat him with justice and fairness and so deserve a communion with the divine.

Christianity is, as you are doubtless aware, a very deeply mystical religion. You have only to read the New Testament to see that. It is difficult to understand because it is expressed largely in the language of the Greek philosophy, which was prevalent two thousand years ago. The “Word” and the “flesh” and the “church” are all deeply mystical in content and meaning and cannot be understood at all without some sort of acquaintance with the principles of Greek philosophy, particularly that of Plato which became developed later through Tertullian, Plotinus, Dionysius the Areopagite, and Augustine and others into a complex metaphysical, religious and mystical system on which the roman Catholic church was built and which has ever since by means of certain fundamental principles, permeated every expression of European thought. It is not materialistic at all but so deeply mystical that not many people really understand its full significance.

You have asked me for books which you should study in connection with your researches into the mysticism of the Sindhi poets. Well: the number is legion but I can give you only a few of the main ones: namely ***Mysticism*** by Evelyn Underhill: ***The Literary History of the Arabs*** by R.A Nicholson and in fact all the works of that wonderful scholar: ***The Literary History of Persia*** by Professor Browne, another classic: ***Mysticism*** by Professor Lehmann: ***The Platonic Tradition in English Religious Thought*** by Dean Inge (another of the greatest of present day thinkers): ***The legacy of Islam***, Oxford Clarendon Press: ***The History of Sindh*** by Burton: an ***Outline of Islam*** by North: Arabic Literature by

Professor Gibb: ***Blake and Modern Thought*** by Professor Saurat: ***Mysticism in English Literature*** by Miss Spurgeon: ***The Idea of Personality in Sufism*** by Professor Nicholson: ***Arabic Thought and its Place in History*** by Professor O'Leary: ***The Doctrine of the Sufis*** translated by Arberry from the original Arabic: ***The System of the Vedanta*** by Professor Deussen: ***The Spirit of Oriental Poetry*** by Puran Singh: ***Dante and Aquinas*** by Wick steed: ***Islam and Eastern Art and Literature*** by Professor Dennison Ross: and of course the annotated editions and commentaries on Hafiz, Jalaluddin Rumi, Jami, the Sham-i-Tabriz: the Gul-Shan-i-Raz: Gazzali Mishkat al Anwar: the Gulistan and many other works.

There are hundreds of other books on general and particular aspects of Sufism which can be found. I have long lists of them but I imagine it will be difficult for you to get hold of them in Sind. I have found many of them in the British Museum Library in London and in the Royal Asiatic Society's library in Bombay. I have also seen some works in the library of the India Office in London. But quite a number of works are available in India somewhere and could doubt less be found by enquiry. Many of the chief classic books are in cheap editions and available at any good booksellers if you give notice of them so that they can be procured.

In the meantime I hope that I have been able to give some guidance which will help you in your further studies which you must pursue. It is just scholarship and studies of this kind that modern Sindh needs so much. Every good book published helps to make the ground easier for future scholars to go over and all scholarship is an everlasting service to the whole world because nothing that is good is lost. It will be read by someone somewhere and improved upon. I hope that my own book when it is ready will be of perennial assistance to all future scholars in Sind:

I am yours sincerely  
**H.T. Sorley**

# THE QUEST

Man is a child of hope, but a child is a creature of his creations. A child who sets afloat a paper-boat on the water is never weighed down by the waves of the sea, nor by the thought of the distant past, but is intently in the play watching the waves. He delights to see the dancing boat still above the surging sea. The future of the frail vessel does not disturb him, for still the thread of trust binds him from behind. He knows not how. The silence that seals the secret speaks more eloquently than words. Slowly the silvery white little thing leaps up and then sinks down into the watery grave never to emerge again to delight the little one. But the joy that shines in his face the moment that little thing raises its head to run a race is incomparable. The child-heart begins to beat out of the on-rush of feeling to the tunes of the water. Slowly it sails on till he feels it has gone to the great far-off where the blue seas and the azure sky seem to unite into one line. He then feels that the line is probably a landmark in the history of some hero. Not so is man, the marvel of the master, he gives up the child-like trust and begins to thrust his hand behind the curtain to unseal the Mystic Door.

The one feels the other wields. The one lets his little thing run on the waters for the joy of its being, whereas the other does it in the hope of heaps. The little thing joyfully leaps lightly whereas the vessels of the man move on slowly laden with the cargo for commerce. The child has not the commerce consciousness. He has the cosmic consciousness. Man by his individuality and isolation has shadowed the light and blurred the sight, which otherwise is the might of the magnificent. The "little lords" are the silent bards of the cosmos. The child, as he watches and waves a hand of hearty send-off, does not have a heavy sigh but despite the depths of the deep feels the fullness of life as the little thing crosses the



threshold of the Temple of Eternity. And as the sun sets its last lingering look upon him, sinking down with a glorious glow into the deep, he feels the stars above. Even in the blue sky he finds his little creature floating till the tide of time brings back the dark with its shadows and shades. But the handmaids of the morn come to clear up the atmosphere. Their chief, Dawn, declares the flight of darkness by raising aloft in the East the Emblem of Victory.

The child who had been watching all the while lying in the lap of his Love began to say, "Not unlike my soldiers has she taken to flight." While playing on the seashore the child's play with the sands has been one with the Sands of Time. Making and breaking the forms and figures the sands of time stream down into a never-ending game filling the void with vastness-the limitless life-the kingdom of the King of Kings. But as he advances he begins to ask himself, *"What was it in the current that carried away the creature of my creation? What force put to flight the darkness of the Night? What pervades the earth and the sky that the sun, moon and the stars move and take their stand at the appointed hour?"* The sleeping soul has been touched by the morning light and the fairy seems to have dragged the darling to her own Dreamland! This tender touch of the Infinite rouses the soul that had been asleep for ages, to a sense of "wonder". How through the womb of the dark night is born the bright and beautiful child, "Day", which again loses itself in the Great Beyond to emerge out of it brighter and more glorious than ever before.

Who fills the little lights of the firmament? Wonder wends its way through the winding streets and alleys of the Garden of Glory bringing the little child face to face with the "Flowers of Creation." How beautiful and how sweet! The colour and the creation, the design and decoration, the fineness of its features, and the fullness of its fragrance lead the child on a step further in the wonderland of Nature. How is the flower filled with fragrance? And how does it hold it concealed in the heart till it lays bare in secret the beauty before the Beautiful. But of all the wonders of Nature Life is

the greatest. "A little child that lightly draws its breath, and feels its life in every limb", what does it know how the machine moves. It is all a mystery too mysterious for him. Instinctively he feels that it is a mask of the Mysterious One whose "sight" is forbidden to all but few. It is the eternal play of the Infinite to peep out through His playthings and again withdraw unto Himself bewitching by His beauty the heart of some solitary *pilgrim* to the unknown. Day after day greater glory awaits him who has been waiting for the veil to be torn away with a child-like trust. Light lifts up the curtain that hangs over to hide the beauty of the Beautiful. And this glimpse of Beauty brings with it a blaze-a fire that rouses a deep desire, a restlessness born of a sense of separation that sees the Pilgrim on the Path.

Early in life the contact was not conscious but as we grow in the outward we lose in the inward. The points of contact having been missed we wander about to gather "honey" like the bee from the flowers.

Forgetful of the "fortune" we had or have we amused ourselves with the sights and scenes that generate beauty after the Beautiful. How the flowers, rich in colour, fresh with fragrance, sing the song of the Beautiful. How the stars overhead every night sing to us the song of silence. How the sun evermore comes to bathe us in a flood of light. How the beautiful birds sing sweetly of the sweetest; and how the butterfly pursues the petals with an untiring patience humming the hymn of love. All these and many more objects become the subject for the self.

Thus least of these are warbling out the warmth of longing. "Beauty is a beckoning to the Beautiful." Living in the Realm of Beauty we catch the contact and begin to build beauty within bounds. It is the nature of beauty to colour the craving one, deepening it after its own dye. And thus the Pilgrim who is out on his quest will enjoy the beauty and bliss of things beautiful till that vision enters the temple of his heart transforming the very vitals of his being. The "Pilgrim" begins with first rays of the morn and pays his homage to

beauty in different forms. How different and yet how beautiful! Strange! Through them any forms the Pilgrim sees him-the God of Beauty. The deeper he dives husks, "What is this that I call beauty"? It is that rhythm of life, that coordination of the components which sing of harmony. It is that humanizing of the heart that heals the wounded and harmonizes the inharmonious. Beauty enters the temple of the heart we know not when, but the moment she gets in, Time and Space fail to send her out. Having got the hold she begins to fold itself round and round till we become "new."

How vast and how beautiful must he be who created beauty. The pilgrim looks through this window and that door, through this eye and that sight the verities of the wonderful. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever". And what is the quest of the Pilgrim? It is the Beautiful behind Beauty, the colour behind the coloured, the sweet behind the sweetness, the singer behind the song, the light behind the lamp-the figure behind the stamp. Hard though this may appear, for the Pilgrim life has no savour but the marching on towards the Palace of the Prince. How does he imaginatively picture to himself the "Prince, the "Beautiful". But he knows that the Palace of the Prince is surrounded by forests and fields, by deserts and ditches. Faith does not fail him nor does any adversary assail him whose heart is afire with beauty, pinging is a live fire which does not desire anything except the Beloved. Trials and temptations surround him on all sides and the physical body suggests a rest for a while-a nest in the beautiful one-and a sweet smile, But the heart says, "Do not beguile-through heat and cold must you hold-or else you may never get to the Fold of the Fair. And the pilgrim sees that the heart is not satiated, the more it advances, the more it dances the death dance to deepen, and devote, nay dedicate through its death the life and thus end the strife of I and Thou and identify himself in Him. This play is as eternal as the passion itself. From age to age the human, heart after wandering through wilds comes to the consciousness, nay to the memory of a sense of separation and begins its search of her partner, and not till then does she rest till she finds a nest and then like a little bird creeps into it concealed and cosy. She

lives in Him. And throughout the ages the Ageless One has been playing this game to His heart's fullness.

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*Rohul thus they appear,  
Before their friend and compeer.  
Beauty is our brilliant guide,  
That Guides us to the Eternal side,  
Behold how a drop so small  
Contains the ocean's essentials all.  
Fight 'with form' the enraptured wise  
And sets there on its brilliant eyes  
Quickly raises the sober sage  
From the Plain to mansori stage  
Holds fast many a man so holy  
And puts him on scaffold coldly.  
Colourless colour Bedil beholds  
The glory of Beauty thus enfolds.*

# WHAT IS LOVE?

## I

She had heard of him and of his beauty. Her whole being was aflame. She had no rest. She began to live in the "Bounds of the Beautiful One". Her father and mother called her Suhini-the Beautiful-but she had laid herself as an offering before him-the master of her heart. Renouncing a life of ease and comfort he had set out in search of the Beautiful. Like a wandering beggar he moved on from one country to another. Nothing seemed to capture his heart. Hard life had changed his delicate being but the enthusiasm of his quest kept him up. Thirst for the bliss of Beauty became deeper. At last he came to a village where he found a home in the heart of Suhini. A self-exiled prince he accepted to be a herdsman in the service of Suhini's father. Suhini would run out to meet him in the fields. Scandal had its day and Suhini's father turned away the noble Mehar. Dishonoured thus he left the village and pitched his tents on the other bank of the river. She was wont to meet Mehar every night. She felt herself lifeless without him. One evening she was moving with an unusual speed and her thought fixed on him she knew not the world around her. A Mulla was offering prayers and while she passed by him the Mulla called her names saying, "How dare you interrupt my prayers"? Suhini, who was not conscious of the existence of the Mulla, said, "Sire, I was unmindful." The Mulla got enraged and said, "Foolish girl, know ye not the punishment of such misconduct." "Yes", said Suhini. "The punishment descends upon the offender." "But, Sir, engaged as you was with the Lord how dared you notice my presence?" The Mulla got wild and felt the girl was impertinent. He said, "It was my duty to keep under control my consciousness lest my prayers may go in vain." "Alas!" said Suhini, "How untrue? I, who was engrossed in the

thought of my Beloved, could not see you while you, who pose to be one with Him, could feel my presence."

## II

Narad one day went to Hari and asked him, "Sir, who is near and dear to you?" Narad had hoped that Hari would naturally give out his name as it was he alone who had been singing his prayers day and night, But Narad was sorely disappointed when Hari said, "Narad, the Gopees of Brindahan are dearest to me than anyone else." Hearing this reply Narad went away. After a few days he again went to see Hari. He saw that Hari was lying pale and crying on account of agonizing pain. Narad seeing this state of things said, "What! Sire, you the Lord of all creation are crying!" Said Hari to Narad, pain is eating up my vitals. "How could the master of all the worlds be suffering? It is maya!" Said Hari, "oh Narad! It is neither my maya, nor a joke-you alone can help me." Narad whose self had suffered the disgrace of not being considered dearest was little soothed and smilingly inquired how could a thing of your creation, my Lord, help you? Hari who was getting pale said, "Narad, help me out of this agony." Impatiently, said Narad, "Tell me my master for Life without thee is death." Said, Hari "Oh my dear Bhagth the dust of your feet alone can relieve me of my pain." How could I give you the dust of my feet." Narad left Hari and went to see if Brahama could be persuaded to give the dust of his feet.

But Brahama too refused saying, "Narad you are a Bhagta and how do you ask me to give you the dust of my feet." Disappointed he went to Indra, and related the whole story to him. He begged of him to give the dust under his feet for Hari but Indra too refused saying how mean and ignoble will it be for him to give the dust for Hari. Narad came back to Hari and recounted the story of his wanderings. Hari then told him, "Oh Narad, you could still get the dust of the gopees feet. Go to Brindaban and see how they vie with one another in their offering." Narad hurried towards Brindaban. He saw them in the wilds of Brindaban playing many an old game to amuse themselves. He called them lovingly and told them that he

wanted the dust of their feet for Hari. No sooner did they hear this than their hearts began to throb-"only the dust under our feet" "our lives are all a sacrifice at the altar of His Love." "Take away oh Narad any quantity you need," said one, "Did He not ask for my blood," said another, "Did he not ask for my heart," said third, "Love does not Count the Cost," said the fourth, "Head is too cheap an exchange," said the fifth. Narad felt ashamed, and said, "True, Gopees excel me for they have no considerations."

# **LIFE AND DEATH**

(Wayfarer)

On a hill God sat all alone, wrapped in the mantle of meditation. He was afire with the divine desire to unfold Himself through the cadence of colour. And so out of the palette of pain in His heart He brought forth the harmony of the seven-stringed hues. The sky and the sod, the cloud and the camel, the rose and the nightingale, the stars and the sands, man and woman, the child and the angel appeared on the scene, robed in radiant beauty, and marched forth in stately procession before Him. In this manner all the colours in the palette except the pitch-black were exhausted.

"What shall I do with the swarthy stock?" said the Creator to Himself, His forehead furrowed with deep thought, and His eyes bent on the bewitching black.

The night came on. He felt inspired. He took up His brush and created the dusky-faced Death and sent him down to the earth.

And as Death parted from his divine parent, the latter blessed him: "Fare thee well, beloved brother of Life".



## LIFE CIRCLES

Sunder was their only son. They had little or nothing they could call their own. Still they looked upon Sunder as a trust. They felt like the great ones that the talents that lay in him must be trained, tuned and turned to good account. Though unlettered they had the wisdom of the heart. One day the father-Shyma told his wife: "Look here, dear companion of my life, Sunder is ours only I that, we might make of him a beautiful flower." Gori the mother said, 'Yes lord, Sunder must become truly beautiful.' With this ideal they worked day and night to lay by for Sunder what their slender income could allow them to save.

For a few years, the house was a nursery school for the little one. The mother would sing sweet lullaby's to him and keep rocking the cradle. No pains did they spare to see that Sunder like a flower. They felt extremely happy, when they saw their flower fresh and blooming.

It was the new moon day of Phalgoon (spring). The flowers come out to invite man to the festival of the Fair. The rich and the poor alike dressed their children in gay colours to participate in the Festival of the Season. The poor couple spent a few chips to buy their darling a simple dress. He went with them to a place, where the little ones were playing. Life had its fullest expression there. The playgrounds teeming with the thousands of Children near the sea-shore presented a delightful appearance. The evening brought in the elderly people also to the spot and lo! Shyma and Gori saw the children of the rich nobility going about. "When will our child become one of them?" said the mother. "Yes Gori, one day, if we would give him the best training." "This we shall", said they and on the morrow they decided to send Sunder to the

Lotus School. Soon the little boy by his industry and assiduity finished the primary course. He was then sent to the Lily High School of Premabad. Transported as if by a magic wand from the homely village atmosphere to that of the time, Sunder began to feel that he lived in a "Paradise"-though it was a fool's paradise. He soon forgot both the example and the precept his parents had placed before him. "Work is Worship" - the watch-word of his parents fell into the background. Pleasure and leisure became his watch words. He began to move on in the company of his class-mates. Every day he found three fourths of his friends refusing to respond to the call of the teacher. One day it came to Sunder's lot. He had been given work, but life in the great school had taught him a different lesson. The next day, the teacher, who entertained a high regard for him, was stunned, when to his dismay he found that Sunder too, was one of the defaulters. The teacher tactfully handled his boys for he always felt that the vocation he was following was delicate one. It is a matter of life. A little looseness might spoil a life. A little hardship might turn away a young mind from education. So softly he inquired "Why is it Sunder, you have not worked"? The boy stood abashed and had not the courage to raise his head. For some days, Sunder dragged a dreary life in the class. He lost interest in the work. He found his studies to be a joke. It was too galling for him. After days of coaxing, caressing and comforting consolation from his teacher, he one day found courage to speak out his mind, whereupon the teacher spoke to him.

Teacher: - Sunder, how is it that you too have been negligent, your father Shyma is working day and night, to give you the best education where as you have been loitering in the lanes and by-lanes of the city.

Sunder: - Sir, I know it all. I have been doing my best, but the class work is so irksome that I can hardly find time for it.

Teacher: - You will not find it heavy, Sunder, only if you throw your heart into it.

Sunder: - Yes Sir, I will.

He gave the promise. He had noble impulses. He was a boy who was not bad. He had been led into the wrong. The light in his heart flickered. He struggled after the promise. Strength failed him. He had read and learnt it from his teacher how easy it was to find out the centre of a circle given the radius. He was moving in a circle. The radius of it was known to him. How could he then miss the centre. The teachers tried to win him over to their circle but he could not shift the centre. It soon became clear that Sunder had signed the death warrant of the promise. It was Monday-the first day after the long vacation. The teacher entered the class. He inquired "Have you done your work, boys?" "Yes", said some. "No", said others. But there were others who began to discuss and say "Sir, we were tired of the heavy work, we had no time." The teacher was deeply moved and delicately began to say "It is a misfortune, that the youth of the country should forget their duty. It is a tragedy that the young who should be bubbling with life, the young who should be blooming buds, the young who should be Radios of Radiance should fall into different ways and defeat the purpose of life. I know you have gone into foreign lands, I know you have crossed the borderlands of your circle, I know, you have gone far away into the land of thieves and robbers, who have ensnared your hearts. How can you, find either time or energy for work?"

The students hung their heads in shame. The teacher began to search for a centre, wherewith he might describe, a concentric circle to wean his "**little ones**" as he always called them.

He forsook all paths of pleasure. He divorced all delights. He burnt the midnight oil. He thought of one plan. He tried it, having failed he tried another. Ceaselessly he experimented plan after plan to solve the problem of concentric circles. He waited patiently for the Light. At last it came. With different radii he described circles and led his little ones to move in them. One day after months of hard toil, he came to the class bubbling with joy. "I have found, I have found at last, the solution of the problem of concentric circles. As he entered the class room, he said, "My little ones, Life have a place for mathematics, science, literature and history. It is wide

enough to embrace all. All of them contribute to its makeup. All that we learn of Geometry does not concern only figures on the black-board nor does it only encompass the measurement of fields, the vast plains, roads, rivers and the like, but they help us to understand life. The history of life can be graphically represented in geometrical figures. Life is made up of lines, straight lines, parallels and perpendiculars, diagonals and diameters, circles and circumferences. All those have a place, a function in life. The angles of elevation and depression, the obtuse and the acute, bring to us a story of the emotional rise and fall of human heart. The intersections and bisections tell a tale, of the crossings and the passings, in life's struggles. Man keeps on moving. He plays progresses in different diagrams. Sometimes he moves in circles, thinks, argues, arranges and rearranges his life and its playthings, its dolls, their falls, its dances and trances in circles. But the matter of fact man moves on lines of his own making but very rarely they are straight lines. When the ways of life lie apart the parallels never meet. We do find parallels in History and in life. How toweringly they stand. At other times they lie on opposite pole. Life is such. We often make much of what is naught, when we are running at a tangent. How often do we form squares and hexagons to bring beauty in life, to end the efforts of our opponents and defeat their deadly designs. We trap them by triangles and angle out their moves and the groves they move in."

The study of circles is more important than the study of others. It is a common observation that we have our circles to move in. Within these circles we have smaller or larger concentric circles. From the centre, spring up circles of political life, of social life, of spiritual life. The centre is one. It is the centre of affection that describes circles with different radii. The centre remains the same. Let the radii change and we shall have a range from the smallest to the largest. How strange that we are able to arrange the different schools of thought and action in circles of different types.

Sunder:- Sir, How does all this apply to us?

Teacher:- You know the circle you have been moving in. The centre is **affection**. This same centre will take you in a round quite different from the one you have been moving in only if you would enlarge the radius. Wider the range greater will be the area you would encompass and deeper and broader would be the experience you would have. The centre you have selected is the best but the radius is wrong. You have been moving in a manner and thereby proving your life a waste.

Sunder: - Is not this waste, best? Has it not given movement, a dynamic force, an impetus to life? Has it allowed us to stagnate and to rot?

Teacher: - Yes, movement has there been. But the dirty waters create only fermentation or filthy fruition.

Sunder: - What then shall be the radius of our circle?

Teacher: - The radius of your circle should encompass all those that bring to your knowledge, yield to you fruit of observation and experiment and lift you often above the touch of earth.

Sunder: - How can that be, Sir?

Teacher: - It can be done easily. Move in the circle of the Great, the Good and the Beautiful,

Sunder: - How could you find this out sir?

Teacher: - Throwing myself whole heartedly into it, I have been able to get the magic of Aladdin's Wonderful Lamp that would transform the disfigured into the Divine.

Sunder: - I too have thrown myself whole heartedly but.....

Teacher: - Only change the radius and the waters of life run into different directions, bringing blossoming foliage, and

the fruition to the seed idly lying in the waste land of our life.  
The change of radii will induce radiance to run into your life.  
Has not the poet said:-

***Circles are praised, not that abound,  
In largeness but that exactly round  
So; life, we praise, that does excell  
Not in much time, but acting well.***

## PILGRIM IS QUEST

The child who has been watching all the while lying in the lap of his love began to say "Not unlike my soldiers has she taken to flight." While playing on the sea-shore the child's play with the sands has been our then the sands of Time. Make and breaking the forms and figures the sands of time stream down into never ending game filling the void with vastness-the limitless life- the kingdom of the king of kings. But as he advances he begging to ask himself "What was it in the current that carried away the creature of my creation-What force-put to flight the Darkness of the Night." What pervades the earth and the sky that the sun, moon and the stars move and take their stand at the jointed hour." The sleeping sand has been touched by the morning light and then the fairy seems to have dragged the darling to her own Dream- Land. This tender touch of the Infinite rouses the soul that had been asleep for ages, to a sense of "Wonder." How through the womb of the dark night is born the bright and beautiful child "Day" Which again loses itself in the great Beyond to emerge as it brighter and more glorious than ever before. Who fills the little lights of the permanent? Wonder ends its way through finding streets and alleys of the Garden of Glory bringing the little child face to face with the "Flowers of creation." How beautiful & how sweet. The color and the creation, the design and decoration, the fineness of its features, and the fullness of its fragrance lead the child on a step further in the fonder Land of Nature. How is the flower filled with fragrance? And how does it hold concealed if the least till it lays bare in secret the beauty before the "Beautiful." But of all the wonders of Nature Life is the greatest. "A little child that lightly draws its breath and feels its life in every limb what does it know how the machine moves. It is all a mystery too mysterious for him. Instinctively he feels that it is a mask of the mysterious our, whose "slight"

is forbidden to all out few. This sense of wonder leads him on to the ladder leading through his play things and again with draw into itself be watching by its beauty the heart of some solitary Pilgrim to the unknown. Day after/ day greater play wait him, who has been working for the veil to be torn away with a child like truest. Light lifts up the curtain that hangs over to hide the Beauty or the Beautiful. And this glimpse of Beauty brings with it a blaze- a fire that rouses a deep design, restlessness-born of a sense of separation that sees the Pilgrim the Path.



# THE QUEST

Early in life the contact was not conscious but as we grow in the outward we lose in the inward. The points of contact having been missed we wander about to gather "honey" like the bees from the flown. Forgetful of the "Fortune" we had or have we muse our self with sights and scenes that generate beauty after the Beautiful. How the flowers, rich in color, fresh with the fragrance sing the song of the Beautiful. How the stars overhead every night sing to us the song of silence. How the every moon comes to be us in flood of light. How the beautiful birds sing sweetly of the sweetest. How the butterfly pursues the pet ails with an untiring patience humming the hymn of Love. All these and many more objects become the subjects for the self. The beasts of there is warbling out of the warmth of longing "Beauty & is a beckoning us to the Beautiful." Loving in the "Realm of Beauty" 'We catch the contact and begin to build beauty within bounds. It is the nature of Beauty to color the craving one Deeping after its dye. No thus the Pilgrim who is out on his quest will enjoy the beauty and bliss of things beautiful till that vision of Beautiful enters the Temple of his heart transforming the very Vitas of his being. The "Pilgrim" begins with fresh rays of the morning has pays his homage to beauty in different forms. How different and yet how beautiful strange. Through the many forms the Pilgrim be sees him the God of Beauty- After while as he dives deeper asks but what it is this that I call beauty. It is that Rhythm of Life-that cordon after of components which sings of harmony. It is that humanizing of the heart that heals the wondered and harmonists the harmonious. Beauty enters the Temple of the heart we know not when, but the moment it gets in Time and space fail to send to her out- Having got the hold she begins to fold itself round and round till we become "New." How vast and how beautiful must he be who created the Beauty. The

pilgrim looks through this window and that door. Through this eye and that sight the varieties of the "Wonderful." A thing of Beauty is a joy forever. And what is the quest of the pilgrim-It is the Beautiful behind Beauty, the color behind the colored, the sweet behind the sweetness, the singer behind the song, and the light behind the lamp-the figures behind the stamp. Hard through this may appear for the **Pilgrim** life has no savor but marching towards the palace of the Prince. How does he imaginatively propose to himself the "Prince" – the Beautiful." But he knows that the palace of the Prince is surrounded by forests and fields, by deserts and ditches. Faith does not fall him nor does any adversary assist him those heart is a Fire with Beauty. Longing is a live fire which does not desire anything except the Beloved. Trials and temptations surrounded him on all Sides and the physical body suggests a rest for a while-a nest in the beautiful one-and a sweet smile. But the heart says "Do not beginle"-through heat and cold must you hold-or else you may never get to the Fold of the Fair." and the pilgrim sees that the heart is not satisfied, the more it advances, the more it dances the death dance to deepen and devolute nay dedicate through its death the life and thus end, the strife of and "Thou" and identify itself- in Him. This play is an external as the passion itself. From age to age and human-heart after wandering through wiles comes to the consciousness-nay to the memory or some night say a sense of separation and begins its search of her partner- and not till then does she rest till finds a nest and then likes a little bird creep into it concealed and cosy it lives in Him. And though the ages the ageless on has been playing this game to his hearts' fullness. Man is a child of hope and but a child is a creature of his creations. A child who sets afloat a paper boat on the water is never weighed down by the waves of the sun nor by the thought of the distant acts but is intently in the play, watching the waves. He delights to see the dancing boat still above surging seas. The future of the frail vessel does not disturb him for still the thread of trust binds him from behind. He knows not how, the silent that seals the secret speaks more eloquently that wards. Slowly the silvery white little thing leaps up and then sinks down into the watery grave perhaps never to again to delight

the little one. But the joy that shines in his face the moment that little things raise its head to run a role is incomparable. The child heart begins to beat-out of the onrush of feeling to the terms of the waters. Slowly it sails on- ill he feels it has gone to the Great far off when blue seas and the sky seem to be unite into one line. He then feels that the line is probably a land mask in the history of come hero. Not so is man. The marvel of the master, he gives up the child like trust and begins his hand behind the curtain to unseal the "Mystic Door."

The one feels the other wields. The one lets his little thing run on the waters-for the joy of its being whereas the other does it in the hopes of heaps. The little joy fully leaps lightly whereas the vessels of the man move on slowly laden with the cargo for commerce consciousness. Man by his individuality and isolation has shadowed the "Light" –and blurred the "Sight" which otherwise is the "Might" of the magnificent. The "Little Lords" are the "Silent bards" of the cosmos. The child as he watches and waves a hand of hearty send off does not heavy a heavy sight but despites the depths of the Deep feels the fullness of life as the little thing crosses the Threshold of the Temple of Extremity. And as the sun sets its last lingering look upon him sinking down with a glorious glob into the Deep he feels the stars alive. Even in the blue he finds his little creature floating till the tide of Time brings back the Dusk` with its shadows and shades. But the hand midst of the moon, come to clear up the atmosphere. Their chief "Dawn" declares the flight of Darkness by raising aloft in the East the Emblem of her victory.

## DESERT

Out of his wonder worship grows a flame that gathers strength and moves the Pilgrim on the Path. He moves along. No longer does he watch for the glimpse of his God." Through this window and that but enshrined in his bosom he carries the picture he has painted. He worships the Vision Beautiful. Through the many he has devotion the "One." His devotion deepens and the "Quest for the Beautiful." That had so long been languid begins to assume proportions transcending time and space. The verities of forms and faces sights and scenes he could all to his mind easily and revel in the realization to Beautiful hearts' desire. But now the fire begins to burn his being. Day after day the vision he worships becomes a brighter he feels it to reality not merely in his imagination but having habitation in the land of the living-convicted of the reality of his creation he begins to give it a local habitation and a name.' Moving along the path the Pilgrim becomes alert for the apprehension enters into him 'he might slip out'-or he might pass by me and I may not be able to catch him." Inspire of all this "Sleep" over whelms him. The Pilgrim then drifts along the old dusty domains which he leaves behind for the land of the Beautiful. The short of this sleep the tread of continuity is snapped and the contact lost. The current from the Power House ceases to flow into the heart of the pilgrim and he vacantly wanders about watching various ways for regaining the vision Beautiful. Desires or different natures begin to play their old game and they put him to shame and reprise him for neglecting him. They woo and win him for a while but the moment he dives in to deep sleep the 'Vision' flashes before him. The memories of old begin to pour in and he makes a frantic effort to break the fitness on the "Desires" and again "March" on the path toward the palace of the "Prince". He then remembers the story of a king who having laid out all the niceties and beauties in the

garden had concealed himself somewhere. Anyone who sought him would get him and the garden too. "Many were these, who allured by the attraction lost the day and the as "Night" came on the men of the king drove them out of the garden." Some there were who thought of the "king" the gives of all the gifts.

The languishing lamp lured up and the Pilgrim all of a sudden threw up the 'sense satisfying desires' and began once more his search nay his Pilgrimage. Intensity of his intention gave no ground to the grass to grow. His heart began to bloom like the flowers of spring- still had he to face the autumnal weather sun the blasting ls lazes of the Desert Sand. "With a boy any heart and a brighter sky he moves along. Finding the atmosphere clear helots the gear the tear him on without a 'holding fast' but to the blast that blights up his brightness comes on and the little 'life boat' which he has hoped would safely cross the waters and force the clemencies of the weather gets stranded. And like a like little child he sits dejected to wail, and be moon his los. "The shattered hopes, he thinks not of setting on his sojourn again. He faintly wishes to return to the realm of Pleasure and throw the "Cross" in the Desert never to see it again. But the soundless sound cries "Courage". The beautiful again beams on him and he feels the freshness of a flower. Thus inspired he pursues the path through difficulties dangers a need he anticipates. But no "Sacrifice" says he "is too great for a glimpse of the Beautiful He bears the burden of his **cross** on his own shoulder and through the desert or of Desolation is drudges along. His steps get stuck up and he tears them out of the ands that seal to smother them in their Bosom. The Beaming Beauty of the prince he feels in beckoning him. This inscribes him with hope. Faith returns. He moves on with the cross with the fettering steps like the Great Master for he feels the cross bearer him. The cross has brought with it the cresset. Soft smile validates his very vitals. The dying flames begin to play its game with the lamp. This phenomenon flares up the dropping pilgrim. Light streams through Darkness. He hugs the cross that had hung heavily on him. It has been a source of light and life for the thirsty. It has been stream in the

Desert for him. He finds the stream/ dancing and singing. His joy knows no bounds and the stream leaps and jumps he feels regeneration pulsating through dance of life. The dance slowly transmutes its self into music. The stray of melody sublimates his wildness. He divines deep of the stream. He feels the intoxication. The reamer moves along in the kingdom of his king with the basic on his lips and the dance on his feet. Like the dreamer, the lover of Bindraban the sung takes root in the soil of his soil with the melody of the Bamboo flute. It resolves the remotest corner of the Furth no sky no both join to sing symphony of external love.

# SHAH KARIM

## (The Return of the native)

Dr. James Cousins in his book of Modern Poetry says, "We revere a prince who is destined by birth to be an emperor, we would revere the infant son or daughter of the humblest peasant if we knew that he or she was to become Robert Burns or a Jan of Arc; we should revere every human being because of his or her divine right as inevitable in the divine plan and limitless in possibility. But our reverence should be for the divine right not their mere human right. The desire of the human right is to demand the bending of all to the use of the one; the urge of the divine right is to give oneself according to one's genius and power to the service of all." Such is the story of the mystics of Sind who divorced the easy run of life, who spared no pains to have a glimpse of the Beloved, who drew no breadth but of his beauty, who heard no sound but the jingle of his footstep and said "He comes, comes and ever comes".

They saw him strutting about in myriad forms voicing the voiceless one through the void and wilderness stretching over the finitudes of the Infinite and the infinity of the finite. It is a story of great adventure. It is a romance this, a venture of valour, of patience, of poverty, of persistence and penetration is the life of the sons of the desert, whose creation compares favorably with the beloved they adore, the ideal they worship, the God they rear and grow ultimately surrendering unto Him all that they learn, all that they earn, No sacrifice do they consider great, no privations do they feel; no pinch pierces them but by an inch. Their strife is life and their life is one great dedication- one great stride, one great ride across the desert to the palace of the prince, the dream of their infancy the reality of their youth and the achievement of

their age.

The life story of such sages should occupy the pages of golden books of all times. They are the pillars of the society, the beacon lights of far the stranded shows, the inspirers of the inert and the indolent to flights in the great nowhere, the Great void, the wide yawning gulf. They come as intimations of Immortality, the initiators of the infinite in the finite element.

Such then being the roll of these great men, who could be indifferent to their living spark with which they touch and bring to life Eternal what lies dead and lifeless, floating on the bosom of the Dead Sea.

It is related that there was a peasant by profession, prophet by pedigree and withal a prince in practice. Born in 935 Hijri i.e. 1536 A. D this boy in the family of Sayyads of Matiari was to open a new chapter in the history of human Endeavour- in the great adventure after the unknown in the noble romance of the known and the unknown. This adventure has found its rusting place not amongst the people of past but has had its nurture in the west as well. The seas and the sands, the rocks and the rivers, the **plains** and the palaces have all alike has the good fortune of giving to the world seekers and preachers, prophets and poets who have roused in the numbering souls to an awakening to witness the incoming of the dawn after the night. This young boy who was destined to be a light house to the weary and the worn tired and torn pilgrims sought to run away from the beaten track and perused a path that led him to the palace of the king. Letters seem to have had no lure for the lad, for not in often was he subjected on that account to the scourge of his elder brother, but his mother who it appears was a lady of sight so the great future that awaited her wayward boy. Her prophetic vision came true. The boy never had much of schooling though he had scolding in abundance on that score. His elder brother Jalal therefore, sees ceased to chastise him. The boy of course began to feel the chastening influence of his mother's good word and came to be a guardian and a true



servant of the family after his brother's death. Life did not fall on him with the heaviness of a grind stone but he held it up lightly with a faith in the ministry of the all merciful. This trust bring back to him light that laid him into the great Brotherhood of seekers of the Beloved. He went there not to conquer like Ceazer but be conquered. Silently he served the members of the Brotherhood. This service grew beauty on his life. The unfolding of this beauty attracted a stranger. Whether it was the vision of the mother or the prayer of a devout heart that raised the wayward boy from the rough and rude rounds of life to heights Ethical cannot be definitely said. The result alone is a witness. Not that the boy was of a type of Augustine who latter on became Saint Augustine through a here progress of his mother. Karim at first showed no signs of the intensity of life which he afterwards demonstrated in his devote and dedicated life.

From far of climes people came to live in his mosque. One of them it is sermised hailed from Bihar, The stranger as he appeared to be was no stranger to Shah Karim. He had known him long before he came to recognise him and this knowledge or affinity acted as magnet and brought them together. The Sayyad is to the Muslim what a Brahmin is to a Hindu, still forgetting all the parental pride, he prostrated himself before the Fakir, who by vigils, fasts, finances and practices had pariried himself and penetrated the viel that covered the face of the fair. He had been a witness to the beauty of the beloved. His face beamed with that light. His speech wafted not the fading fragrance of the flowers of the field but spread the unfading aroma of the lilies of the valley where shone the effulgence of the Eternal. His name was Ibrahim, love knows. It bows to its own laws. All man-made laws are mere weeds and straws in an unwedded garden. The sayyad transcended all limits, crossed all crossings, broke all barriers and bore all the scars to meet the messenger of love. He served him day in and day out, till that service born as it was of love streamed out of a "training light of glory" directly from the palace of.

This messiah Ibrahim, this messenger was at one time a

sepoys in a king's army. He had fought many fights, killed many enemies and at last had grown sick of this slaughter. He has now surrendered himself to his master. Divesting himself of all he possessed, his house his property and all that he could call his own, he marched on into the desert to win his deserts, at the hands of the Beautiful. From the deserts he had emerged out to lead the lad to the power House of all energy. Shah Karim too felt that he was destined to drink the divine draught at the nectars of the Dervish. He therefore laid his heart and offering at the altar of love. He undertook to observe the rules of discipline and lead a life of rigour and rank poverty as directed by his master. The path pointed out to the pilgrim meant an ascent down ward from the worldly point of view. Self-effacement, submerging of oneself in the individuality of the Master was the first step and letting oneself loose in the entity of the infinite was the last.

Love when it flames up allows no gaps. It builds a never ending chain, a rosary to repeat the name in sleep and waking to come to the endless and. There are breaks. The rushing tide will either break itself against the rocks or sweep away all that would bar its way. So does love. Nature therefore provides pauses. She puts on breaks. They are not meant to crush the spirit. They are only used to chasten the wildness of feeling, to give depth and density to them. The hand of the master worked out what the brain of man understands not.

One fine morning the master sprang a surprise on his disciple. He disappeared from the mosque. He left the adept alone. He thus forced them to walk without a prop. This was a test. The test is always trying. It tires one's patience. It is faith that boys up. It carries one of one's feet one never knows when and where will the solid ground be. One only has to wait for safe landing. Such was the state of Shah Karim's mind.

He was left on the vast waters without a helm, rudder or mast to steer his barge. Faith failed him for a while he stood bewildered. In the darkness of the Night, the storms seemed to raise. The wild waves rushed to devour him. He returned from this desolation of the desert to the feet seat of

his master. With his return came back the faith that had failed him. The fading flame flared up once more like a stream of lightening in the darkest deeps. He went out in quest of the master. Long and weary were the days and nights he spent. Long and unbroken were the tracks he trod but love never lags behind. It spurred him on. From village to village he marched on with the dawn, and the evening found him as restless as ever. The quest continued. Success seemed to give him a slip. Love saw what the feet were tired of at last his efforts were crowned with success. He found him but this was not to be the end of the game. It was only the beginning rather a prolog. The beginning was yet to come. Love grows pessimistic for a while. It fades not. It unfolds itself as it moves. It then begins to say "the best is yet to be".

The hide and seek which the master had still to play on excited the emotion of the aspirant who did not allow it to languish. It consumed him at both ends still he felt that he was losing nothing. Love knows no losses. All plights are passes to the palace through the wilds and woods to the wonderful palace of the king. The thrills and frills, the dejections and downward leaps of the water fall into the valley of desolation and isolation wake up to shoot up again to the heights. This eternal play of love in one long note in the endless quest of the pilgrim. His journey never ends. He therefore mends his ways and sends his says to the Master. The Master is always awake he receives the message of a ringing and a rithing heart, catches it and comes to him with the speed of lightening.

He rewards his labour with blessings and leaves his sandals with him which he worships in his daily devotion like the Great devotee of the Hindus Bharat who from day to day sacredly worshipped the sandals of his Idol Sri Ram.

To steal away from him he sends him on an errand. The money he gives to Shah Karim, the latter treasures up. He purchases his bread out of his own purse and brings it for the master. The world and its ways are a measure for measure. Love has a measure of its own. It owns nothing. It disowns what it owns. So the pilgrim marches through the parches

and privations in the quest of a beautiful but the interest Over Powers him until the conquest crowns him in the midst a plenty and profusion in the vastness of the desert. Pleased with the perseverance with which Shah Karim pursued his precept he gave him the gift of a stone. Karim was amazed. The stone was no ordinary stone. It soon showed itself in the brightness of gold, "Not for the wealth of the world did I come to there Oh, Master." The master there upon advised him to return to his native village and promised to see to the fulfillment of his heart's desire. Sore distressed he returned. Soon he found himself in the company of four darveshes. They were very kind to him. One of them gave him food to eat. The other handed him a stick. The sayyad took this and proceeded to his quest, the thirst of the pilgrim is never quenched. Devine discontent as Plato Calles it is the dower of those who are wedded to beauty and truth. This was not the end. He had risen. He had now to climb down. From the earth he had soared. He needs must come back to his native nest. At this stage he was dragged into marriage. Out of shame and remorse he hung down his head before the great brotherhood to which he belonged. It appears his experience of this life was not a very happy one. He always therefore advised his followers to keep away from it if they were eager to enjoy the love of God.

Travel tires seekers after comfort but excites and incites on bound for the boundless border land. He needs must tramp on day and night till light comes tripping to greet him. He therefore travelled far beyond the borders of Sindh. His eyes never failed to find Fakirs. He feasted sumptuously on their fragrance. In Ahmadabad he chance to meet an enlightened and Intoxicated soul. This mendicant was madly meditating on the eternal. He was deeply in engrossed. The Shah at first dared not to approach him. Bound as he was for a sojourn the boundary is whereof were unknown to him he felt it obligatory to submit an enquiry before the Fakir. He begged him to give him a lead. He paid him no heed. It appeared he was dumb. The Shah was persistent in his prayer. The Fakir was adamant beyond measure. For the third time the crying soul called out for light. The deep

anguish which the heart expressed in the prayer moved the Fakir to compassion. He said "If the preceptor would only give you a word curved through it would descend like in every part of your being."

In his travels, on the path and in life he seems to have at every stage found some lesson to rouse his soul and raise it from the earth to the sky. These he never would treasure for himself but like a flower Shade their fragrance on unto others.

Psychologists have written quite a lot about Dreams. A man of illumination opens the gates of not the temple of knowledge but of a world of knowledge, of light and of joy eternal. Not through book learning does this power swim to man. It is through experience, through perigation, through purification and through sub limitation. In one of his verses we find him saying, "Those ye have in mind while ye are a wake, they will haunt you while ye are sleep."

The selfless action, which is the coordinial preaching of the Gita finds its place in his teachings. He said to his disciples that prayer should not be offered to gain wealth power or advantage in life but only for the love of God. "Who ever goes to fetch water spills some water. Some do it for love and the other for wages. "Singleness of purpose same to have taken a firm hold on his mind." He says, none will take two things from this world, one the love of the Lord and the other relationship with the world. The Vedantic affirmation, "The beloved was within but my sitting set him out. Now I am throwing my net and groping with my hands." Like a Sufi he therefore advises, "First lose the self and find him. The beloved is not beside there Look for him within." He further suggests, "Oh woman don't rest in the Shade. Look out for the object anxiously under the sun. You have contracted relations with those whose country is far and beyond proceeding further he adds "Not till the peeps of the people have ended the reaching of the beloved mother's the aspirant."

The signposts which Shah raised for the edification of his

followers speak volumes about his spiritual progress. "Keep counsel to thy heart in secret; nothing would come out of openness. First they conceal themselves and then the object."

Study of books over which man in common so much prides himself Shah Karim disliked and said "My readings have become a burden for you. The words have returned to me like crocodiles." The same is here; the same is there the same lives in the heart. With the light of the same the same is seen and with the sight of the same the same has been.

Once it so happened that his shirt got dirty and some of his men went to wash it; meanwhile he sat naked, Hassan Ali his son who was sitting by his side threw a white sheet over his shoulders. He remonstrated and said "White sheets those alone should wear whose hearts no scars do bear and further said, "How should the dependant woman Oh Umar the white clothes wear." Whose husbands in the desert do the privations bear.

All these verses show how deep was his love and how intent his longing for the beloved but his watch ward was, "those who inquire will never get confused". "If we have love in your heart, yet needs must move with a fixed eye on the beloved keep on for he will never become otherwise." He probably had in mind the sandal wood tree when he said this. This tree colors the face of the hatchet that cuts it us under. These lessons as they came to him he let to his heart and lived a life in accordance with the laws. The Great Law is far beyond the men-made law yet is within the law of love which is the sole of the finite and the infinite.

Love is patient. It bears without a cry. It burns yet never turns aside. It is meek yet mighty in strength. It is a power yet powerless before the beloved. What then could be impossible for it to bear. It finds itself in the meanest grass that grows, the mighty man that knows and the majestic man which throws its heart and lifts itself wholly to the sky still feels that it is not there. It stands aside watches like a watchman the working of the way ward and wandering through the

wilds and woods till it reaches a grove of greens and eternal viridian where it feeds on without being satiated the beautiful that knows no fading. This brings in poise. No storms no blasts no gales can dister the equilibrium of a heart poised in love.

It so happened that this man was to play a part, He was to be a prince of patience. It was not the passion play which Jesus had to enact. It was not the crown of thorns which karim had to wear. It was the scourge of Christ which he had to bear. Still in everyday life he had to bear out the words of the great Master who said, "If they smite you on your right cheek, turn thou left unto them." It so happened that while he was driving a yoke of oxen some mischief mongers broke the bank of the small channel that led the waters to the field. The Shah was silent. They then unyoked the oxen and till Karim was quiet. There after they gave him a shower of slaps on his cheek and still he remained calm. The offenders were amazed. They were ashamed. They apologized to him. The shah On the other hand thanked them for mending his ways. He told them that he had been cruel to his oxen and that, they had done what was right and at the right place nay at the right moment. This shows how great was his mind how alert was his heart to receive the rude shock with an open heart and a joyful mind.

Restless spirits can find no rest. AT best they have a little respite. Love does not suffer them this too. It keeps on raining its shots on them. Karim could be no exception to the rule. His restless spirit travelled on. He wandered far and wide. Like a moth where ever he found light he ran towards it and did not hesitate to throw himself into it little caring for the consummation that it would cause. This necessarily brought starvation to his sons. Whatever little they had or could have had to be laid down like the Great Kabir before sadhus and saints whose numbers could never wane.

The westerners have suggested ways and means for transformation and sublimit ion of one's mind but the Bhagtas ever since the days of the Bhagwat have prescribed a

so virgin remedy for all ill –a panca for all pains. This they say is love. It is their transformer their sublimer their sublimity and their sublime.

In the action of the mischief mongers even Shah Karim found the hand of love guiding and correcting him. He thought that he was too selfish in thinking of his old fields and their crop and had little or no thought of the vast plain which served as a meadow to the cattle. The oxen had been working all day long and he had no pity or mercy over them. The sharp slap was a pointer that the providence had improvised to rouse slumbering soul. This incident is in index to the working of his thought such experiences went deep down into his heart and welled up in stream of poesy. Karim and his compeers are poets of a type that is very rarely to be found in modern times. Every poem marks a stage, a land mark in the life history of the writer. Life is not divorced from the words they utter. Words become mere words when they not the pith and marrow of life. It is because of the depth of feeling and experience that he expressed "Give your heart to the beloved but your body to the people of the world". It is true that he was loyal to the letter. Loyalty is as native to the human heart as love is. His heart was centered upon the Beloved and hence all that happened or crossed his way, he considered coming from God and accepted it as the will of the God. This is the way, the path that a mystic follows. A poet may not. A mystic comes to be a poet when the depths of feeling are touched and the heart can no longer contain the exuberance of feeling. It does not matter what kind of feeling it is. Joy or sorrow have the same measure of strength to awake him the muse of poetry. The poets of Sindh are of this type. They do not measure the feet nor do they depend solely on the tinkling of word. The jingle of the tinkling bells that we find in Tennyson is very rarely to be found in the Sindhi Mystic poet. The poet of East is not in advance of the Sindhi poet. On the contrary the Sindhi poet is unique so far the varieties of experiences are concerned Shelly finds his echo in Shah-Keats in his Vision of beauty has his comrade in Bekas. The English poets were by no means mystics. We have occasionally glimpses of the mystic in Blake and Browning.



Byron was a poet too sensuous to be a mystic. Shakespeare of course has mystical element in common with the Sindhi poet. His sonnets are replete with the experiences that the mystic of the East knows. Dante the Italian poet is another example along with Goethe the great German who voices the voiceless one. Ireland and America had their sons. Emerson white, Whiteman, George Russell, Yeats are some of the lefty souls that have sung of the superman and question the entity of who is who and where is He? These excursions in the great where are behind the veil are known only to the only mystic mind. They are primarily mystics and poetry comes to them as a hand-made to serve as a vehicle to reveal the radiance of their soul which is the reality of their being.

The mystic withdraws himself to draw upon his divine principles. This way of thinking and seeing, accepting and accommodation come very slowly. Once the pilgrim forsaking all puts his foot down to march towards the mansion he thinks and speaks feels and acts values and works all the calculations measures and treasures from that one point. It brings him into disagreement and disgrace with the world and its wheels. But he feels easy. His grace is the desire of his race. He keeps pace with the times but he covers a space very much different from the men in the street. He lives with the common people yet belongs to the society of the uncommon. He appears to be useless yet is the most useful unit of society. He is a teacher a preacher. He is a university by himself. A sanctuary of learning, a fountain of light and wisdom where thousands come to quench their thirst and get a lead in the dark world to find the fair one, such people are. Their value is scare. Sindh is what it is today because of the guide that these people have been silently giving to the thousands of sons and daughters of land. At peace with themselves they proclaim peace to the world at large. This peace they achieve after Warring against the wintry weather and the blazing blasts of life. The storm and stress that they face gives them a grace that the man in the street generally missed. The latter is wild while warring with the winds but the former faces odds, as Arjuna faced the teaming armies of the Korvas. Words worth very beautifully puts it that these children of nature “even in

the motions of the storm find a grace that moulds their form” and that holds their heart. This piece passed all understanding.

Such is the romance of The Return of the Native. The church bells chime as he steps in and the heart keeps time with the chorus of the Angles. The languishing heart sings. The anguish has its ring and the soul panting for a glimpse finds solace in music. He finds it in his heart. He hears it from the stars. He listens to the rustling of the leaves and heeds the whistling of the winds as they rush through the trees and create what might be termed music of the Cosmos.

Music is the food of the Gods. Pithagoras heard it from the spheres. Poets have listened to the rising waves and the philosophers have found it in the rising rays of the sun and the dying shadows of the midnight moon. All these accord very sweetly with the surging of the heart. The marching soldiers keep pace with the drumbeat. Their hearts join and create a chorus. So does the Sufi of Sindh tune his heart, his heart's lyre to the intensity of his desire. He strikes fire into the drum and the mute into the animate and the inanimate. He fans up a flame. He plays the game of a nameless name. He sings, he rings and then springs a surprise. He flings himself at his feet. Do the very fling is a measured feet. It leads him into the lanes and the by lanes of the Temple. He sees the lights, and the enchanted windows. He gets into the aroma of intoxication. He dances the dance of joy, of death and of life eternal. Such is the drama of love of life in death and death in life. This is music superb-of an artist.

Shah Karim was very fond of it. He considered it as the easiest way of getting into touch with the supreme. He said “some picked up knowledge, some again acquired craft, some still had art but he had learnt the way of music the only way to meet and greet the king of the dark chamber. Where ever therefore he went out to work on the fields or dig some channels, his comrades would not unoften shoulder the burden of his work and asked him to keep on singing. He too continued to pour forth his heart in song after a song with all

the sweetness of the voice he was gifted with. This made easy for his companions to ply their spades and easier for karim to rush to heads. The evening would find him happy. In the union with the beloved he had got through music he had also earned the wages for the day. His sympathy for the poor was great like the Great **History** he would sometimes forsake his own fields and share the burden of those who he thought could not carry the mild yoke with a smile on their lips. He rightly fulfilled to the letter the advice of the great poet Coleridge who said:

***“He prayeth well, who loveth well,  
All things both great and small  
For the dear God who loveth us  
He made and loveth all.”***

Wedded to piety and purity he had joined the band of the poor for not unlike the great prophet he believed that poverty paves the way to purity. It robs one of pride which is a stumbling block in the path of seeker. Kind and amiable, simple and affable, patient and pliable, he stuck to the way of life, persevered in the path with an awareness, and alertness not to lose the single moment without remembrance which is the very life of love. He lived in his presence. His fragrance was the breadth of his life. Simple in dress and diet, he still scaled heights of nobility and died into the deeps of the divinity. Black was the color of his dress he wore to indicate that he was far away from his eternal Home. “The night is dark and I am far from my Home” was the refrains of his prayer. He lived quite a ripe age of 86 and.....,•

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# SHAH LATIF

(A Prime of romance)

Sands are sterile. They grow nothing. The shifting sands strand many a traveller in the desert. The sands of a small hamlet in Sindh hallowed by the touch of a boy whom they cradled and cultured absorbed the afflatus of his love and kept on ringing with the songs of the prince of minstrels. Naturally the onward march of the seeker in quest is arrested when the winds that otherwise howl and growl while flying over the wilds bring to him the breathing balm through the silence and the calm of the starry night or the moonlit vastness and he begins to inquire when the strange snatches, these grassy patches, the oasis in the desert.

It is so related that one summer noon when everyone was within doors and lost in the mid day rest a village moved on through the scorching streets of the hamlet crying at the top of her voice her where withal for sale. Latif had also stretched himself at full length to rest a while and then peruse his travels. Rest for the body is essential for the pilgrim as the vehicle otherwise refuses to work on account of friction between the breath and the body. The bells and cries of dogs and peddlers disturb the quiet of the day. None seemed to care for the hard life that the poor are forced to undergo. Quite contrary to the common way of life this class of humanity has its own standard of enjoyment. Sweating under the sun it seems gives him a joy that he would be loath to exchange with the Pleasure of a prince, varying are the conceptions of the best in life and the best of life. Still those that have had an ideal to attend and an idol to worship have left behind all and sundry to attained their goal some say it is best to save when others at the top of their voice have been proclaiming "they have saved it who have lost it". How paradoxical is the saying "Pains are the charms of pleasure,

there are no pleasures without pains."

The old woman who had been busy early morning picking up green vegetables in the field finding that it was time for the house wives to ply their evening care as the hour for their series return was at hand came out to hawk in the streets. Latif was fast asleep. The sound of the woman entered his years and he suddenly jumped up and said Alas! All my life has been lost. His comrades were taken a back; they anxiously entreated their sire to let them know the secret of his heart. Their questioning threw him into a remorseful attitude. He kept on weeping. The more they asked him the greater become the grief. At last with great difficulty and a heavy heart he could tell them "did you not listen to the cry of the woman **PALAK SOA CHOKA** one who is negligent for a while is lost forever. He remembered his eternal home the memory of which this simple village woman had unintentionally brought to his mind. Not long after he sang

***"sleep not oh yee humble ones  
The night passed invain  
The path through the mountains is dreary  
Let not the heart grow weary  
God shall be my guide  
On every side and at every tide."***

Sleep robbed Sasui of her Punhu the prince and Moomal of her Rano her bride-groom. All efforts to bring them back failed. This loss is irreparable. A step in the other direction irrevocable, it is therefore that the mystic finds sermons in streams books in brooks and a lesson in every leaf for the supreme passion of his life is the meeting of the bride-groom.

It was in the early part of the seventeen century that this voice was resounded in the ears of Sindh. The same has come to us from far of lands of Bengal from the mouth of Tagore "Languor is upon your heart and the slumber is upon your eyes. Sleepers arise from your stupor of dim desolation and know ones more that yee are the children of light."

A heart once awakened cannot go to sleep. Latif could not be an exception to it. Through the long and lonely hours of the night he sought contact with his great comrade and the live long day he sang his lay to the vastness of the Earth and the sky. Thus he wrought a change in the cosmic range. His eyes used to the line of the limitless could not stand to the halt cry of man-made walls and boundaries.

He was often found roaming about in the wilds and woods. He could not be cramped in the walls raised by man to divide himself from his brother. At one time he had sought to live on **Lahoot** (A mountain where the Fakirs of Sindh passed years in meditation to grow into light). A Muslim attendant had followed him into the loneliness of the mountain. A Hindu recluse the attendant espied and said:

***“False are the swamis  
False is their way  
The Eternal is here  
But in Hinglaj is their stay.”***

The master could brook this no longer. He did not think that the soul of a Hindu was in any way inferior to the soul of a Muslim. He was a man gifted with a cosmic vision. His was a cosmic consciousness. He was large. He contained multitude. He therefore could see what other could not. He could hear the heart throb which the ordinary man, the man in the crowd would not. He could see light in the tiniest twinkle of the star. He could listen to the voice of the infinite in the infinitesimal part of Infinity. His vision was neither obtuse nor acute. His robust reason the common will regard only a weakened will rose in protest and that the rebuke be recited. This being done in obedience to the order Latif said “Not so, Not so.”

***“True are the swamis  
True is their way  
Love albeit is every where  
But in Hinglaj they have found him stay”.***

This man had seen much. He had travelled within and without beyond boundaries into the boundless. He had loved and lost. He had lived in the intensity and the immensity, the depth and height the breath and the length and still beyond these he soared and walked in to the great vastness of sky and Earth. He was not a vagabond who would only rest content with the grass for his bed, the starry sky for his roof the running brook for a pail of water and dry bread for his food. He was a vagabond of a type. He was not one of the crowds. He did not wait for satisfaction. He loved to remain a thirst. He hungered and still did not seek its satisfaction. Satisfaction he often said “stultifies” It makes one static. The dynamic element of love does not permit one to look for rest or respite or a retreat. It goads him to scale the Himalayan heights and wade through the line snows to see what others have not seen and to be what others have not been. The quest eternal disowns contentment and marches on through the Eternal Now to the ever lasting Effulgence. The fleeting fades into nothing to share the doom and gloom that cannot bear beauty’s bloom in the Great now where.

Born of a mountain breed, he had the hardness of the mountains in his blood, withal the softness of the sand he was there to because of his father’s stay. Latif saw the light of the day in 1683 in the house of one Habib Shah of Hirat at Hala (Sindh). Legend and tradition join hands to raise an edifice to the memory of the wonder child, but time tricks it all of its glamour and drives away its entire splendor into the streams of the desert. Learning has never been the dower of the Discerning. The power that possesses them lends them light and feeds them on the fragrance of the radiance that shines through the lawless limits. “Letters they regard as fetters.” Being sent to a teacher he was asked to lipsp “Alif” (The first letter of Sindhi Alphabet.)

In compliance of his master’s behest he said as he was bid. There after the teacher led him on to the second word “B” He refused to do this saying as swami Ram Tirth said “one Alif thine is my need.” He is thereafter reported to have said:

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***“Read the letter of Alif & wash of the rest  
Cleanse the heart of all its pest  
How many leaves wilt thou throw in thy nest.”***

The teacher could not perceive what the boy had achieved. Sore grained he carried a complaint to the boy's father feeling sure that the latter would scold him as is the way of the world. The father could see the making of the child from the persistence in repeating the letter Alif and resisting to move towards Be. He felt rightly that the boy would grow to be a man. His wrath therefore was changed into fond caresses, blessings and benedictions which bore a rich harvest in time. How then was it possible for the boy who defied the dead traditional learning to step into the realm of the reality, bears witness to in a variety of ways in his poems. The rich experiences he had in excursions and incursions left a deep impression upon his mind and threw open the gates of the palace of life “Light more light what the German poet Goethe is said to have exclaimed in a period of deepest darkness.” So does Latif “Lighting the lamp through the dark night is piloting the dawn to sight.” He lighted the lamp. How, when and where cannot be definitely said. He did catch the spark, fanned into a fire, and kept on consuming withal advising others not to let the steam escape lest the fire may slake its thirst and go its way.

Love had had its toll. Its demands are large; its satisfaction too difficult; its fire un-bearable; its commands too stiff, still from a street boy to a prince, from a beggar to noble, the rags and the royalties have all had to pay homage, offer devotions, sing praises and yet admit defeat. To score a victory and march like a conqueror is not the way of love. “Defeat” utter route is the dower of all love. Love laughs and ridicules all boards. All receipts it mark as deceits. To give is to live.

Tagore sings beautifully:-

“My master has bid me while I stand at the road side to sing the song of Defeat for that is the bride whom, he woos in secret .....



Again he says:-

***“You have set me among those who are defeated.  
I know it is not for me to win nor to leave the game.  
I shall pelage into the pool although to sink to the  
bottom.  
I shall play the game of undoing.  
I shall stake all I have and when I lose my lost penny,  
I shall sake myself, and then I shall have won  
through my utter defeat.”***

This game of undoing Latif has played through his creations. The characters he has reared in the realm of romance are resonant with a ring of reality. It is not a mirage the traveller has to wade through while he skips over the stretches of soft melodious sound but every step that he puts down is a step on the solid ground, a step in the deep may be beyond the depths.

Man in double with reason can hardly be expected to play this game of undoing. It is the woman. Latif has therefore in his masterly way created in response to his inner urge a type of woman, who thinks, feels and has her being in her love- a love that knows no losses- a Love that rejoices in defeat a love that grows brighter and more luminous as it lends itself completely and bows own before the beloved. This woman does not feel that the beauty she has is hers. She does not think that she owes it all to the makeup. She on the contrary becoms with the belief and grows fairer with the faith that the riches of the radiance flow to her from the fair one. She is more innocent than Lucy. Wordsworth lives because of his creation of Lucy. The childlike innocence which he gave to this little girl brought into being a new world, a world of simplicity and innocence, a world of life that was not heavy. Shah too has by his creations brought forth different worlds. His worlds vary as his characters. Suhni the most beautiful from all points is a picture to marvel at. The hand of the master could not have made it more beautiful. Colours must hang down their heads if they ever made bold to adorn what shah has created. Shah is really a king. A king of artists,

He did not play his brush to paint pictures. He did not sit to write poems. These pictures and poems are the very life of his being. They were with him and within him. Every part of his body beamed with the beauty of Suhni, the sorrow of Sassui the might of Moomal, the majesty of Marui, the lightness of Leela and above all the weakness of Noori. The ideal and the real have been so beautifully knit up neither by any rules of rhetoric nor by the play of prosody nor by the craft of dramatic art but by the inflow and the outlet of the surging of the human heart. Shah has been able to see with a telescope beyond the boundaries of man's sight and with a microscope beyond the projecting ray of modern extra appliances. What then could be the secret of his sight, what then is the strength and the might of his word. Every word that he pours forth is a word of live fire. It is a word that goes to live. It cannot die. Time cannot play with it. It is born of Love from love and for love. Love is not foreign to the human heart. It is natural. The ways and by-ways, the lanes and by lanes might differ but love lives as light lives. Love is Latif and Latif love. Suhni so beautifully sings that remembrance has brought me to life what need have I to meet the beloved."

This Suhni is beautiful no doubt but great is her strength, which has its grounding in faith born of love. It is a romance of the seeker and the sought. The woman, who is a seeker loves and finds an equal measure of return from the bridegroom. The bible says "Come yee out naked" and Suhni divorcing all fears, fetters and frailties flings herself on the stormy waters to meet her exiled Mehar on the other side of the river. As she proceeds a little the wind begins to grow stronger. It appears as though the elements have conspired to obstruct the smooth run of Suhni. Smoothness and ease are not the dower of love. It never runs without a hurdle or an obstruction. An English poet describing a similar scene says:

***"By these the storm grew lauds a pace,  
The water wraith was shrieking  
And in the scowl of Heaven loves face  
Grew bright as it was speaking."***

The convention of the land does not applaud her. She does not lend her ear to the idle talk, the scandals, and the scuffles that come to her. She has her own conventions. The laws of love are beyond the laws of land. They are the laws of the eternal. She scorns delights and lives laborious days and nights. Constancy carries her. Hurdles she crosses. It is the mid-night. Darkness has deepened. Weather wildly keeps on biting. The river continues smiting the silent banks. She floats on. Like a flower she lets herself move with the current. Nature had moulded her. "A lovelier flower on earth was never sown." Beauty born of the wildness of the flames in her father's oven and their patience she had laid to her heart. Her eyes carried the picture of her parents her ears heard the name of her love in the heart beat and her steps strenuously strove to find the radiant one. "Thou must carry they cross on thy own shoulder." This she did. She did carry the cross on her shoulders only to greet her gallant. Sweet were the meetings. Equally sad were partings.

There continued, Men trained as he is in the traditions of time does not understand what the timeless is tuning. He simply tries to attune himself to the tune of the world he lives in. The world of Suhni is a beautiful world. The dark night the fateful fatal night is fairer than the story night or the night of the full moon. The full moon night bereft of the beauty of the beloved is darker than the darkest and deeper than the deepest. The half baked jar, the sole support of this slender and still strong woman full of determination, wild with the passion of her Prince is more beautiful, has a greater esoteric significance than all the supports that might be given to step over the crossings of Love. Sachal the headless has sung very beautifully about this. He goes in ruptures. He says "Would that! I were a sacrifice over that potter who moulded the half baked jar. The baked one could carry and bring me back. The half baked united me with the beloved." The moment Suhni found her support slipping out she raised her eyes to Heaven and cried. "Do not rob me of my support in the midst of the deep, come, Oh yee merciful one." This cry caches the years of the exiled Mehar. He came to the river bank rushing. Headlong he threw himself into the waters. The waters gave

way before his strong love. He soon caught the drowning Suhni and low both found their watery grave never to be separated by man or his might.

This beautiful romance, this hide and seek, which Latif has give to the soil of Sindh is a romance of beauty. Everything waxes beautiful. The river and its roar the buffaloes and their keeper, the darkness and the deeps, sing one song to the tune of Suhni. Her beauty is not the beauty; her bloom is not the bloom, which the blasts of time can blight. It is unfading. It has come to her from the eternal. It therefore cannot change. It is out to find its mate. It challenges the elements. It laughs at the littleness which the wildness of earth and sky show in belittling her. It is beyond the bounds of man. It is beyond the bonds which nature brings to bear upon her dominion. This is clearly and beautifully brought out by Latif when he makes her sing "Death was destined to come but this drowning has doubled my dower."

Beauty has strength. Its measure is love. Its treasure is the willing heart. It suffers in silence and yet feels not that it has suffered. It is full and yet empty. It is rich and still the poorest of the poor. It is mighty yet meekest of the meek. It is not arrogant. It has a sight which sees every elevation and depression tinged with radiance. It dies and lives through death. It lives but to die for the beloved. The physical charms and spells do not weigh with her. Her measure is of a world different from men ridden world. Plato could not give a better amplification of beauty than Latif.

This beauty bubbles with life, with the youthful vivacity that is the very essence of romance. Shah brings out the effect of colour, of white upon black, and black upon white by bringing in the dark waters the dark night and the supremely beautiful, the exquisitely noble, the fearless, the unfaltering, the loyal and yet lightly tripping Suhni. "The passion is a state of being, and out of it she has no existence. It is the soul within her soul; the pulse within her heart; the life blood along her veins; blending with every atom of her frame. The

love that is so chaste and dignified in Portia – so airy delicate and fearless in Miranda- so sweetly confiding in Perdita- so playfully fond Rosalind- so constant in Imogene- so devoted in Desdemona- so fervent in Helen- so tender in Viola is each and all of these in Juliet.” Suhni of Latif is much more than all this. She surpasses Juliet in fearlessness to face the frown of man, the scourge of nature and the dower of destiny to meet her Mehar. She does not know secrecy. Secrecy is a sin. It is sacred to the seeker, to the wife, to the disciple and above all to those wedded to the Eternal bridegroom not/ unlike Juliet & Romeo she and her lovers too are in contrast with all around them. They are all love surrounded with all hate; all harmony surrounded with all discord. This is the very making of an artist. Latif paints this picture as he perceives, conceives and creates. This creation is not a copy nor a borrowed feather in his cap. It is the very life, the very love, the very beauty, and the very experience with all its shades and varieties will all its glades and heights that Shah has known. Shakespeare could bring in ancient lore gild it and offer it as an original creation. He too is an artist. Latif is luminous because of the life, the surge, and the swell of love. This land- this soil of Sindh has grown after him. It is a land, which has been ringing with the raging of the storm, the rising of the waters and the fling of the fair and her mate. It is a story of a soul throwing itself recklessly on the dashing main.

In the galaxy of heroines, a more towering woman one out to “woo-man” man “can rarely be found. The heart ravishing voice, the throbbing cries, the loud laments that the lips of this less let out, are a language of an artist, an adept and withal a Fakir.

Literature considers three fundamental unities time, place and action. Shah is a master who combines all the three to create what might be termed a picture of art. He did not sit to work at these. He only saw. His seeing caught what the ordinary eye could not. The conception lay in him. It fermented there. It then sprang out bubbling with a joy that a seed knows while sending its shoots to Heaven. Shah sang what the urge pressed him.

Suhni is not a poem. It is a way of life. It is not a gift of a lover but the way he points out to pass the crossings of love. It is not a story but a sacred lay. It is not a light song for the satisfaction of the youthful lover nor is it a heavy Divine comedy of Dante. If the Italian poet could give a Noua Vita to the world from his love with Beatrice Shah has been able to unfold the variety of ways to love.

Shah's Suhni & Sassui, Marvi & Moomal, Lila & Noori throw open the doors of the Divine chamber wherein the king lives. This study of woman by a man of no learning is a complete picture in the psychology of emotion – of love. Shakespeare has through his heroines been able to give only one aspect of woman, her ambitions and her retreats, her likes and dislikes her ways and her viles but never has he been able to probe into the realm of the heart. That Ophelia's love should not be understood by her gallant hamlet is meaningless; that the black moor Othello should suspect his devoted and loving Desdemona is what one fails to understand or misunderstands is a riddle in the play of Love. There is a similar note of misunderstanding between Moomal & Rano but that misunderstanding is based on the conception of love as understood by the man and the woman in the East. Love knows no frivolities nor does it accept disloyalty. Desdemona was faithful, loyal devout and devoted. The moor was led into a trap by his own trusted friend. He could not foresee the trap that had been laid out. He therefore fell a victim. Sumal the sister of Moomal had unwittingly shared the bed with Moomal and had dressed herself while do doing in the clothes of a man. Rano who come all the way from his home was stunned he could not bear the sight. He could not stand. The Picture seemed to cut him. He turned his face and went back leaving Moomal to bemoan her lot. In spite of all this we must admit that the creation of Shah Latif is marvelous. He excels Shakespeare in bringing out the best of Mumal and Rano before they join hands and consume themselves into one flame. Desdemonia is not permitted such a consumation. She is stifled to death by her very love. That Macbeth should attempt to murder his guest Duncan the King and his guest. All these and many more parallels in these two

poets would go to establish the supremacy of Shah over Shakespeare.

Dante the Italian poet fails to scale up heights where shah soars. The Inferno, the purgatorio, the paradiso have an appeal for the westerner, but the East has known one way the only say of transformation and sublimation the way of meditation and the way of action. It is the only dynamic way the way of love, what is this love.

Shah himself denied any knowledge about it. He pleaded ignorance. When asked he said, "I have seen but the smoke and not the flame." it is so related that a wandering Fakir had been going about door to door asking for alms. He came to a door. He stood silently for some time and then as through the portals peeped out a princess his eyes stared at the picture. Their eyes met and the girl who had come out with a handful came very near to him and said, "Take Fakir and go your way." The Fakir was beside himself. The princess had found a nest in his heart. He carried the picture with himself. He worshipped it. Providence so arranged that he came to be Latif's guest on the very day on which Shah was to be invited to the house of the father of the princess of his heart. The Fakir could contain in himself the secret no longer. He was anxious to share the exuberance of his excursion with a fellow pilgrim. He could find none better than Shah. He poured out his heart to him. No sooner had he finished the story of this strange occurrence, the father of the girl arrived on the spot. The Fakir did not know him. Shah as the custom demanded when invited by his disciple directed him to request the guest to attend the function as well. This the disciple gladly obeyed. The Fakir who had been promised a glimpse of the princess by Latif did not say nay to the invitation that was extended to him. After a while the poet and the pilgrim went to the house of the host. It so happened that the duties of service in the kitchen and outside had devolved upon this maiden whose magnificence had maddened the mendicant. She came out of her oblivion Oblivion to do her duty with a pail of water in her one hand and the basin in the other. She sweetly asked the Fakir to

wash hands clean before he set at his food. As the water streamed over his hands the smoke curled out from the hands to the roof to the amazement and wonder of all present there. Not long could the Fakir keep his body and soul together. He fell down as one dead. All the guests accompanied the dead body to the graveyard. Shah returned with his companions to the house of his host to carry the body of the girl to the grave yard. This strange occurrence so upset the mind of this mystic that he could not make up his mind to do justice to the rich festival that was laid out before him. The next day Latif as promised went out to the graveyard to get "a writ of indulgence" from the Fakir. He waited long by the side of the tomb but in vain. He raised his cry for the last time and reminded the Fakir of his promises. A little while after the hand of the woman came out from the tomb with a letter. Shah would not accept it. He said that the Fakir had promised a letter of indulgence and not the lady where upon the woman is said to have replied from within the tomb that her comarade was so ashamed of his lightness that he could not muster up courage to give the letter with his own hands. She was a woman and had nursed the pain and pang of love while he a man could not keep it to himself. This said Shah Latif was all that he had been a witness to in his life. This he said was the smoke of the flame of Love.

It is so related in one of his poems that while Sassui; one of his heroines was on her way in quest of Punhu, happened to put her foot on a sheet of cloth over which a only was offering prayers. The Mullah was beside himself. He rebuked the girl. She reproached him for his disloyalty to the God of his prayers saying, "Oh, Mullah I, who am going after a worldly being have not been able to mark your presence, whereas you who were seeming in communion with the Almighty could mark my steps going over the sheet whereon you were offering your prayer. How strange.

These two pictures of show love at its height. They could be multiplied from what Shah has written and Moomal is a tragedy with variety of romance the play and the inter play of the different constituents of cosmic love She is a beauty in



bloom. It looms large. Time cannot run against it when its season is on. Still life takes its toll it may wave its magic wand and turn many a tyrant into a tame bird but it palls into insignificance when in the tryist she sits wooing through the wills and woods ones heart's desire. It is a marvel this Moomal, that Shah has created. Suhni and Sassui were adventures of youth. Lila was pitched in pride. She failed. She lost. She recovered. She won her way into the heart of a hero. Noori the meek surrendered herself and won through consecration but never felt she had won. Sassui cried herself hoarse in her quest but the conquest was never complete. Moomal is mighty. She is the daughter of a wealthy aristocrat who has consigned his treasures in the heart of a river. Moomal has surrounded the wealth of her beauty with a magic sea which roars wild and lions who cry tearingly at the top of their voice to strike terror into the heart of all those who tried to cross the door steps of this princess' of beauty. Many valiant feel a victim to the magic. Rano who was all a flame could not keep back he paid no heed to the wildness of the ways or the rudeness of the roads. He rushed into the room where sat Moomal who had seen the fall and failure of a galaxy of her lovers. Indifferent at first though she was, still she could not keep up to it. He stood before her and she could not keep herself back from him. She had thought that her beauty was a snare which could entrap the powerful ones but now defeat stood staring at her. The conqueror had wended his way. He had given battle to all the allurements and enticements. The hand of the pilot had failed him. She had given him a slip but still the adventurer continued on till he came within the sight of the welling fountain of beauty. He was thirsty. He was hungry too. His hunger and thirst could not make him impatient. He saw that he had all the beauty at his feet and still he had the steel to restrain.

This is the prologue to the great Drama of life. Moomal great in her might, glorious in her beauty, peerless in her pedigree, proud in her possessions, boundless in her life's best and rarest gifts, waits and watches, trims and times the wick of the light but he comes not. The night slowly enters the dawn but her dawn comes not. All is dark for her. The

dark night has only begun. Something untoward has happened, something has gone wrong, something has been amiss. She falters not. Waiting wets her aspiration. It sharpens her longing. She keeps on and she keeps up. Still he does not come. He has been held back. He breaks the chains and comes only to go back disappointed. To beguile the dreary hours of the night Moomal asks her sister Sumal to share her bed. Dressed like a man she comes and sleeps. He comes and witnesses it. He can bear it no longer. His heart is a flame. He goes back never to return. Moomal after waiting for days and nights goes to seek him out. This is the second act in the drama. She finds him yet finds him not for she keeps her identity concealed. They play together yet the play of love has no ground. They sit, converse yet there is no union of hearts. As luck would have it Rano marks a mole on the arm of Moomal. He feels that he has been played out. A treachery he cries. He runs out of the room and Moomal once more is left all alone to bemoan her lot. This is the beginning of the third act ending in the consummation of Moomal and Rano. Life becomes a burden to Moomal now. She no longer can keep to herself the bliss of beauty and the joy of eternal spring that love enjoys. Autumn has set in before its time. The yellow leaf has begun to fall. This is the bankruptcy that Moomal witnesses from day to day. Her prince had gone away into the desert. All was dark. The crossings had been turned in. She could find no strength to leap over them. She saw him in her hearts of heart. The vision rose and fell she sank for a while and this sink measured aeons. Its depth went beyond the deeps. The peeps that she had the good luck to receive did not deceive her. She lived in them. She burned. She grew in dimensions. She could contain herself no longer. She resolved to dissolve her being. Lo, one day she orders a heap of wood to be gathered. Like a princess she sits on it as if on a throne. She is ready and is about to order fire being set to it. Rano is informed and he comes running. He begs of her to come down. He promises reconciliation. She has no peace. She is afraid of separation. She wants union. She has waited long. The woods too have waited for the spark. She orders and the flames rolled on. Rano could keep himself no longer. He joined her in her fiery grave.

Again and again the same game has been played. The cycle of love has been wound and turned back till at last it has come to naught. It is one of the most complex of love drama and probably the most realistic romance blighting and blasting the great bubble of beauty and love in one great blaze razing down all that was into a heap of a shed. Life is and is not. It lights up lamps of joy to herald the coming in of darkness. It is not all sun shine. It is only when one is deserted, when one finds himself forsaken and forlorn, despised and disowned that the hand of the Helmsman comes close to him. Life is such. It must move between light and darkness to create a picture of art. All art is through death to life, through consummation to creation. Latif is at the height of perfection in the creation of Moomal.

Page after page Latif rings the knell of the parting say and yet comes back with a hope, with a light, with a joy to muster up strong and face the coming storm. Latif had gone through the dark to greet the light. This had never given him a cheer. It had only provided a gear to steer the barge of life through the dashing main, to brave the rush and the roar to wade through the wallowing blood of the battle field to victory. It will be no defeatism to own neither defeat nor frustration to sing of it.

***“The sky is changed  
And such a change,  
Oh, night and storm and darkness  
Yet lovely in your strength  
As is the dark eye of the woman.”***

Byron could only find the eye of woman lovely. Never was the world so lovely but for love. It makes ones loads light to bear. This poet of Sindh has made the peasant rich despite his poverty. The voice that he raises in the loneliness of the night calls the angles to witness the wealth of his heart and enjoy the feast that he lays before them.

In some of his dramas Shah has painted the picture after picture to elevate woman, to enthrone her in the heart of

man. Suhni never cries. She never blames. She loves to live. Nay lives to love. Sassui ran after her Punhu but Marui the great daughter of Sindh the type of an Ideal woman wedded loyal to the land of her birth, faithfully in the extreme to her bride groom stands out in sharp contrast to a woman of an ordinary type a reality this Leela. This study of two characters Leela and Marui leads us to understand what a deep insight the poet had in the working of the heart of a woman. What he wanted her to be is very artistically brought out in rich colours in Marui. How the others falls a pray to the glow and glitter of gold and gems and jewels is in no less a measure delineated after the manner of a minstrel in the lay of Leela. This is commonly sung by the street singers to the accompaniment of a small drum and is very much appreciated by ordinary woman who sees her picture of weakness in the mirror held out by the artist.

# KUTAB SHAH

(The Devotes)

Thirty years ago (22<sup>nd</sup>, Dec.1910) Sindh witnessed the consummation of one her sons, who had striven hard in fighting the self on the mountains and the plains self on hours and the barrens plains to behold the “Dawn” of new in his life. He had toiled for more than the average span of his life and had all along worked his way through the Deeps of Darkness on to the mount of Illumination. He traced his line age from the prophet’s family-Born in the house of Fatehadin Shah Devine, who had by his love torn the viol of mystery, of this new soul intuitively tried to see the spiral heights. The details of early life-not unoften reveal the deep colour, his heart has died in. He was not old enough to speak words of wisdom, but to measure the lives of such souls by years is an error which the Rickover can ill can done. Not unlike the Great Gotama, he had his urge and serge. Like rent the English hemmed one he longed-to go into the desert and purge himself of the Doors that clings to this mortal coil-Moses skilled in all the wisdom of Egypt had to go for forty years into the desert along with God. Paul had to go to Arabia to lesson the Desert life with God. Not unoften such thoughts come and pass out into the Dark condign when the find their rest. They cannot rain long there. They wait while and ones again invade the mind of spirant speaking to him through the trees and brooks. One day while having wash he beheld white hair in his beard. This came to him as a Reminder from the Great “Monitor” and he said unto himself “How is it that you have not yet taken to the dork of your fore-fathers?” Tearing the cloth that hung round his lions and entrusting the apparel that he wore, he walked into the great “Nowhere”. His cousin who was with him came back and complained to the hoary beard Divine “Sir, Kutab has lost all reason and has gone into the Desert.” “No,” said

Fateh Din Shah, he has gone after the great ones of his house. "Thus a new chapter opened into the life of great Devotee, who by his precept and example kept up a school, when hundreds had their "heart's desire."

The mountain and the desert lent to this seeker their calm and quiet, the hardihood and the heart to bear up isolation and loneliness and consider them as lanes to the Bower of The Beautiful. The vast white stretches laid him into the Infinite and made him with are to the Great Deeps within. Still the Pilgrim burned with aspiration. Love lighted his path. Moomal and Mendicancy rarely joined hands. "Poverty" is the priceless dower that the beloved bestowed upon his lover. It is this that sets its seal on the marriage sacrament. Kutab shah was not rich though he had great treasure of the heart. He had not enough where it to live. His life was one of Trust. Like great Psalmist he had learnt to lean upon his love. David is reported to have said in one of his slam "Commit the ways unto the Lords, trust also in him and he orketh." He says in one of his songs:

***"Arise, know the now,  
Else the night passeth,  
Combine all the instruments of awareness,  
Darw no breath art from thy friends,  
Then shalt thou get at the truth,  
The light which the preceptor has lighted,  
Awareness goes well with it,  
Live up to that strait."***

Slowly and silently he received his instructions in the Great school of the "Monitor", who teaches not by word of mouth but through privation and suffering how to lean on the bridegroom and the bird's needs. It can to pass that the brook dried up. Where, he looks for draught to quench his thirst. He had not to wander in the wilderness. He had not to face the darkness of the night for him and learnt not to wander far from home. It so happened that one fine day not a grain in the house to feed the inmates young boy sore distressed with hunger ran up to him and said, "sire we are being literally

torn to pieces by hunger and you continue were upon the pilgrims staff." Kutab shah heard the reprimand of the waved child with patience and for forbearance and said the providents in his mercy will yield a great deal to you if you would only wait. "The boy went back only to return after a laps of time to child his aged father bent down with time and vigils. Kutab shah repeated the self same reply and the boy returned with a heavy heart. For the third and the last time the boy came back determined to have his hunger satisfied of kick up a row. Patience could not forsake the priest who had been keeping the life alive the toarch of penitence and prayers all through the live long day and the dark night. He ones again repeated his old answer, "The boundary of God never fails. It brings a shower of blessings proportionate to the period of waiting. Rich measure is doled out to those that have born his miles one in patience and with cheer." The boy went back satisfied. It was not long before trays of seasoned rice were brought before the Fakir, who directed his people to take them to his children. In spite of all this daily dependence upon the Divine the spiritual law could not be kept in abeyance. It worked and will work no matter how great the person or how deep the darkness may be. The seeker must pass through fire. He must carry the cross before he can find a stream in the desert. Kutab shah did feel a providence of lose a ministry of failing and fading things. A gift of emptiness, for without this we aspirant would be loath to toil for the uphill climb that countenances him. "He did feel the great gulf that divided him and the palace of the Prince. Night in and night out he waited upon his love. This waiting wetted his heart desires. His eyes would have tire of shading tears/supplicating the master to grant him a bon that he might be able to bridge up the yearning gulf and be face to face with him. Not unoften could the depth of his feelings seal his lips in silence. For hours would he sit and fixed in deep meditations over the dawning beauty of beloved. He had so long been waiting for. But this Dawn of new age was at first short lived. It would give him a sleep and he would find himself stranded on an island. The steering would cost him yeoman's strength before he could lead out his boat out of shoals and shades upon the deep. There too he could expect

to have his smooth sailing. The storm and the inclement weather would over take him and he would be found not in a fighting mood but out to give a warm and hearty reception to the guest the Holy Ghost had sent unto him. The page would not enrage him. It would rather encourage him. It would on the contrary brace him up to face the battle passions play their part. The rich and the poor, the prince and the presents all alike do feel the pinch. Some are over whelmed by the exuberance of desires and go into lanes and by lanes to satisfy the surge of the self. Love gives a lead to the few. Kutab Shah was one of those who had trimmed their tampers and lighted the lights in early life. He had known his periods of dark nights. Still as could see the lonely star shining and sparkling to him from behind the clouds of the coming Dawn herald by darkness. It is love alone that gives one the power to see beyond the screen. It is this very love that give strength transfer its sublimite. This Kutab Shah possessed in measure that over in helmed the oasis of the raging passions. He had to face the deadening desires and travels. The fire that consumed, the light that lighted up all his desires of the flesh offered him a very tempting feast at the end of the journey and Kutab liked the Pilgrim of Bunyan's Pilgrim progress marched on to his goal without any diversion. All through the dark night he walked all done yet not alone. His tongue and heart sang of the beauty and bless of the beloved. They could not have a comments respite. They could not be. Love is all active. It is dynamic. If it failed to find the treasure it aspired for, it would feel like then night and they would glide into gulfs unknown.

It is very rare that seeker her is not worries about what is behind the well in the early stages of his march. Faith and worry can never joined hands in nuptial consummation. Then one sates the other quietly sleeps out. Slowly and gradually does faith hold its banner high. It is than that the seeker who has alighten his lamp from the temple goes on the path with the light leading him on the path Illumined. It is than that he surrenders the helm of his barge to the Great Helmsman who through the story was and dark nights pilots it a right where it can safely lie at anchor.



Through the valley and the mountain the one song which always rang across the harp of his life was. "Walk ye to the mountain so that you may attain the grove of the self-all lovers know no rest (Unrest which is not a disturbing denominator marks the aspirant) till they reached the radiant one."

***"The seekers are a flame; they blow through the mind  
the same,  
A thirst for God they inquire the way, and make in  
mind aflame,  
Drawing from the naval lotus with every breath the name,  
Into poesy through the throat they turn the same,  
The masters' words they contemplate in the head,  
And oven of the body have the lovers made,  
With bone and skin had they their flames fed."***

Into the dying vessel of wide religion they their selves, deeply dye and let in the smoke of clambering the body like the fuel,

***"Thus in the infinitude they stay, not a word from them  
unto this display,  
Kutab false is word is word game,  
Few shall take up a rebel's name,  
Who throwing away greed shall their hearts with His  
name feed."***

This gives us a clue to the street lamps that lead to love's great hall. The heart thirsting for the beauty of the Beloved is always a flame. Every breath that it draws sends the flame heaven ward. This anguish, this panting and pining, this waiting and weeping cleanse the heart and turns it into a delicate, easily impression able soft substance. A little touch of pain that others know sets it a flame.

It is so related that once while Kutab Shah was living between sorh and Hamlek Mountains cries of distress fell upon his ears from a village and he inquired, "What may all this mean?" One Nabi bux Fakir stepped a little forward and saw that four people with unsheathed swords were coming to

Hub river to fetch water. He inquired from them the reason of wailing. They answered that maid camel had killed a man in the village. His relatives were bemoaning his death. They further advised him to go and live in the neighbouring village along with all the Fakirs. Nabi bux came back and apprised the Fakir of all that had happened and besieged his master to shift his bode in the town near by. This the Fakir bluntly refused saying "The camel is from God and we too are come from Him, where then Shall we hunt for shelter; we leave every into His will." This sound very similar to the Bible says "Though he slaying me yet will I trust him." This trust this implicit faith in the Divine will go long way in carrying the Pilgrim in his march to the eternal? Some there are whose strength fells them; there are others who fail to face the storm of life and carry themselves before the hero of love; but there are still those left who have mustered grin of faith in them, who through the dark night and the inertery weather keep marching along saying "God my guide I will be remember fully forever." The fakir and fixed himself up in his faith and he knew not what it is to changed. He had not fours. The people from the village came running to him and entre to go to the neighboring town as the camel had inflicted injuries on two more people but the fakir again said "God thy bill be con". Those that have fixed themselves in the Beloved do not feel anything to amiss. On the contrary they think that all that comes from him is proper and in its proper place.

***"Lovers easily became intoxicated in the beautiful,  
Besides the love of the beloved little do they card,  
To the wonderful they have surrendered body mine  
wealth and its words,  
Lost in love on Sami they always in."***

Such people feel and live in their conviction is that a great law governs the universe and their carried them above all apprehensions. Like the great mystic poet Rohul say. "In thy kingdom, I walk without care moving my arm aimlessly; she is the Beloved bride who has earned the good will of her husband."

Preaching seldom accompanies practice. It is lipdab but in this instance it was deep enough; macture measures the wealth and wisdom of man. The test is to trying but man never tires of it. He never shies. He stands on unmoved. The long detracted med camel was heard crying. The Fakirs out of dispair pleaded their guide to move to the neighbouring village, but the Fakir was adamant saying (Gods will be done) the camel who had been crying so bitterly came towards the side of the fakir. They were all alarmed. Kutab shah asked them to hold their peace and to their great surprise they saw the animal knelling down before the Devotee and after sitting there for a while retreated his steps. This state of thing greatly surprised the on lookers.

All these and many more instances of self effacement go to establish this fact that the great aspirant always kept the fire of love burning. It is so related that a band of travellers while moving through a desert happened to encamp there for the night. It was a biting weather that was blowing and the camel driver had gathered fuel to warm themselves. The cup and the strais of songs went round with him. Maddened with the contents and intoxicated with the music they forgot all measure of time. The night which was a long one passed into the dawn but still the camel man did not seem to feel the warmth either of the fire or of love's desire. They kept on saying "Keep the fire burring". Kutab Shah seems to share with these camel men this feelings and in one of his moments of Divine intoxication when the feast of song was at its sight is said to have repeated the very same words "keep the fire burning." This anecdote illustrates how deep was the hunger of this lover, who under the cover of silence concealed a huge conflagration of live love fire.

Kutab Shah was not a dreamer. Not unlike his great comparers he lived a life of perfect being in the Divine. Time and space had lost all meaning for him. Deeply drowned in the depth of Divine Consciousness he rarely could come to the surface world and feel the flow of events is they went on the physical plane. One night he asked one of those attending on him "what time must it be by now" "Four O'clock" was the answer. "Is it four A.M. or four P.M." asked Kutab Shah. Four

A.M Sir” replied the attendant. On another occasion the fakir was invited by one of his disciples to dinner. The dishes had not been laid on the table. In the mean while a passerby happening to peep in inquired what is the name of the fakir. “The fakir on whose ears this is strange quiry happened to fall, said His name is Baleshahi”- (Baleshahi are band of wandering baggers who keep on singing to the tunes of two small sticks on beating against the other).

Kutab Shah was not anxious to call himself a Sunni or a Shea. Once he was asked as to which class he belonged to the un hesitating replied “I belong neither to the sheias nor to the sunees, but I am the middle post.” This instance shows that he was not an orthodox. He was large enough to contain within himself like Whitman multitudes. This breath of vision this largeness of heart and this warmth of love carried him above many Sufis who despite the fact that they belong to no particular sect did still belong to a particular religion. The religion of the Sufi is a religion of love and beauty. His quest is for the etternal and to this end he goes out for excursions in the mountains and on the planes. In the midst of valise and vast stretches he listens to the silence of the stars and hears the music of the shining moon. The trees the brooks and the mountains keep up a school for him. The wind whistling through the mountain and the trees nearby is that tunes his heart and sends him into ecstasy. It is in the periods of disecstasy that he often goes in for incursions in the inner self. At first he is disturbed by sounds and schemes of the outer world but slowly and gradually they fade into insignificance and he begins to hear a soundless sound and see a lightless light. This is the great nowhere. He very often feels it to be his home land, but the tension of ties that bound him to the word without put him out of his loved retreat. The fakir and the Sufi, the saint and the sage, the mystic and the mendicant can go into this forbidden realm at the slightest touch of songs and silence. It is on that account that the seekers have always found silence and the songs to be their element. Without these they feel themselves out of waters and begin to be restless like fish of water. It is so related that in one of his wanderings Kutab Shah heard a snatch of a song

coming to him on the wings of the wind. It was a boy of the mountains who had been luring his sheep with his melody. This could not keep away Kutab Shah who had been thrusting for a draught Divine. This was Murad Mir, a Jat by caste, who had been leading a herd of goats every day. He was in the habit of going up the mountains to quench his thrust. While ascending up the hill he was in the habit of humming his lullaby. The melody caught the ear of the fakir who had settled himself in these mountains. He called him and asked if he knew any kafies. The boy reality replied in the affirmative. The fakir then asked him to sing some songs and beguile the tedious hours. The boy said, "sare ready am I to carry out you commands but my goats. I am afraid, will fall a prey to the wools." The fakir assuring him about the safety of the goats told him to keep on singing. Murad could not have the heart to refuse the fakir. He began playing upon a rustic harp till he forgot all about the length of time that had so passed away. The night came on. The birds were returning to their nests and the boy got up to look after his goats. To his great disappointment he found not a single goat on the spot where he had left them. The blood in his body became all cold. He hardly could understand what had become of his flock. He took to his heels. He came to his pound and low to his great joy he found all of them safe there. This surprised him the most. This incident explains how constant communion with the coppice consciousness brings into our being a power that is able to direct, to control, to guide men and things however distantly placed they may be. The boy on his own path without any break left his flock to the care of the fakir and continued to pour out his heart hour after hour, day after day to the fakir.

Wonder and astonishment will find a nest in the heart of that individual which is a thirst for them. Beauty never downs on the ordinary and the way ward. It interns, one does not know how, when, where and why? Its life, its laws, its likes and its lanes are not like the ordinary ones. It comes as the mystic say from the Beware of the beautiful. It comes to stay in the eyes and then slowly and gradually inters the heart setting it a flame to awaken and enlighten the object of its

invasion. Kutab Shah was not an exception to the law. He on seeing beauty walking about with a touch of delicacy felt that the formless was trying to catch him through the form, the voice and the shine of that little boy who kept on giving round draught of the Divine song. Thus over taking unawares the fakir began to say with Shah Latif;

***“The eyes have found a rest without my knowledge,  
They have entangled themselves where no word can  
be said,  
Poor heart continues to weep looking into his ways.”***

The fire of love shot up and so enveloped the boy that he began to feel its touch in his heart in the world outside and began to sense the cutting edge of separation. He followed the fakir and the latter looked at him transforming will the dross in him into something real. This touch of the physical beauty came like lighten up Kutab Shah who Soon entered into the Divine's sphere for it is the sole aim of the Soofe to rest dissatisfied and discontented till they realise the recant one. Ordinarily the common man takes this and such other incident for an object lesson. He follows in the full step of these masters but does not keep up to the restraint that these great minds have known. Physical beauty bewitches bewilders and ultimately lands into wilderness. The artist, the poet, the painter and the sculptor have all been and votaries of the beautiful form. The mystic on other hand uses this form only as an instrument. The artist lands himself into a lovely land where all is rosy and gay only to be guest of day. It is very rarely that he with his magic wand gives it the touch of the eternal. It has been said that the poet brings light that never was on see or land and makes of his object what the Gods would have made of it. Even then the poet divide of the mystic touch would hardly be able to realize that his beauty is eternal living and eternal youth in the eternal spring. Until this revelation descends upon the artist, he paints or sings only of the light. The fleetly light and not the world feeling light, the joy giving light about which the mystic like Robindra Nath has been able to sing. Beauty is no doubt is created. It is given to very feel to field the magic wand of

creation. Aladdin had it. All the see artists who have had the creative urge feel the surge of fullness and let themselves float into the great immensity of the deep. This feeling, this diving into the death of the deep colours the life and the very being of the artist. From the depths below he brings to the surface priceless pearls. In one of these lives the poet sings:-

***“Keep on to the companion ship of the mountains,  
The beloved might take pity,  
The steep mountains and narrow paths,  
God will give strength,  
In the midst of the trees,  
He himself will keep up his word,  
Break to pieces the wheel,  
Do not spin without the bride,  
Kutab the foot of Punhoo,  
Humbly look for always.”***

Poverty has been the beloved bride of the fakir. Mendicancy does not permit mammon to make its abode there for the wealth of love transcends the reaches of the earth. Instances could be multiplied to show that the wealth of the earth can never permit the thought of eternity to enter the heart of person deeply drown in the intoxication of wealth. Bedil was a divine loves. He never went out to beg. He always asked the Almighty for the supply of all his needs. Once it so happened that Mir Ali Murad of khairpur placed before him a gift deed for a large agricultural land. The fakir politely refused saying “The foot of the fakir is not lame and the country of God is not narrow.” Once, such incident marks the life of Kutab Shah as well. While wandering in the mountains he had an occasion to find a stone. This he had devoutly delivered to his friends, who had been aflame after he had repeated a few lines from the song. The touch of the stone had converted two copper coins in the pocket of the Hindu boy into gold. This surprised the friends of the fakir. He therefore advised the Hindu boy to keep it quite safe but on nearing his home he quietly took it from him and threw it into flowing stream. There upon the attendants began to remonstrate with him, but the fakir calmly said “How can

wealth and wisdom live together. Do you know that it was Lila who maddened by the colour of the rubies and diamonds has given her bridegroom in exchange for it and that the fate she met was what she had to put up with. When her lord ceased to recognize his queen, she began to say: "The pearls have undone me O friends and the necklace has noosed me, it has created distance between me and friends. How false and guilty it is. I am full of blame and now am longing for my love." Kutab shah used to say that Mammon and the master can ill go together. Sami, great poet has said:-

***"Maya has pulled down all from the palace,  
Into greed she has habituated them all with her  
blandishment,  
From the real they said with their faces turned."***

When they reached home his attendants complained to his father that he had thrown away philosopher stone and had thus thrown himself and the fakirs into a difficult position. The father sent for him and made inquiries. The son meekly said "sire, it was not possible to eschew truth and cling to falsehood. I have bargained for truth. If I had thought of the wrath of the fakirs I could not have faced the youth fearlessly." The father was much pleased at the reply and blessed him.

### **[Marriage]**

It is related Marriage that Prophet Mohammad (may peace of God on him) once asked Ikifalhalli "Have you married", He replied "No" there upon prophet told him if you are one of us do as we have done. "After the Holy Prophet, mistakes of Islam have expressed different opinion. Rabiya, who laid a celebrate life refused to enter into wedlock saying" The lover of God is male and the lover of world a female. Those who love God like me cannot marry me but those love worlds being themselves females cannot be united to a female. "Kutab Shah like any christen mystics had entered into wedlock the Holy Ghost. In spite of this, father pressed him to lead a domestic life and he like a beautiful son could



not say "Not" to him. Whenever these ties tired him he moved to the mountains and the quiet and repose that he gained there fully armed him to face the domestic tangle.

### [Love]

To meet ones bridegroom is the prime desire of a bride but the pains and privations, the sufferings and silence that one has to bear in pleasing him can be calmly borne by a few sleepless night and anxious days are the power of love. However much a bride might be in the confidence of her lord still she would always be a thirst to win her way into the heart of her husband. It is more so in the case of a mystic. The highest form of relationship that he can think of is considering himself a bride. This relationship has been upheld by saints and sages of all religion. The bride always wishes to give precedence to the demands of her husband. Slowly and gradually this way of living leads her to her emptying the self. She would not even attempt to lack lame or feel that the bridegroom has any obligation towards her. On the contrary, she would feel that all he does is a favor and not a return of a claim. She would fondly be repeating her prayer "I cannot heave a breath of claim, do thou O Beloved show thou mercy to me." Her eyes are always wet with the longing, the anguish and withal the agony that is gnawing at her heart. Her heart is literally mad. Every moment she is singing with the poet Tagore "Thou had made me aimless such thy pleasure. This frail vessel thou filets and emptiest again and again." The question of questions is, what is the love, about which Bedil sings "Love shows us the way which the common men consider going astray." Proceeding a little further he says "He alone can put his foot into this path who has divorced his head and his feet. He alone can gain his end who gives up both the worlds. "What love is not this self same lover says" Love is not a joke nor is it a trifle. It is mounting the gallows." Shah Latif, the Prince of romance says "It is not a game as the youths play." Still it is game a play with the eternal playmate for those that have known like St. Paul "Love want not itself, is not puffed up nor does it behave unseemly." Kutab shah in one of songs amply bears out the

truth of this when he says “when love came and made an up reach in my street, I forgot all the other councils. Further he adds when the showers of love came on the eye and the being let their houses fall.” Mohan is another poet who says “ When love throws all of a sudden its lesson this obstinate does not leave you need not keep yourself away from it for one who breaks the wall of his being anyone else may accept this or not. The miracle of love is still wonderful for its transforming power excels even the philosopher’s stone. It is on that account that the poet sings” the spring has come in with Rangha she will spin and who will earn. Your plays do not suit me for I have linked myself Rangha and all round there is light. He came out of grace on Kutab and gave me a glimpse of his self. All rounds are the shower of his fragrance! Murad Sings in the same tune “Why should she spin whose love is safe; she moves about listlessly and does not bring a thread on the spinning rod. Before dawn she puts on coloured clothes for she feels that one who enjoys the love of her husband her destiny reigns supreme.” Kutab Shah therefore questions the aspirant “Have you bought pain o trader of unity; the market of anguish has been led out and there is trading with the heads. Have you carried the infliction of love” And Murad aptly replies “I have carried the pain of the beautiful, throwing away hundreds of pleasures; all the falls fought of self disappear the movement he came in; would that it became new always and increased day after day as it is through its bounty O Murad that has brought me to meet the beloved” And what is this pain? “The reply is that it is not a medicine for the heart but an elixir of life; those that test but little from the cup always remain intoxicated; the madness of eye disappears and the existence of truth comes into being O Murad the beloved lives in your street if you would care to be a lover.” And to this end the trade man gives us a clue. It is this the eye a broker the heart the trader and the name the trade we made.” But Murad says “The eyes a trader, the beloved our trade and love a broker we made; it was well that the head and all with mind and heart we gave; we got our friend and out despair disappears for the trade became fruitful; Murad God raised this excuse that we gave a weed and we go a lack.” This feeling that we have been able to

achieve or strike a bargain fills the heart of the seeker with joy for him there is no night except when he feels the separation of the beloved. This is the darkest night and it is this all the saints have dreaded the most. Suhni dared to swim the roughest water on the stormiest night and with no support for her love could hardly suffer separation from her love even though the elements seemed to be much against her feeling she was out determined to meet her lover despite of all the dangers that faced her. This is an experience with the Pilgrim needs must go through if he would meet the beloved. In variety of ways Shah Latif has in his beautiful language expressed through the mouth of Sassui and Moomal this night of separation. He says "My lord has left me out of danger and he has thus struck me dead. Minute of after minute I feel the pain of separation. Difficult has been for me to sit. I keep on raving; your pain O my lord has set aflame my heart; though they taunt me come let us reconciled." It appears that grace keeps pace with suffering. Latif again beautifully sings in this connection;-

"Grace does not come without suffering blessed are the suffering one's; the sleepers lost their companions, O ye slave do not leave thy path; Latif says the mountains will. Give you a lead towards your love; come and behold your love walking on your head O Sassui." Kutab Shah too had such experiences, but he never expressed these through Sassui and Suhni for the physical touched them only once. It is on that account that in every poem of his and every song that he sang, he speaks of his experience. He says "O friends I am much concerned for I have been living away from the beloved." This living apart does not mean physical separation. Every breath that we breathe if it did not carry in it the memory of the beloved, the picture of the prints, the fragrance of the fair would be considered as absolutely lost. Kutab Shah is not here propounding a new theory. He is walking into the foot step of the great mystic like Rabia who held that every breath must be bound round the beloved. To this aim disappointment and despair, dejection and desolation would overtake the seeker converting his heart into a desert and the time through which he needs must pass into a dark night. The poet further says "O

friends it ill behoves me to breath a breathe which brings with it separation; it is sorrow that has been tearing me. The mystic of the East and West are at one which particular who says."

During this period a happy change comes over the seeker. He renounces is bargaining attitude and learns to surrender. He accepts "Nothing" for Murad says "Where the necked ones set their love there exists naught but nothing; these divines divulge not the secrets to any one; those that escape understanding they do not lisp through the mouth; they alone please their Ram in their soul who have O Murad taken up the rosary of silence." It is faith that carries the traveller through this desert. Companions can hardly be faithful. Shah on that account reminds the bewildered about the nature of the beloved thus "Sometime they bar their doors and at others they led them through open; sometimes they would not let me in and at others they would take me in; sometimes I long for a call and at others they would share their secrets; such are my lords." Further he says "Sometimes the doors are wide enough of the beloved but at others they bar them up; sometimes I cannot wishing to enter. I enter; sometimes they would not speak a word and at others out of love they would continue to converse; sometimes they would give a word and at others not a word would they let through their mouth." Knowing this to be the way of the lord he advises the Spraint "O Lila remember your qualities, you fight with your lord taunting him. I know not what there is in the mind of your love" Remembering these words like Moomal he entreats his Rana "Quarrel not, let quarrel be thrown away, O Rana! leave this obstinacy; O love intelligent as you are wash away my dirt; says Latif O perfect love envelope my frailty; pardon me my mistake O Sodha the life would be happy."

### **[Poetry]**

The mystic seekers as they are of the beautiful carry in their eyes the beauty of the twilight and the dust. They keep their heart always a fresh to drink deep at the fountains that nature provides for them. This constant feeding upon the

feast of the fair illumines them. They mix this illumination with the love that they possess and the blending of the two produces marvelous effect. It is allowed to rest in the sub consciousness. The longer it waits there the greater becomes fermentation. This in its turn gives rise to an upheaval. It cannot contain itself in the bounds of the body. It therefore breaks forth into songs. At first like the great stream from the Himalias its flow is slow, but as it moves and spreads over large area of consciousness it gains momentum. It gains strength and the song which at first appear to be shallow meaningless becomes pregnant with deep meaning. It is an experience by self which the poet is trying to share with his world. He has no listeners in view. He is out of cosmic consciousness singing to the cosmic elements. It is on that account that the poetry of these sons of the desert is very much different from other types of poetry. The lyric and the epic, the descriptive and the narrative, the drama and the didactic have a place in the life of the poet and more so in what he sings. Although these traits may be missing in the poetry of Kutab Shah still it cannot be said that the man who is out for a romance with the Beautiful is not playing his part in the great drama of life. This naturally brings us face to face with the sign posts leading to the great palace.

It will not be out of place here to consider briefly the poetic trends in some of the poets of Sindh. Badil which literally means the heartiness had all his life been diving in the great ocean though a divine he was yet a lover. His life is a great paradox. All his poetry speaks volumes about the melody, the wit and the breath that he could command. His songs are so interwoven with the dive of his imagination and the fragrance of the vision of beauty that he always carried with him. Badil succeed Sachal who not like Shalvi lets the surging of his heart flow out in his songs. He is not mild like the deep in winter but like the Ossian in summer he always rises to hold converse with the heaven. His poetry is characterized by the anguish and the agony which kept on consuming his heart. Late of used to say that the great Cauldon which I have so patiently cooked its lid will be laid aside by Sachal. Badil in one of his songs pays very high

compliments to Sachal when he says "We found a wonder revelation of love in the Daraza. "Latif whose songs flow like a deep river still gives evidence of the depths of the mighty Ossian. His songs are on the lips of the present and the prince for they speak of village girls and their loves, of their chastity and strength, of their urge and their search. It is not only about those that the poet continues to speak on. He speaks even about the little living like the seeing. He says "O friends I can hardly compare king ship of any monarch of the earth with that of the needle who while keeping herself necked continues to cover other. In different chapters he speaks of the tradesmen of and their ships, of their wives and their wailings, of the village girl, who by their wiles tempt the pilgrim but says he "Even if lack of such girls were to throw their blandishment the seeker bound for the beautiful will not be fettered." Bedil left us legacy in his son who sang of the beauty he beholds. His constant consummation in the flame of the beautiful stands out in strange contrast to the words of his master. Who always advise those in quest "Learn the lesson of self effacement, learning and reading avail not. In this connection it will be proper to bring in a line from Kutab Shah who says" Read and understand by yourself the scripture is the story of the journey others have undertake. "Self effacement is the key board of the Sufi without it he will not be able to establish himself in the eternal. These two progress are called" Latif and Ispat "Nasir, a poet and a poet of great fame has said face thou the name if thou wouldst install God." Kutab Shah is at one with these poets when he says "you keep on carrying I where is your I at the time of prayer." Not far distant from these centres of learning and love sprung up during those times a brotherhood of lovers concealed all their light under the cloak of poverty. They were the fakirs of Kandiri who did not sing love as Sachal, Shah Bedil and Bekas did. They sang of it in the guise of a dialogue between man and Chit. Their kafies sing of humility and meekness. Their guidance to the self has always been of at most importance. In spite of all this they have sung "Fertilize your heart with love else the night passes in vain." The poetry of Kutab Shah is a departure from the beaten path. Not that rhyming scheme is different so far the kafies are

concerned but the thought contained in them does not bear comparison with the apparently erotic effusion of the other poets, who speak about Suhni and Mehwai, Sassui and Punhun and alike. The songs of Kutab Shah speak about the secret, the anguish that he knew is anxiety to share with his comrade and Co-pilgrims is supreme. To get out of the entanglements his word of advice to the self is always love. He constantly kept on reminding his spiritual sons to be in tune with the infinite. Tagore also sings in the same tunes when he says "Languor upon your heart and the slumber is your eyes. Take, oh awaken late not the time pass in vain." In Paul language I live yet not I but Christ liveth in me. Only when I become as nothing can God enter in and no difference between his life and man remain not standing. This overcoming of all usual barriers between the individuals and the absolute is the Great mystic achievement. In mystic state we both become one with the absolute and become were of oneness. This the everlasting and triumphant mystical tradition hardly altered by differences of clime creed. In Hinduism, in Neo-Platonism, in Sufism, in Christianity, in Whitmanism, we find the same recurring note so that there is about absolute mystical utterances and eternal unity, which ought to make a critic stop and think, and which brings about that the mystical classics have, as has been said neither birthday nor native land. Perpetually telling of the unity of the man with God, their speech antedates languages and they do not grow old.

'That are thou' say the Upanishads and the Vedanists add; "Not a part, not a mode of that, but identically that, absolute spirit of the world; as per of water cold into our water remains the same thus, O Gotham aid the self of thinker, who knows. Water is water and fire is fire. No one can distinguish likewise a man whose mind has entered into the self. Every man says the Sufi writer of Gulshan Raz "Whose heart is no longer shaken by any doubt knows certainty that there is no being same only one. It is towards the realization of this end that the poet substance has laboured and they have only found rest when they have attended. Latif reminds the seeker in a Variety of way but

Kutab Shah brings the experience in a pointed and a plane language.

In one of songs he says “No thou the self, that the Beloved might step into your lane; lose thou thy being so that you might gain your bridegroom; Take up the self and its effacement attain; Remove duality take heart and throw separateness into fire so that openly to your house might come your sire; could you wish your love to sin, while alive your faith to death must you pin thus your love to you temple will come Kutab root out falsity from your heart and live in humanity so that the beloved might often visit you. Further he gives glimpses of his experiences in his poems which as we turn over one after other we find pregnant with depth of longing and love. In one of his beautiful songs he says:

***I you proclaim, why does I in prayer throw its claim,  
I gathers heaps after heaps, how does this eye at your  
death weeps,  
Your breath in idleness you lets loose your name of  
one as you abuse,  
At prayer you are unaware; abstinent your name is  
nowhere;  
Kutab all that is in you belongs to the ancient where is  
the false crow of your eye negligent one.”***

He does not stop here but continues to give his beautiful finding yet in another poem where he says:

***“Read and realize yourself, the book is an experience  
of another.  
Enjoy Lanka, Ganga, the Guide in the head effacing the I  
Ram kanaya living your neighborhood no them wealth,  
Seekye, Sita, Lachhman in their abode and recognize them,  
Kutab Ram Rahim in you live if only to them now  
would you yourself give.***

While proceeding on his journey he questions himself in the following songs:



***“Have you bought pain seeker of the one,  
In the market of pain,  
Heads are in the bargain have you taken love pain,  
Coming to love’s stall,  
Have you let life’s wealth fall,  
Purchase ye love’s name dear,  
Eyes a broker, heart a merchant, names bargain made,  
One head in the bargain O Kutab doth not sufficee,  
The grace of the guide standth well.”***

Kutab then questions his mind and asks, “Why is it O mind that you desiring unity forget it so easily. He advises it to leave of all false play of the world and become a rebel dying before death, keeping the quest alive, afresh and always in spring time.” Then the mind is so trained the harp of human life begins to work in unison with the cosmic lyre. The birds and the brooks yield a melody that sings of him. He begins to feel that the eternal flute keeps on pouring nectar into his and looking within he finds him without to it is him that he finds and all- round there is the fragrance of his. All this says Kutab is due to the grace of the guide who brought into being this occasion to reveal the absolute unto me. “Why should not them the poet surcharged with experiences, such as these be constantly in communion with the cosmic consciousness. A thirst he kept on repeating to himself the experiences, he had on the path, the desert of desolation he had witnessed and the ditches of despondency he had to made though. Not un often he sings in the same tunes with St. Juans who prayed to Jesus.” “Let me draw near in silence and uncover thy feet that it may please to unit me myself, make thyself thy bride. I will rejoice nothing till I am in thy arms. St. Frances is reported to have said on mount alvernie “ He has plunged me in the furnace of love, my spoce , the beloved lamb has tied me with the nuptial ring; I dye of love sweet pain; I dye of yearning, love has cast me into the furnace; He has bunged me into the furnace of love. Mire the devotee of the Lord sings of him as a spouse.

***She says: “Krishna my lord! Krishna my spouse!  
Behold mine eyes rare aching.”***

Her compeer Rabia says "The fire of all conquering love demanded eternal union with a eternal flame." It is for the consummation that the poet is a thirst. Again and again he sings of the subject saying "Comrades the pain that has been tearing my heart is the pain of separation." Robert Browning says:

***I keep these broods of stars aloof,  
For I intend to get to burn,  
That is why I haste to God so fast,  
For in God's breast my own abode,  
Those shoals, of dazzling blow the past,  
I lay my sprit down at last."***

This is all with regard to the subject matter of the poetry of Kutab Shah. It is unique for it does not smack of any physical allusions. It sings of the eternal and tunes itself to the infinite. Its flow full of the secret of the beloved is silent and its width transcending the limits of banks carried us into the infinity of vastness and the immensity that characterizes the eternal. Though it sings of the anguish yet it does not cease to bring in the spring which the eternal youth is anxiously awaiting for. We have no feast of the fair damsels and their heroes. We have the one eternal thirsting for its mate in the eternal grove. Neither have we galaxy camels, of birds, of caravans nor have we a picture of the valiant riders whom we find in quest of the beautiful in the poetry of Shah Latif. There is no doubt that this poet who is essentially a mystic first and a poet after wards has like an artist combine the colour of the earth with the light of sky and painted on the ethereal convex the picture of the formless. His language is an admixture of Sindhi and Siraiki. This instead of marring the beauty of the poems adds to their charm. His poetry is the poetry of a fakir. He sings because of the pangs of separation and not because he must sing as a poet. The allusions in his songs are secrets admonitions and orders as you go on turning page after page you begin to remind yourself that you needs must break the Kutab Shah was a man who had faith in the plan and the purpose of the providence. He would not wish a change in the set up land to suit his convenience or his

pleasure. He thought that the legacy one was born to had a meaning and this he respected in a very great measure in the case of a change in the religion of one's fore fathers. It is so related that once two young men came to him and requested him that they might be converted to Islam. The fakir who was all love could not see their view points. He felt that their being born in a family whose religion was not Islam was providential and therefore to help them to upset that plan would be to work against the scheme of God. He therefore persuaded them to stick to the religion of their family. This incident combined with their preaching to his followers to keep up in tact the fine curtain that exists between Hindus and Muslims. This cannot be used against the poet to show that he was believer in duality.

Kutab Shah was a friend of God. "The faithful and the Muslman could rarely be found as one from hundreds; for he attaining unity washes out all doubts and suspicious; he journey the supreme submit of the Palace of Light; it is such much man whom the world calls the friend of God. "On the life journey man has to undergo training and move among a society of friends. This naturally forces him through hard rubbing, discipline and lessons in courtesy. This training to great extent soften down the angularities of his life and braces him up with courage and confidence to go through the uphill climbs and breakneck slopes. His speech and movement therefore modulate themselves to accommodate the exigencies of time and spare. His life becomes a measure one. It becomes poetic if the pen of the poet has its mettle the heart of enlightened man has its fragrance. If the poet in his dives finds out priceless pearls the man of the heart finds out the hidden of the deep with which nothing mundane and stand comparison. He keeps on sweeping through the difference heights of the Palace and coloring himself in that colourless colour which knows no change through climb or season strange.

He had scaled steep heights during his youth but love which defies onslaughts of time had not quenched its thirst for eternal as it is, it needs must require an eternity to be fully

satiated. Nights and days spent in seclusion in the communion of God did not suffice. The night of love is always too short and the lover always wishes it to stretch into an endless eternity. In spite of this Kutab Shah trimmed his taper and called his comrades saying with the poet Tagore, "The lamp is strimmed, comrades, bring your own papers to be lighted." Night after night would he spent sitting with his bent head deeply directing all his energies on the centre that opened the way for light from the Great and glorious palace of Life. The flesh which is subject to the changes of time and space does been down and show marks of a retreat. However brave the soul may be, the body is weak enough. It does bend with ears though it may have braved many stormy seasons and wild fears. The journey of life never tired the poet. He was a nearing his journey end but still like a true lover he would not let the last glimpse escape him. He clung first to this picture of the formless and installed it in the shrine of his heart. The knell of the great monitor began to toll. He thought it time that he left this mortal coil. He waited anxiously for the messenger of death as in life he had waited for the messenger of his love. At the appointed hour on 2<sup>nd</sup> day of the month of December 1910 when he was 79, death came to call him away from this mortal world to his love.

The centre which he created during his life time where hundreds of aspirants came to have their lessons continued to kept up by his son and his small band of first disciple whom he charged with the duty of humanitarian work. To this day they keep the touch burning. It will continue to burn for the flame of the eternal no wind can extinguished.

# BEKAS

## (The Divine Vagabond)

Art is not the monopoly of the few. It is an urge. Whenever there is a thing of beauty be it a flower, a sun set scene, the rise of water on a full moon night and the like, it always creates an impression upon the mind which sinks into sub consciousness only to rise to the surface after a time and force under its momentum the subject to express what he has seen with a light that never was on sea or land, the consecration and the poetry's dream. This is generally the case with those who have had a glimpse of beauty in physical form or in nature's flourish. Those that have known the supernal beauty, the formless form of the fair have always carried in their eyes the dream which they find peopling the whole universe. They are little at the super abundance of luxury, the wealth of colour, the melody of form, and the beauty of sound which they find in the physical and consider it to be a invitation from the great artist to create a model after their heart. The painter and the sculptor have to keep before them the models which they want to recreate. Their perception of beauty may be defective, their conception might be blurred but the artist who has been a worshiper of beauty in form and has transcended the limits of lines has brought into himself a vision which exceeds in excellence the dream which Dante had of Beatrice. Dante had stuck to the fragrance of the beautiful as coming from a lady. No doubt he had to wait fourteen long years after his first meeting with Beatrice in the garden. Dante carried the pictures of Beatrice in his eyes all the years but still they did not come out to the world until the surge became strong enough to force his brain to conceived a divine comedy and give it to the World. He did give to the world and led his readers through inferno, purgatory and ultimately to paradise always holding before

them the picture of the lady beautiful, whom they would meet in Heaven. This was a creation of an artist. Love sick as he was torn away from his love and his country, he was obliged to find a mood of expressing himself for the pain and the pang drove him from his little self to the greater self. Therein he found to his great satisfaction beauty in all its wealth and affluence. Dante divine comedy is a creation of an artist who had been trying to find out of the little lights of the earth torch that would make his life rosy and lead him through the lanes and by lanes that led to the bower of the beautiful. Whether this creation of Dante was the outcome of at an effort all alive conscious or it was the outcome of an impel force that used him as an instrument. It is surprising to read that the great artist cannot account for their creations knowing their limitations as they fully do. It is something besides and beyond the self that comes and over powers the personality that it cannot resist carving out or painting, or expressing itself in measure language. What is art then; Tagore gives a beautiful reply to this question. He says "It is the response of man's creative soul to the call of the real. It belongs to the life of making constant adjustment with surprises exploring unknown shrines of reality along its path pilgrimage to a future which is as different from the past as the tree from the seed. Art represents the inexhaustible magnificence of creative spirit; it is generous in its acceptance and generous in its bestowal; it is hospitable to all because it has the wealth which is its own." Dante was an exile and he lived in poverty but in his festival for Beatrice he has made display of his wealth voicing with God. He is very lavish for he feels that his wealth is not a bit less than that of the great providence. It is true meeting with God of beauty when we come to Him with our offerings and not our wants, and such offerings needs are for its own sack.

Bekas, the subject of this paper was not different from Dante so far this carrying offering to the God of Beauty was concerned. He saw and immediately deposited the beautiful pictures that touched his eyes in his heart. There they lay long luxuriously lolling till out of the youthful zest and passion they streamed forth into song. Every morning

brought forth its feast and every dusk its dower. This lover of beauty looked for behind the brilliance that greeted his eyes. He looked into the very heart of things. This sight comes to every artist who is aflame. It is not enough that God should be holding out lights to us for the poet says "Until we light on little lamps, the World of lights in the sky is in vain, and unless we make our own preparations. The wealth of the world preparation remains waiting like a lute for the finger touch. But preparation is going on all the World over beginning with the age of the a cave man down to your time. Man the artist is inviting God the artist to his home. God dwells in his own creations and it is expected of man that he also must create his environment, his own dwelling place, which should be worthy of his soul." To this end the artist beauty bent his steep early in life. He was a thirst. He never could have enough of beauty. His hunger increased with the vision that he had while moving through the streets and lanes, the river bank and the mountain valleys of Rohri. Born in the family of an illustrious and learned divine known by his pen name Bedil in the year he brought with himself the legacy of love and not learning. He literally believed in the saying of his worthy father who sang "Those whom love shows the way can rarely walk into disaster." Mohsin- the beautiful was the name the parents had given him. His form and figures born lest man irony to the truth of the name that he born. It was as if beauty out quest for beauty. What strange quest was this? The beautiful forgetting its fragrance and its fairness keeps of looking for a glimpse divine. Spring has its own charm. The delta of the river of Indus becomes one laid out festival of flowers and the rich and the poor, the high and the low get into a fever and go on their pilgrimage where the lady of the flower they feel sits in the midst of the gorgous outlay. This is the festival of Basant. The yellow flower comes out decked in all its fairness and keeps on moving about to bewitch the heart of man. Youth could not hold itself back from such a rich feast. Man and woman join to bring their best offering to their God. Though living in poverty they could not afford to be miserly for the spring with its wealth of colour and fragrance came out of its oblivion to lead man to the altar of beauty the creative spirit in man and women became free and

tried to express itself in the best and finest form. It had thrown off all its chains that poverty and position had thrown round them. It had its dignity of rights that despites material success and the heroism that pursued the ideal of inner fulfillment against difficulty, discouragement and privation. In the word of a poet, Tagore, his word gave a true response to God's words like the sweetness in woman in answer to the greatness of her lover." Bekas came out to witness this feast of beauty this miracle which man was out to exhibit. He carried in himself the heart of a woman out in search her lover. He appeared to believe in the expression of a veteran pilgrim who said "Destroy thy name and then establish Allah. Shah Nasir stressed this point. Bedil the learned divine and lover said "Know the secret of dissolving the self." These Sufi songs represent different types of experiences on the path the pilgrim has. I. W. Gill in his history of ottoman poetry says; man's business is to eliminate as far as may be eliminate of Not- being and attend the union with God and absorption in the divine. But how is one overcome this element of Not-being by conquering self the Sufis of Sindh have all been lovers of beauty. Sufism is a religion of beauty and how could Bekas be untrue to the tenets of his religion. The beautiful object on earth is to them a window through which beauty peeps out. Attracted by the luster of form he pursues the formless. In this pursuit the lusty and the low sustain defeats. Instead of possessing the pearl of great price they become possessed and die a disgrace-full death. The valiant pay little heed to the fleeting and the changing in the form and keep their gaze fixed upon then object of their search. Many a time the formless eludes their grasp. They hold on to the form of the fair till they find to their great disappointment the form fading and the shades growing die the worship of the one grew them tendency day a deep desire to become ardent votaries of the one pervading all A Sufi of Sindh as expressed this truth beautifully:

***"Millions of bodies lacks and lacks and thousand are there,  
life is the same in all but the gleam and glow in each is rare  
How shall I speak, O love of thy infinity ways,  
Murad the intoxicated singer of kandri says,***



***The one sings through eighty four lacks pog cages,  
Boundless is the flight of that fthereal Minxstreal,  
The speaker speaks varied tongues through different  
forms & age,  
Drinks, eats and enjoys o Murad who then is helpless.”***

It was this comic vision which that lover of beauty, Bekas had; on the banks of the Indus he came to witness the spring festival. The little stalks with yellow head dress seemed to invite the village as well as the vagabond. The divine appeared to be dancing. Bekas however would not go very near to the beautiful. He set down near the ferries stand to witness the stream of beauty flowing in one long line towards the beautiful. He felt that the beautiful had thrown round its body the yellow colour appear to mark the advent of the spring and with it man had joined in revelry to celebrate the arrival of the season. He was struck with beauty of forms and faces that passed by him. This wonderful sight robbed him of all Seasons leanings and endowed him with a sight that is all purity and child like innocent. It was all wonder land for him. He kept on looking into the face of every passerby and saying “Glory be to Allah. What a divine sight this is” Form after form he greeted as the king of his heat. It was all like a child that he kept cogs gazing. Innocence does not count the cost of what it does. It is simple and cannot see what follows. Bekas continued to look at these divine dolls that kept on moving in quick secession at the direction of the master. This could hardly be put up with by the crowd. They looked at this way of his life with scorn. Some ladies of the torn actually took of lance this wayward conduct the young man. He could not be pardoned for this impoliteness. They ran to his mother and complained against their children with a pinch of salt. The mother of Bekas could not be an exception to common rule. She loved her child. She loved his honour more. She therefore could not credit the complaint ants with truth. At the same time giving them a word of consolation and a promise that, she would go into the matter. Bekas who was struck with the beauty of the beloved would not keep himself away from a sight that the divine had held out to him. He continued his rounds. His mother also followed him along with her

daughter to test the truth of the complaint, she had heard. Her amazement shot up when this prince accosted the beautiful looking out at him through the form of mother saying "What a glory of Allah doth shine out?" Her daughter followed her. The young girl met the same scrutiny and warm endearments as the other had done. Humiliated and humbled the mother returned to her house. Bekas came back from the festival in the evening. Darkness seemed to envelop the house. The mother was in rage. The sister was in fear. Bekas innocent as he was did not expect anything untoward. As usual he stepped into the house. The mother who had lost her patience would not suffer him to rest a while. She on seeing him went up to him and in imperious tone demanded an account of what he had been doing all the day long. Like a child who feels his innocence in every part of this being could hardly suspect any game. He pleaded innocence and without any fear laid out before her what he had been witnessing through the live long day. There upon the mother who was all patience so far was aflame and said "How dare you give the lie to me when I myself have been the object of your vagaries. Not I alone but your sister too have been subjected to the same torture. You could not hesitate to keep back from us the compliments and endearments you lavished on others." Bekas would only defend himself by these words "It was not I O mother. I know not who passed by me." The mother could hardly argue with her son. She kept quiet but determined to end the life of such a glorious son.

Next day she hit upon a plan. Stealthily she concealed a live charcoal in the folds of his turban. The appointed hour, Bekas dressed himself like a gay prince to go on his rounds. The mother was beside herself and so she followed him along with her daughter to watch the happening of the day. She reached the place and set down in corner to be a silent spectator. Form after form passed before her son and each of them he greeted with a smile and an offering. Thus did he continue his prayer hour after hour. He stood absorbed in the beauty. The live charcoal failed to its work. The heat and intensity of his emotion was great. They rested the progress of the live charcoal.

Night came on and the prince returned home full of intoxication. The mother was baffled. Her plan had failed. She called her son and in sweet voice asked him "How is dear boy that you continue to harass the ladies of the town?" Not o mother. It was not I. "this refusal of the I to accept the guilt shows what a height of devotion he subject to. This absorption is the ultimate end of the quest. Not union but constant communion is the finale of the pilgrim's march to the palace. Not victory but defeat is the desideratum of the divine vagabond.

Out of this perception of beauty grew the conception of beauty. This combine with intensity of longing built in Bekas a dynamic force that had its expression in song revealing the reality of the glimpses he had in the heart of beauty. It was not in painting on the canvas nor was it on any glass that he portrayed the picture of the formless. He painted in measure lines. He sang. His songs soared high up in the heaven to greet the glowing and the glorious starts. Out of this meeting and greeting had he learned to light his lamp and there with offered prayers at the shrines of the most beautiful. This dram of divine love and beauty having its eternal play in human souls has been vividly revealed by this pious personality in a variety of ways. His worship of a woman as the pro type of the divine mother and an artist who could by her beauty and bearing color the cosmos is clearly brought out by another incident. It so happened that one fine evening he walked through the Bazaar of his native town of Rohri. A courtesan who saw him from a distance radiant with the glow of beauty a called him and invited him to share with her the pleasure of conjugal union. The poet who was an artist waited in wonder to see what follow. The woman who was aflame offered herself in all her naked beauty to Bekas. It was at this moment that the imagination of the artist rose up to an understanding of the rhythmic line of life; this brought with itself and active understanding of the working of emotion- "Gradually as observation improves he added in his mind the knowledge stored in memories secret chamber." Looking at the natural fountains of nectar that the providence in his pleasure has improvised for the infant he incurred "O woman

divine what may these be?" The woman blushing said "these are the repositories of milk for the child." The fakirs was struck with the reply and said, "Mother, it ill behaves a man to use the divine vessel of the mother in any other way different from that of a mother. Who is me, let he be gone." Saying this he sprung to his feet and came down in the stairs. He walked along the high road all the time meditating on the divinity of the mother's form. Such instances inspired him to give expression to his artistic impulse in appropriate style, rhythm expressive of emotions having the rhythmic line of life as their support. "What is this rhythmic line of life? It is that which gives through the medium of line the unity and character of each separate thing in itself in relation to each other." The poet is not a painter and therefore he does not bring about a unity in the different parts of the figure nor does he bring about cohesion in the different constituents of the picture as a whole. In the domain of beauty it is the esoteric effect on the emotion that the poet is trying to express. In one of his poems while singing about the eyes he says "From the beginning am I the slave of eyes; love is our Imam(Leader); when the blandishment shot its arrow, pain me with all its pomp and glory; with glimpse the beautiful has made me a slave; should you keep away the beauty of the beautiful the mourning in the mind begins; Backus the dawn of union as burst, gone is the evening of separation," This poem is remarkable for the rise and fall of the emotional tide and the coming in of the dawn and the dusk in the life of a lover. Dusk and dawn come and go every day but the dawn of a new life as Dante comes upon man through the way of love. This, the poet of Italy called *Nouva-vita*. In another poem speaking of the same subject he says "The angularity of the eyes robbed me of all the sense; they have had good bye to religion and Kufa your beauty has thrown me into wonder and the heart has been noosed into the lasso of your curls; the desire of the thought as imprisoned me and has led me towards you; the eyes all of a sudden got entangled with your eyes and fought without any reason with the orphans; Love has devoured nicely the self through the ways of love's pain; I have been the mark of the arrow of love and you brave as you are live by yourself the position of Adam was obtained

through the crossing of love; Bekas within and without is love with humanity court it; now love has got into every fiber of my being and the beloved of love has been sounded all around." This poem as well the preceding one have for the prelude eyes, their evil and their ways. But the succeeding life lead us to the psychological affect they physiological eye has upon the emotion body of man. In another poem he says about the spring thus the spring has come and the Basant has put up its beauty all around is spring; in every heart it made a nest and the flowers spread them self all around; the new spring has come after many days and I have spent my time weeping; good that it has come even after days, would that my life were a sacrifice; Beckus the helpless says "The anguish has flourished itself and this little span is too precious." Spring has come, flowers have burst, all around is the spring joy of the sweet pain of love and the poet is out to greet this spring after the wariness of winter, the desolation of autumn, and the blight of the scorching heat of summer. It is not that these seasons have their play in the material World they have their game in the world of the heart as well. Night and day dusk and dawn have their significance. The river of life navel moves on and the pilgrim swims over it within the two banks in a measure pace to the eternal. In another song Bekas greets his beloved with the yellow dress thus; - love has come to set up a wonderful state with yellow clothes; his cloak is yellow has made his rose like face yellow; carrying in hand the cup of love he struck me with the dagger; the glance and arrow and the brow a bow they made my breast a mark; Bekas see the yellow sight which the heartless has brought in abundance. In such like tunes Bekas represents the coming of the lover through the exuberant splendors of the spring. It is the eternal youth who is out in quest of unfading beauty living in the bower of eternal's spring. The poet like master singers of Bengal, the bowels sings of beauty and love when the ultimate truth dawns upon him. "When the Baul sings of the flowers which are the love and beauties of this world and which are to be linked up into a gradual for the divine lover but the sting of Man's own heart demands our respect as a true worshiper of beauty." But our poet Bekas sings of flower and spring to symbolise the advent of the divine lover and

therefore he does not wait to pluck these flowers and leave them into a garland but on the contrary he receives them as he would receive his love." Amidst all the ills and suffering of life the divine lover though sometime seemingly in different or even merciless, is waiting for the human soul, without reunion with whom the creator scheme of creation is but incomplete. To the Baul the rhythm of creation requires that man should realize in full the charm of human life, the life in end through which man enjoys God and reciprocally God enjoys man. This may be highly audacious but it's very daring has unlocked the heart of the Bauls and drain songs of the joys of communion of the pangs of separation." Bekas did enjoy the ordinary run of life. He however kept up to his vision of the divine mother and, abstained from all sex connections. He led a life of a luxurious recluse in artist by nature, a lover by disposition he had his choice of clothes. Never was he seen to wear a dress that had undergone washing. In spite of all this aristocracy he was singer who was touched with the slightest pain that crossed his path or the way of a passerby who came to him with a grief stricken face or a story of sorrow. The heart of his heart would at once catch fire and burst out into a flame of song. The beauty and spontaneity of the songs of beauty in which personal touch is height the effect compare favorably with the songs of Bekas. The Bauls being unlettered rustics are not very much different from suffer, because both have love and beauty as the outstanding tenets of their creed. Bekas considers the life of human being a journey in the bower of beauty. The bauls have their Brandi bans which has no geographical existence but are within the heart of man. "He compares human life with the Hindu ceremony of floating lamps on the river. The lover of God they call the man of the heart & it is to this man of the heart that Bauls pour out their songs offerings."

Bekas, the artist, the visionary is not different from Bekas the musician. His spring instrument which quivered at the slightest touch of his finger in response to the surging of his heart showed him as the best player, the best composer and at the same time the best invoker of the Deity of beauty. Then the strings combined with the hand and both of these

joined to lead beauty to the physical plane it was a morvellous sight to see In one of songs he renounce his position and renounces his event thus; "We have left royalty behind and have assumed the name of Adam; some where the pious man is offering prayers and some where he is putting on his secret thread." In another song he says "For what reason have we come and with the support of love have we come to stay; suddenly we thought of coming out for a stroll and destiny came put to entangle us." He continues again in this very strange in song after song declaring himself to be God who has assumed the garb of slave because of love. He says "Here I am the slave of the slaves but there I was and Emperor. Here I move on silently but there I was might min; lover knows that man is the flower of creation; Bekas keep this faith o beloved in the unity with your love." This declaration of divine descent to the earth shows to what height this helpless Bekas could soar. From the heights he comes down like an artist to the very depth to pray. It is remarkable that the songs of life should be a natural and as smooth as his songs of downwards sweet. It is the artist who can bring about a blend. Bekas has proved this beyond measure and his songs that will follow bear out the truth. How God leads his lovers through the high lanes to the depths is very strange. His play is a mystery. It is this that makes understanding of the plane He is working out very difficult. The psychologist may attribute the rise and the fall of the artist hand or voice to a complex. He might as well joins his brother scientist and give causes for the glimpses of beauty that the artist has. Art does not stand in need of dissection nor does it call for an explanation. The sweet from the heights of royalty to the low levels is an emotional expression of the attitude in which the heart finds itself. In one of his songs he sings thus. "keep up the honour of one who is taking hold of your skirts; Bedil the king is really my guide, he is my guru, my leader take care of me by your-self, here as well there I rely on you keep your servants in mine; dirty and down trodden I am thy slave girl, with tact do us the favour; accede to this request that our love should be with us always; Bekas slave at whose door he is let his honour be kept by you." This supplication and entreaty stands in contrast to the soar, we

have witnessed in one of his preceding song where in the poet has laid claimed to his royal descent. In another song he adopts the attitude of a slave girl like his contemporary Bullhay Shah to win over. The heart of his love, Bullay had to disguise his identity to win the heart of his Murshid, Shah Innayat. It was only when the disguise Bullhay sang "Your love has made me to dance" That the preceptor was able to recognize the disciple Bekas also sings in a plaintive mood "Come back, the slave girl has been wailing, without the I am O sweet one distracted; your pain and separation is killing me over and over again; here my cries of pain and anguish, do not sit way in forgetfulness; it does not behave you o dear one, the pain of separation is burring me; Bekas the helpless calls himself a dog at your door and is remembering you." Entreaty is also a stage in the pilgrimage of the pilgrim. Mira, the lover of Krishna, in the earliest stages of her lover at one time is said it have boasted about the purchase of her spouse. She sings; - Govind have I bought with gold.

"Some say it is dear, some say it is cheap, But then price I paid weighing him against gold."

It was let in the evening of light that the truth of her child like arrogance dawned upon her mind- she saw that she could not possess the all powerful. She says that she could not bear herself in that attitude before her love with a high head. She need must become humble if she were to enter the palace of the prince for it all becomes a bride to brag about the possession of her bridegroom. And so she began to sing in one of her later songs thus.

***"Keep me as thy slave o kanays, make me thy slave,  
I shall remain thy slave, sweep thy chamber and look  
into thy face,  
I shah sing of thy lila in the kunj-Gili of Brindre- Bind."***

Bekas too keeps on entreating his bridegroom in the same strain. He says "o Mahi helpless as I am I have held on to you skirt; keep up my honour my Mahi, however false ugly and ill born I may be; look not to my misconduct but think of



your own honour in the name of God do us the favor looking at our down cast condition; Bekas a slave at your door is requesting for a state of a Halaj (Munsoor in his divine is a reported to have laid claims to divinity. He kept on crying *Anal Haq*, which means the God.) The Sufi generally starts from the lose rung of the ladder as a slave. He is made to work by his Murshid as slave. During this period of probation he keeps on serving his companions and doing all sorts of little things for them. He is made to continue in this position, till the Murshid finds that there is not speak of duality and I left in him. He is then initiated into the first stage leading toward the path. Bekas however had not to serve the period of his apprenticeship. He had his schooling before his father who knew full well the potentialities of his son. His songs were the foundation stones of his poetic genius. His companions who were drawn mainly from the Hindu community were to become a source of inspiration towards the bridging up of the gulf that appeared to be widening under the influence of the Mullas. It is so related that on time some bigots entrapped some simple Hindus youths with the idea of leading them into the fold of Islam. The poet who accidentally happened to be in the town of Khairpur was apprised of the situation. The mullas who did not know much Baul the poet began to hold discussion with him. They found in his a very strong opponent and were forced to beat a retreat. This incident speaks volumes about the catholicity of the poet. This again is the result of love the ruling fashion of his heart. It is when one comes like the Baul to a life of love that true mysticism finest its own, and both man and God take an active part. Bekas give a very fine description about those who are in love. He says: "Those that are really brave in love would keep as their aim giving of head and climbing the gallows; the lovers have always jumped in the fire of separation and looked. The full the rejected one who have fattened on the unlawful food; in the state of Halaj they are false and brittle, in religion and the world they are the off spring of lid; those that have in the market of love giving their heads and struck bargaining; they surely will become martyrs with the sword of zeal; such like people have sacrificed their life and soul over the beloved, Bekas is slave of such people

who are lost religion and creed.” In another poem he speaks about the ways of lovers. He says “The lovers seek the all that makes for love; knowing the exalted state of the lovers and recognizing self a dream, they drop it; the lover dying on the gallows; love seeing affection, they as not turn their faces away; out of nothing with gusto they rush into affirmation and pitch their tents; sacrifice would that I were over the lovers for Bekas they relay the suffering of separation with their self. “In song after song this poet with is essentially a poet of love and beauty he sings of them.” As turn over the pages of the slender of volumes of his poems which he has left behind after the short story of twenty three years on this plane, we find him speaking about the varied states of lover is subjected to. He does not speak of the beat man or of the saner he does not speak about Suhni and Mehewal or about the milk man for the school master as some of the Bauls have sung. He is departure from the other Sufi poets and we rarely have any other variety of description or poetry that pertains to the heroic or the epic. Nor have we examples of poetry dealing with scenes and nature or incidents of life. The theme that he most touches is love, beauty unity, and allied subjects. It will not be out of place here to consider some of the little quatrains called by the lovely people Doheras. These consist of six lines pregnant with meaning and mystery of life and love. Some of them deal with the adventures that the lovers in the past have dared to go on. There are others that speak of the great adventure that man had under taken from the beginning of life and it is very interesting to see a kindly born youth for asking his heritage and legacy to live like a wandering beggar. He sings in one of these small poems thus:

***“O Ranjha leave me not for I am thy slave,  
To my mind, your sweet tongue is always pleasing,  
Bekas the helpless can do naught,  
For love’s pain has brought in holi.”***

In another song the poet sings of the prints of Sial as a slave. He says “The emperor of Sial loves sick caused himself to be called a slave; the ruler of the throne of Hazara came damped with pain; renouncing his royalty he now besmears

his body witness; Bekas says none has power to undo this for fortune has decreed." Yet in another snatch he talks of Heer in this way. "He lost all her sense, when Ranjha threw a glance; sirah- the slayer sticking laying his ace at her; Bekas is helpless for love leaves not him whom it stings." Of love Bekas sings in a variety of ways. His valour is marvelous. He says "that will qazis and muca and mullas do when love is our lead; the mullas have been lording for the pain of Bekas; every nerve has its restrain, Bekas of this love's pain." His entreaty to love is no lease charming. "what fault of ours Over friends has brought wrath into your face; your door shall I never leave were you to turn me out times over; Bekas is helpless for the bait has held him this love really does mane helpless for the poet in his songs has complained of it and surrendered himself completely to its way. "Love settle down and devices failed bringing the burden of sorrows; we had heard of the pain of separation, that anguish it home in breast has found; to live in this world without bran (Anguish is useless)." This love again gives in return gives a sight that peoples the world with the beloved. Not till love has become universal that the subject gains the gifts divine. So long love clings to the clay it often gets a soiled. Out of the mud of matter and flash the bird of love frees itself hen it finds that the senses imprison it and make a captive of it. In one of his songs Bekas sings:

***"Love walks in all, new spring has come,  
Every where is the throw spring, out is lovely, lay  
All around is the spring of love,  
Over shamas head Bekas is a sacrifice always."  
Containing his thoughts on seeing shama he says.  
"On seeing shama sunder my heart slipped my hand  
Tired have I become keeping it from him back,  
He plucks it put, force he doth not luck,  
Holi in every street Bekas with his love he plays."***

This holy festival is not of the common type. He thinks of heaving his loves games with the eternal pursha and feels himself to be a manjari. This idea is not new to lover for the Bible and the Bhagwat have both called upon the seekers to

come out in all the nakedness to meet the bridegroom. Shah Latif the prince of romance has times out of number sounded the call to his comrades saying “sisters come ye out necked throwing off greed and averse.” The holi as played by the Guppies of Branderia Bind mark the coming in of spring for it is in vacant that love has its intensity to its highest. The flowers and their fragrance lend their life to love and make it more enjoyable and exhilarating. The body with its attraction for sense pleasure is always a hindrance and the poet says:

***“If you would the thought of unity learn,  
The state of love of thou couldest learn,  
If thou wouldst the self in Shaikh dissolve,  
First pluck out and then love evolve,  
With the wind of breath my thou keep,  
The fire of love, let then thy leap,  
Every minute from thy body live apart,  
Thus shall thou enter loves heart,  
Keep thou back from body’s gain,  
Lift thy thoughts to love and its pain,  
Be thou first a Bulbul and the love,  
Come thou then to sit on flowers above,  
Bekas so long as thou must live,  
Flowers virtue thy tongue must always give.”***

When the spring comes the mind, the heart and the body feel the touch of freshness which gives a new life and a new light to the pilgrim on the path. This spring lasts as long as the immortal love. Bekas shows signs worship in physical form in his life. It appears like the Bauls the Sufis believe in a living idol. Saudi and Hafiz are reported to have idolized beautiful boys. The Sufis of Sindh it appears has been following in the footsteps of the Persian poets. A beautiful boy whom his parent called kana you seem to have caught the fancy of this poet of beauty. True to his preaching the poet lost all sense of physical satisfaction so far his self was concerned. Everything of taste he would reserve for his object of worship. This worship developed into transcendent wonder worship is worship. Carlyle in his book on heroes and hero worship speaks of it is a true prayer leading the adept

from the footboard to the spiral top. How the illumination dawns through the mere worship of for is a wonder that escapes all rational understandings. But it does produce a light that drives away darkness behind itself. Kanoya came to him after very great efforts. He did not stay long in his world. Love is jealous. It cannot bear the possession of its idol by another. This was the breaking point in the connection of the two. Whatever be the point under depute, the period of partnership is always illuminative and creative. The artist is always led to creative activities by the urge that he feels to be drawing carrying him from the object of adoration and beauty. The poet was also under such like influence. He literally worshiped kana you. Shah Husain of Lahore, idolized one Madhio, Buo Ali worshiped on Abi Chand. Bedil kept up to the tradition by taking to heart one Kazi, Pir Mohd. All these mystics and poets who were essentially votaries of beauty did not succumb to the pleasures of the flesh Touch brings about a rise and fall of sensation and pulsation. This is not and cannot be called love. Love transcends all limits of flesh, time, place and cause. It lives by itself and for its higher self. It needs to be lighted up. Once the spark comes out it flares up into a flame. Kana you come only to light the potential energy. It becomes kinetic. Bekas in one of his songs is said to have asked the astrologer to open his book and tell him when his would come. To some this may sound to be of the ways of the crowd. However great or cultured one may be one cannot completely drop the human element from life for then one would be only divine fit to live with angels. It is this human touch that gives heart to the failing and the fainting on the path.

It is so related that once in his life woman whose husband was sentenced to be hanged for murder came and state his door asking for the life of her husband. For the number of days the woman kept on entreating because but the poets repealed reply was "He does not accede to my requests." The woman who was beside herself without her husband could not accept the reply of the fakir as final for days on she kept on crying and this wail is expressed beautifully in the following songs:

***“Unite me torn as I am by separation to the support of  
my life as quickly;  
Night and day to anxiety I am a prey and to  
restlessness of anguish I am driven;  
Entreaties and appeals over and over do I lay before thee,  
shall I got a salve for my heart;  
I am dead because of separation not a moment am I alive;  
What relationship shall I lay with thee a alive shall I be;  
Cry and will as I do, beseech and beg as much as I can;  
The shall I rest in my eyes and beside the never can,  
I disclose the pain of my heart;  
The cries of Bekas shall reach the ears of Allah;  
He will raise His arms of support and not permit her  
to wander at others doors.”***

It is not at all strange that the poet should clearly give an indication of real self after passing through the different stages of journey. His father, Bedil, in one of his song says “Do not consider me **chak** which means a servant, I am the king of Hazara; I have worn the dress of a servant because of love, you must recognize my head, I am the light unique. “The son no seems to have inherited this from his father says.” The chak has torn our heart, he has distributed our peace: he has come to this earth O Mahi because of love; home to your beauty has become duty for us O fearless Mahi; in the name of God give to Bekas the apparel of love. “In the variety of experiences the mystic has he touches many points on the surf circumference whose centre is love. He sings in one of his beautiful songs as follows: “Love has come to witness in the garb of the human being; somewhere kafir, jean and Christian and some where Muslman; some where there is confusion and somewhere there is faithlessness; some where Bekas becomes seeker and Bedil the Murshid. “This poem speaks volume about the largeness of the vision that the poet developed from the play of the land in the form of the many. This play he considers as the play of beauty. He says,” The giver of beauty has plied its magic touch; the formless assuming form has brought glittering face to strike with the eyes; the beautiful is acclaimed admirably giving color to the

colorless, on the go ever love comes to it on; this stage of love I know to lovers, Yusuf the servant love caused to be soil in Egypt; it threw Mansoor on the gallows, it caused Khalil to be roasted in the oven and caused Bedil to be called. It caused Shamsul Haq to be fled flayed alive, and had Surmad beheaded and had Sheikh Balal pressed into pieces; it means Bekas dance out of ecstasy and had bull shah's head chopped off." This description of the lovers who had to suffer in different climes and in different ages shows how great is love and now heart is the yoke which it casts round the necks of those that place their foot in the kingdom of love. To multiply instances and reproduced song after song will be to repeat the different experiences. Bekas was like all Sufis in spite of all intoxication a lover of beauty. In his confession St. Augustine says, "The eyes love fair and varied forms, and bright and soft colors. Let not these occupy my soul. The queen of color, the light bathing all which we behold, where ever I am through the day, gliding by me in varied forms, soothes me when engaged on other things, and not observing it. And so strongly doth it entwine itself, that if it be suddenly withdrawn, it is with longing sought for, and if absent long sudden the mind." Not so was it in this accretion for beauty. He was an artist a poet and at the same time and illumined entity. This beauty or rather the vision of beauty he carried in his eyes with the eternal glow and not the material form. He saw it everywhere. He talked for beauty, lived in beauty, and moved by beauty and had, His being continually drenched in beauty. He did not talk but of beauty worked in beauty and he found his sleeve and his dream in beauty. Higher and higher as he rose he lost himself in the incomprehensible. Deeper and deeper as he ran into it he lost himself in the unfathomable, wider and wider as he his vision spread he lost himself in the inexplicable, narrower and narrower when ever his thought contracted he lost in the unthinkable A divine vagabond Sindh has not witnessed, but here I him we find the madness roused by the vision of supermortal beauty and mellow down by love. In the midst of this stream the surge, the tide rise we not often find his inner consciousness coming up to express itself in song through his sitar of which he was very fond. The musician loves his

instrument holes than his idol for it is through the organ that he is able to call his beloved. Bekas hugged his sitar and often played upon it under the moon and the stars. Even in the darkest night his voice colored by the vision that his heart worshiped rang through the stones stretching itself into the vastness of the desert and the sky still occasionally we find him weighed down by the thought that his beloved might get offender with him. Like is great predecessor Shah Latif who in the guise of woman is trying to win over the heart of the offended beloved. Bekas sings thus,

***“O confident be not displeased, come let us get reconciled;  
Knower of the secret and bosom friend be my O pilgrim,  
Not a breath should your draw without me;  
How could you separate yourself and be unfaithful,  
Look at my condition in the name of God;  
Bekas is helpless for every minute without the brings  
death to him.”***

Finding it to be rainy season Bekas feels that his God is pouring out the pain of love on him. He feels that this rain which refreshes the bird and the beast, men and women, the plant and the grass is striking at the penury of his heart & lighting up a flame. He also feels the game of hide and sees that beauty and love always play. It is this eternal game that Bekas gave his life to. He played his part and then passed away behind the curtain leaving behind trailing clouds of glory he had brought from his eternal home.



# **BEDIL**

## **(The learned Lover)**

Love and learning will go together. Bedil was a learned divine and yet a lover. A living paradox. He came from her family of one Mohd. Mohasan, who were silk carders by profession. This Mohasan one day entreated his Murshid, Abdul Wahab Shah Jilani, that he had been feeling the absence of a male issue very keenly and that he should bless him with a child. The Murshid heard this very patiently and said, "Thou shalt have a child-one who will be a master of Sharyat, Tarikut, Marafut and Haqiqut, but he will be lame in one foot. "Mohasan heard this and remained silent. The Murshid, there upon, taking him by the hand entrusted him to Janullah Shah, and appointed him as his Khaliffa. After a lapse of time a son was born to Mohasan. The lady who came running to inform her sire about the good tidings of the birth of a son in the house said, "Sire the child is lame in one foot. "The fakir who heard this news said, "Never mind, he will be a beackon light to all Rohri." Born with blessings of Abdul Wahab, this child was destined to open a new chapter in the history of mystics in Sindh. This was the year 1814. A.D. corresponding to 1230, Hijra.

Very strange and unbelievable are the stories connected with his childhood. Rational beings would never accept then for what they are worth. Life based on reason alone does not carry us far. When we go beyond the boundaries of reason we land ourselves into a country where our consciousness comes to be possesses by cosmic vision. This helps us to understand what reason fails to do. It is said that Bedil, whose name was Kadir Bux, used to say that when in he was in his mother's womb, he could see and hear all that was happening in the house of in the town of Rohri. This may appear to be very

strange, but a similar incident crosses us as we go through the pages of Maha Bharat. Abhi Munnu the son of Arjun, is said to have imbibed the art and science of war while he was in the womb of his mother. Both the incidents though not acceptable by reason have borne testimony to truth in Mohd. Mohasan was very glad to see the precociousness of the child who gave an evidence of a bright future very early in life. At the age of five the parents sent him to a Molvi, who out of respect and regard for his father kindly led him on from one word to another, but the boy was adamant and would not move from the first letter Alif. The teacher was greatly? And he sent for the father and related the story of the boy's obstinacy. The father could easily understand the nature of his son. He felt that this kind of education would not suit his temperament or his nature. He therefore thought it better to school him in different ways and took him back home to watch his trends' and inclinations. It was not easy even for the enlightened father to detect which way the wind was blowing. He could, of course, discern the divine in the boy predominantly expressing itself in various ways. Mohasan continued to send the boy regularly to the Mullas for he did not like to give publicity to the divine disposition of his son. He kept all this a treasured secret in his heart until the suspicious day when the boy at the instance of his father was initiated into the mysteries of the path by Mir Janullah Shah. This Mir was a man of light and a Gnostic. He had thousands of disciples to his credit. It was one of his habits to look after the travelers who happened to come and stay in the mosques of the town and send them food. This habit he continued all through life. It is so related that he would very often find out adepts who would conceal themselves in the mountain cavities and satisfy their physical hunger. That effect this had upon the mind and the heart of the Fakir can well be realised than described. It brings forth a down pour of blessings from the hungry travelers who raised their hands to Allah and blessed the giver. At the age of ten Bedil suffered bereavement in the death of his preceptor and this made the boy very disconsolate. He would often be found in broken mosques without food deeply engrossed in the thought of his master. This naturally brought about depth in his love. In the

sphere of the spirit whenever outward help is withdrawn and the subject solely relies upon the king of kings He never fails to send help. Bedil had lost his preceptor but his spirit always hovered round him and from shrines and places he visited he always received down pour of blessing. These he valued more than the treasures of a prince. He wandered for these treasures untold from shrine to shrine and like an industrious miner he would dig deep into the heart of the eternal entity that lay round the body of clay in shrine in the tombs. It is happened that at the age of twelve this Kadir Bux then quite a stripling not having known my stories of the mystic life, one night had a dream wherein he saw a recluse calling him. The fakir was shocked and bade good bye to slumber which had so far sealed his eyes. On waking up looked into all directions but to his disappointment he could find no one. The same visitation repeats the next night and similar disappointment followed suit. At last on the third night the anchorite revealed his where about and definitely told fakir to follow him on to Sewhan. This has been related by Kadir Bux himself thus. "I, therefore, leaving my bed in the earlier hours of the dawn without knowledge of my relatives left the house for the ferry. At that time boats used to ply between Sewhan and Sukkur, they used to charge one fourth of a *pice* as fair from Rohri to Sukkur. The fakir and the Sayyed were exempt from this. Owing to foot being lame we were helpless and therefore were allowed free passage. At Sewhan to our great surprise we found that all our desires had their fulfillment very easily. Not only were we fortunate in having mundane things but we were favored with the blessings and the bounties of heaven, which the tongue can hardly have the strength to pronounce."

History and legend join hands to weave a web of miracle and mystery round this figure. It is interesting to step on these stepping stones and make our way to the journey's end along with this learned lover, and not let him walk through obscurity and oblivion in the company only of the twinkling stars and the waste stretches of the desert veiled by the scorching blasts of sultry Sindh. It has been related by some of his comrades that during the journey he felt that he was transported from land by mystery man who caught hold of

him and placed him on the prow of the boat. The boy (i. e. Bedil) felt a curiosity about the name of the man who had so miraculously brought him into the boat. All of sudden he heard from the depths of the river the name of the immortal singer of Sindh, Shah Latif. This was not all. The miracle man continued to shower his choice blessing on him. When all the passengers from the ferry left the boat for land, Bedil continued to sit there. It was then moon light. When it was time for the people in the boat take their food a strange incident happened. They were all ears when they heard the splash of the water and a stranger issued out from under the depths with bread and a pail of milk. This the little fakir was asked to eat and drink every sip that the fakir had brought intoxication and divine madness nearer to him. He again felt a craving to know their mystery and more so the name of the mystery man. Here again to his wonder and delight a voice seemed to whisper into his ears in secret the name of the divine bestow Lal Shahbaz. After this his heart began to overflow out of ecstasy and he began to see this. "O heart doesn't remain free from the search of unity for one day this body will remain not. The seats of the lovers always will be in the country of the unknown; do not remain by the support of the body, and do not recount the stories connected with your name; leave the qualitative adornments and put your foot forward into the land of the spotless and unquestionable country; that which was in the beginning in the end it is the same; that which it is seen the unseen is also the same; be quick in the renunciation of self so that out of it might come out to light the conceals; the seeker and the sought in the path of unity consider as one; for the colourless essence in the occasion will come out through the fish; if o Bedil your heart is free from the suspicion of duality; the ultimate and the eternal will reveal itself to you wherever you may chose to call for it."

Travels and travails have always been the dower of those that have sought the divine. Sassui when she lay as sleep intoxicated was robbed of her bridegroom. She had then to undertake a journey divesting herself of all that clung to her or to those to whom she was attached and to the eternal and the unknown. In this unknown stretch she felt that him whom

she knew was moving. The mother and all nearer and dear ones dissuaded her to return to her home. But she said to them, "Comrades I cannot return if my feet refuse to move, I shall drag myself on my knees before him and if knees grew stiff then shall I crawl on my stomach. Should this refuse to help me, I shall move by the help of my breast. If even then I am not able to have glimpse of him, this head of mine shall be sacrifice over the beloved." Every seeker who crosses the threshold of the mystic life needs must anticipate privations and persecution on the path Bedil so long he was at seven was told by the mysterious beings that he would continue to be in a state of trance. This state reprises out of wonder that springs upon the mind on account of the super abundance of beauty that flows into the eyes of the spectators. He was given warning and was told that if he wanted to see the other side of the picture and inherit a Jalali State- one where in passivity does not lie on the subject. It is an active state of mind as distinguished from the former which is called a Jamali State. He was advised to go and wait in Pir Goth on Pir Mohd. Rashid to receive the way of this mystic life. This he did at that time Pir Ali Goher was on the Gadhi. The fakir went and stayed in a mosque. As the morning dawned, Pir Ali Ghor's son came there to take his lessons in Masnovi from a Molvi. The fakir sat listening to the meaning that the Molvi was given out to the boy three days passed away. The fourth day found the Molvi absent. The fakir asked the boy to take his lessons from the book at his feet this boy readily agreed. The explanation was so clear and illustrative that the boy did not feel it to be burden to carry in his brain five times the quantity that his Molvi used to do with him. The boy went home as light as a bird singing and reciting verses from the Masnovi. This greatly surprised the Pir who had never found the boy in such a Molvis mood. He called the boy and asked him the meaning from the lessons of the day. The explanations put forth by the boy astounded him and he inquired as to who was the learned divine who had been schooling his little boy. It could hardly be the Molvi for he thought that Molvis as a rule are steeped in the knowledge of words which they carry into their brains like a heavy load. They do not find any joy in their learning nor do they

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experience the gusto of living and intense life.

The message of joy in learning has been given to us by Dr. Tagore in his two beautiful dramas "The king of dark chamber" and "The post office." In the first place the poet speaks of the loveliness of the king of the Dark chamber and the queen's love for him in spite of the glamour of life. It is joy for her to know that the king in the dark chamber despising the glow of life still feels and the urge for all that is beyond him. "Such love is creative. It does not flow along the easy paths spending itself on the attractive. It cuts new channels goes where it is needed, and has as its special vocation- a vocation identical with that of great artist, "The loving of unlovely into loveableness." In the latter the poet makes us feel with amal the sick child to find joy in the common every day affairs of life. He finds joy in the cry of the curd the round of the watch man, and the place of the little children. The fakir, Jaffar, to him is as beautiful as the physician who comes to attend on him. All the while though he is being over powered by the melody, he never gives vent to his despair. He only wishes to be able to move out to the far of lands beyond the mountains hear the river to be able to bring to the people the joy that maddens the birds of the forest. The light heart-enduess which the boy of the Pir showed even after learning five times the course taught by Molvi endeared Bedil greatly. He remained in the village for some time and in regaining his normal states and acquiring proficiency in the ways of Sharyat he returned home. He met his old father just in the verandah and paid his respect to him on enquiry from his hoary saire if he had finished his travels he said, "Yes". The father then reared him to renew his connections with the school and begin a new his studies with his teachers. The next day he took two gazals of his own creation to his teachers who on seeing "Bedil" at the end of the poems remarked "About four hundred miles away from this place to the north of Punjab, there lived a poet, Bedil, and these two poems belong to him." Hearing these words Bedil has taken a back and composed three gazals in Arabic, Persian, and Urdu. Some of the snatches from these are; - "you have spent whole of your life in Sindh on account of ignorance; on account of

ego you thought highly of yourself. Thus you wasted time after success." In his Persian gazal he says, "Love is not a possession that everyone can attend to it; the destination is far, the road is long and the strength too narrow, O God, be kind so that the Bedil, the helpless can attend to but one of thousand can attend to it." The urdu song has its own beauty. Young poet is speaking of the secret of Vahdat Unity. He sings, "I have seen all the secrets of unity in Nafi it Isbat negation and affirmation. I have seen the light of the colourless in the expression of the essence so long you have not attended to Nafi, you cannot have zeal for Isbat. In this chase we found victory only through death. He who has remained a lover of the unknown and unperceived found the expression of the formless and of one with form in moments of inspirations." Bedil goes on in this mad frenzy and puts his teacher into a difficult position. He had defeat for he finds Bedil at the height of perfection in all the three languages and requested his father that he be relived from the responsibility of a teaching a learned boy. This the father did after paying him his dues. Thus was the fakir given an opportunity to live in isolation away from the maddening crowd. The name and fame of the fakir's learning spread far and wide. The learned and the elite began to flock round him and the solitude which he longed to enjoy the crowd did not suffer him to do so. It so happened that one traveler from India came to him one day and requested to know some of his songs. Bedil gave him these in all the languages excepting one in his own native tongue. The visitor praised that he might be allowed to hear one in Sindhi too, but the poet feeling diffident put forth an apology saying he that had forgotten the language. The visitor pressed that the poet might put himself in a mood and the muse in Sindhi garb will flow out with ease smoothly. The first song which compels us to style Bedil as a poet oillusionation is this , "Reading and teaching do not avail, learn the secret of self effacement; the beloved cannot be found through argumentation, intellect cannot be a pilot in the direction; the secret can be understood by so headless Sufi how to play upon the royal Tubla; one who is steeped in learning cannot make an uphill climb to love; he who has acquired the knowledge of affirmation will enjoy the pleasure

of the rainy session; he who dives in this deep oceans will wash away the leaves of religion all kufar; how the essential entity appears in the qualities form must be clear to the man, who has known the tearing of love and who is burning always in the first of love; the heartless never know how the fire of pain flames up; Bedil remember the tale of unity and break the suspicion regarding the illusion of duality and in the rise and fall taste the pleasure of coming and going. After hearing this wonderful song which opens the first land mark in the life of this lover who at the top of his decries learning and letters in leading one on the path of love. It is love a passionate tendency. An inward vital urge of the soul towards its source, which impels every living thing to pursue the most profound trains of its being, reaches consciousness in the form of self giving and of desire and its only satisfying goal in God. Love is for then more than its emotional manifestation." This understandings of the ways of love let the fakir towards the worship of the beautiful. In the struggle to pensive beauty and possess it we often have to face defeat, but the pleasure of pursuit remain unaffected. This pursuit gives him the satisfaction that he has been for a time at least been keeping the forces of those at bay. He has rescued himself and cultivated there in beautiful flowers and fruits which yield a fragrance that serves as a balm for the troubles that infest his mind. Beauty then becomes a refuge for him. Like an artist he draws in the glow and lives on that glow by himself. The flame plays with the moth but the moth but the moth does not know that he lives with it only to die. Life for him can have no meaning if he did not find consummation in death. The artist is awake at a glimpse of beauty. He does not wait for schooling in the technique of painting or writing poetry. The beautiful within having awakened cannot go to sleep for in an infinite number of ways it raises to express itself till the world and all that is contained in it becomes rosy and beautiful. This vision of the beautiful as drives the mind in a variety of ways. It intoxicates; and makes the subject ruminate in the lanes and by-lanes that lead to the Prince of beauty. It becomes dynamic. The surge that rises with the glimpses strikes upon the harp of the heart and creates music. When it strikes the eye, it begins to thirst for greater



and brighter forms true specimens of supernal beauty. When the thirst grows intense the head and the heart combine to make the hand active in the creative of poetry or life like forms in stones or metal. This is not all. The testament of beauty lays down that he who will know contact with it will in due time be transform into its likeness. He who thinks of it continuously will be creative and reproduce it in his art. He who immerses, himself in beauty will find beauty in ugliness and divinity in the deeps of the darkness, for beauty is eternal and the verities of expression of this energizing entity that we find in life cannot be either absolutely ugly or absolutely dark. It is probably on this account that the Sufi takes to the worship of a living God in-shrined in the human form and so loses himself in the essential that he forgets the qualitative and begins to realize his unity. This way of looking at life begins with the one diffusing itself in the many and then returning to the one-the limitless, the infinite and the eternal. The path and by-path leading to this realization give the seeker many a slap. The courageous and the brave dare to face all dangers disowning all despairs and dejections for the call off beauty allows them not to wait and ponder the pros and cons of the steps he Proposes to take for no calculation can weigh him down, no losses does he consider big enough to baffle the spirit of that adventure that impels him to march as a pilgrim to the Temple of Beauty. The play of hide & seek which like willow-the-wisp sometimes leads him through marshy ground and at others through dark valleys and yawning gulfs but the magnetic pull and the magic influence of beauty throws all the trials into the back ground or make him feel that they are all a necessity for the tryst. The distance that divides the subject from the object becomes & trying and tormenting instrument to augment the fire that at first burns slowly yet staidly in their heart. It seems that the distance would divide them and reduce them to naught but this is not the way of beauty. It flames up the spark that once finds it place in the heart. Tearing and wailing that wells up on account of distance not unoften turn out to be a blessing as it opens some of the psychic centers that otherwise would remain closed Union with the beloved through names? Gann and Bhagti have been clearly shown to us by load Krisnins in

the Gita ultimately leading to the beautiful. The Sufi starts with beauty and roams through the chambers and anti-chambers to find the king. The picking up of a living demigod by the Sufi and concentrating his whole energy upon his losing himself in him i.e. schooling himself in the rhythm of complete effacement of self and thus going through the first stage towards the attainment of Sufi, is not without dangers and pit falls. In one of the songs the Sufi sings a word of caution thus:- "the physical from attracting the aspirant is beset with troubles for it demands a sacrifice of the body mind and the heart. Untill these three do not join to pay their homage casting of all desires that the flesh is fair to dawn cannot be expected on the horizon. Form the form to the formless, from the physical to the supernal is an uphill climb that needs must bring upon the traveller suffocation that might stifle his breath, the Sufi and the Tantrice do not admit of a physical union for their way of quest, inquest and conquest is a way through dense forests, where live the wild beasts of passions and desires for possession and enjoyment. The Tantric though gross in his conquest of flesh many a times lets himself loose to the craving of the clay he made of. But the fall does not fail his heart. He rises and once again marches on driving all desires of the earth at his back for the love that he bars in his heart leaves no room for the self to have its supremacy. The Sufi on the other hand through the silence and the song searches his self and lets the sparks consume the dross and the dirt and rises into a brighter flame to play the eternal game. This play is continuously running in spite of the alternations of night and day and sleep and wakefulness. Persons so engaged in this game never feel the loathsomeness of life. They find it all a play of beauty and love a drama of love and death that is being staged from day to day in the eternal woods in the eternal spring seasons where the eternal youths play their part.

***"Un affrighted by the silence round them,  
Un distracted by the sight they see,  
These demand not that they things without them,  
Yield them love, amusement, sympathy,  
Bound it by themselves, and un observant,***

---

***In what state God's other works may be,  
In their own tasks all their power pouring,  
these attempt the mighty life they see."***

In search of the beautiful their minds never cling to the clay and its accompaniments. They swim in a sea of beauty. They dye deeper and deeper into it till out of the depths below depths they bring pearls of priceless value. This is the way they reevaluate life and its puppies. Mysticism is not a dogma nor is it a creed or a doctrine thereof. It is a way of life. It is a search. It is a research of lost wealth. It is the return of the prodigal to his parent. It is revaluation of life and men and the things. In describing this it has been observed:-

***"Made of chance and all a laboring strife,  
We go charged with a strong flame,  
For as a language love has seized on life,  
His burring heart to story".***

This love does not take hold of the heart until the eyes have been struck with wonder of the beautiful. Bedil in his beautiful language sings thus:-

"The colourless one has put on the garb of form, it conceals its essence and thus it confuses the world. This is a disguise with the beloved adopts." The man of the street, and the man of erudition try to tear the veil that conceals beauty but fail to do so for the sight that day possess has not been straightened by love. They are not able to probe into the heart of beauty. They value the cut and the polish of the body from the pleasure sense. The artist who takes this up for his support on his journey to the kingdom of the beautiful does not let himself drift with the current of sense pleasure. His emotions have known their sublimation in the gleam of beauty they behold they find that the poet sings; "The eternal beauty concealed in the veil of qualities carries within it the secret of learning; Behind the curtain of the evening their friend has kept back the glow of the light which casts its shadow on the World; Hundreds of garbs carry the one picture, the secret and the miracle of liberation; A way and

purer than the body it lives, leave off all doubts and suspicion that lurks round the body; Bedil if you would loose yourself in Nafi completely, you will see the light and witness of God." This truth comes upon the mind after what St. Augustine has said, "Interrogate thyself, o man, and make of thyself a step to the things that be above thee." This interrogation continues till such time that the mind and the heart ease to give any answer. They both then sink into silence. In the period of the silence they find themselves surrounded by small yet strong vibrations that unfurl the flag of the Goddess of beauty who comes to claim them. It is they alone who can say with Bedil, "Under the cover of beauty it shines resplendently in the world; He reveals himself under the cover of modesty in the form light." Bedil's faith and trust that the truth shines through varied forms must not have grown on nothing. It must have been a slow and gradual working of the law. Unconsciously the mind taken up by the magic touch of beauty tries to find out the what, why, wherefore, how, when and wither of the working of it. This proves not often lands one into the nowhere. It strands him into the desert. It leads him through the dark night, its groupings and roping and when on the verge of desolation it illumines his heart. He then raises from him stupor to a creative urge and begins to draw in lines and words the picture of the prince. This may be a picture with a form. He is not satisfied with it. Form after form he rejects ultimately greeting the glory that surrounds millions of these forms and yet escapes his limited grasp. In the failure to hold in his hands the host of beauty he cries, "Thy gifts I can hardly hold in my hands. Thy beauty I can but in a limited measure treasure in my eyes. They love I hardly can fully relish with the instruments of this body. This much and much more that has escaped the grasps of the senses I long to enjoy." The heart so a thirst begins to sing with medd Guy on:-

***"Ah, return and love me still;  
 See me subject to thy will;  
 Only let me see Thy face,  
 Evil I have none to fear,  
 All is good; if Thou art near,***

***Be not energy I resign,  
Hence forth, all my will to Thine;  
I consent that Thy depart,  
Though Thy absence breaks my heart;  
Go then and forever too;  
All his right that, Thou will do.”***

Bedil says and very rightly that understanding and illumination come only as a result of the worship that springs in the heart for beauty. He says, “The light of beauty has brought in illumination---- it is the play of the light within and without the glow of beauty is clear, take it to be an emanation of the light of the Prophet Dear; Bedil let no other doubt spring in Thy heart, Ahmed has revealed himself in his path.” Still sometimes the interrogation continues in spite of the surrounded that the heart has known. It is the child within that keeps on asking who and why of what he sees. He is not satisfied only with the assertion that it is this and not that. What is it then, he asks His enquiry is as eternal as the object itself. For a time as he advances in his age, the quest may lose itself in different interests, but the dormant spark soon catches fire and begins to flame up. Bedil learned as he was could not silence his searching’s heart which was aflame with divine restlessness. He enquires thus; - “Behind the veil of human forms, who is it that is speaking? This form is but a pretext O Bealifor for he is thus himself declaring. “Age does not give any satisfaction to love. Beauty makes the heart so greedy and gluttonous that however much it might have, it would know no satiety. Age does give its colour to life. It makes even the child like heart rich in the wealth of experience. This again becomes beautiful, belmy and bubbles out in life displaying the riches that lie treasured up in the unfathomed caves of the oceans. The songs of Bedil are a rich feast for the adept who pins himself to beauty and would walk the thorny path leading to the land of love. Intoxicated with the aroma and the effulgence of the beautiful Hafiz and Umar have sung rapturously. They have bade good bye to the established and traditional Kaba and Kibla. Bedil dies leg behind. He says, “Kaba and Kibla in beauty’s glow we found; love our leader we made in beauty round.” In poem after

poem this great artist with the stroke of his pain strikes off the head of the traditional church and claims to be a kaffir in the domain of love. He says, "The tumult and the up roar of beauty ring; plainly both in Islam of Kuffar sings, It tests sweet to the love loran Bedil." He then invites beauty in the following says; - "Come o friend in the cloak of man; your coming scattered fragrance. The populace all around is rich in remembrance, within and without your beauty shines, here then naught else under mines." He accepts this vision beauty as his guide friends and philosopher and says, "Beauty the lightful is our leader showing the way to God. Just see how it conceals the sea in a drop; through form it ensures of lovers; raising the salictoxa Mansur is stage; puts on gallows many a Gnostic Bedil behold the colourless throwing its glows on the coloured."

This secret rarely does an illuminated one understands and realize as the secret of God. Everywhere it is the expression of beauty and in everything and in every direction but the meaning of this method no one understands by himself. That this man is of the essence of God and that he is one with him, very few true suffis attend enlightenment through this path. Deep is the secret of the limitless who can understand it for argumentation and intellect can never utter a lover; Bedil look for unity within yourself carefully for in life as well as death nothing God persists. "Again in another poem he says," In all the direction it is he, throw away all doubts and suspicion, out of the colourless he made the colour and came like a Insan in the land of religion and kuffar only to behold his kingly beauty; Somewhere he studies the weather as a Brahmin and at other he aces as Musلمان but still there are places where he works the round of Divine Order: Somewhere he throws upon himself the garb of beauty and reveals his dignified state and somewhere he carries the prose of love and leads; the long standing quarrel of Mullas and Munsoor unity laid waste; for the ignorance and the elite everywhere. He calls himself shia and Sunni concealing and revealing in various ways, Bedil believe in this that the body and the heart are one and the same thing." Beauty has its own way of brightening up the desert and leading the pilgrim

safely all to the other side only if he would follow into the prints left behind and not get into a temper and passion to possess it. The physical possession of kamini and kunchan i. e. wealth and women does not satisfy the heart. It on the contrary aggravates the thirst and creates restlessness which makes it difficult for him to march on. The mystic is not one of the crowds. He has his own vision. It carries him through belief when wedded to the vision divine works miracles. It is no wonder then that Bedil who had been blessed by several saints and sages should not feel different. He took beauty for a beacon life and followed it implicitly. It produce its own affect making all his life beautiful. Beauty as a matter of fact is the melody which the constituents of a being produce as consequence of the cohesion and unity. This melody is only perceived in a small measure by the heart and heard by the eyes. It may sound very strange for the eye to hear and for the heart to see. But it is the fact. As the voices grow louder the heart becomes a glow with the vision and the mind more magnetic in its metal.

Bedil in due time became of such several youths flocked return him. He felt that the whole of creation was one rich feast of the prince for him. In spite of this feeling it is not clear that he took to all and sundry with equal test. This cannot be. So long the mind is oscillating between two people it cannot have its stablized decision. The invasions of sensations and pulsations will be frequent and will gain strength. The vision which at first, leads one into a creative feel, may slip and another less glorious but more attractive might take its place. If the heart is not so a strong nor is it so robust as to dismiss the new vision the pilgrim will have to roam about in the wilderness. But if the heart like the bee draws upon the different flowers for its honey and carries it all to the bee hiee for the queen bee then the different vision do not weigh down but raise it to heights ethereal.

The case of the human heart is stranger than that of the bee. The selective tendency deferens in this much that it reels drawn towards an object even when the world and it is people declare it to be not beautiful. For the bee a flower is a

flower but not so is this the case with the human being. Shah Latif in one of his songs says, "The friend looked through the window and after giving a glimpse of beauty passed behind the curtain Bedil seems to have a similar experience. His friend appeared to him through the window. One day while passing through the street of the town a Brahman lady happened to look out of the window in adversity and met the eyes of fakir who was passing by. The eyes of the fakir found in her the eternal beloved and began to pay their homage. This worship the fakir continued and till the relatives of the lady took umbrage at it. Bedil, of course, did not show any signs of offence, but retreated his steps towards his hut. This retreat resulted in an excourting pain with which the lady came to be attacked from. The relatives felt that it was the wrath of the fakir which had brought such trouble upon her. They went running to him and asked for pardon. The fakir did not show any anger, but on the contrary whispered blessings for the lady. On coming home the group of people who had been to the fakir to their surprise found that the lady had been relieved of all pain. The fakir like an artist treasured up the beautiful impression in his heart and kept on looking out for still nobler and brighter specimens of the sovereign. This was in a boy, Karam Chand, a cloth merchant of Rohri. The English had not yet conquered Sindh. They had their camps in Sukkur and the place was called Chipri. The Sukkur of today was not in existence then. Karam Chand had his shop in the camp. He had therefore to go every day there. He returned home every evening. Bedil on that account had to go to Sukkur and passes time there. One day it so happened that while Bedil was going to Chipri, he heard a voice coming out from one of the huts, "O great one Allah throw the eye of mercy upon me too." On hearing this the fakir was tempted to enter the hut. To his sorrow and surprise he found that the fakir was all covered with sores where the worms had got in. The sleeping fakir requested Bedil to utter his grace upon him. Bedil was at time so taken up by the thought of his friend that he unwittingly said, "God will have His mercy on thee." Saying this he roused to depart. That very same evening while coming back home he heard the same voice calling him inside the hut, saying, "O lover of God come thou in" In reply



to this Bedil entered the hut and to his surprise found it full of fragrance and the fakir who had been ailing was no longer crying and groaning under the tearing affect of the sores but was now smiling. This state of things naturally led Bedil to think about the cause of the change so affected. Bedil had not to lisp enquiry when the fakir sitting on the cot said, "O saire it is thy thought that has made my thought what it is now. Bedil then set down to understand the mission that had brought this fakir to Sindh. The new fakir related that he had been sent to Sindh to set up the kingdom of English and in addition there to his beloved had been living with the camp. He had been following her as he had been commissioned to devise ways and means for the victory of the English. The next day Bedil did not find either the hut or the fakir. This was the day when Sir Charles Napier proclaimed that the English had annexed Sindh.

The fakir never stayed at one place. He would always move about to the different Durghas and engaged himself in conversation upon subjects that pertained to the journey of the spirit. The next in order to enjoy the affections of Bedil was one Ghulam Mohammad. This boy lived at Shikarpur and was taken up by the thought of the fakir that despite of the remonstrance of his relatives he would steal a march over them and covered the whole distance and enjoy the company of his love. It is natural that the relatives under these circumstances should not show any laxity. They therefore stood in the way of his meeting with the fakir. Shah Latif in one of his poems has said, "If you are a thirst for water the water is equally a thirst for you." This was literally true in the case of these two lovers. Not been able to meet the fakir owing to the bar put upon him by his parent s, the fakir felt the pull and directly came to Shikarpur. When the relatives came to know of fakir's arrival they locked their boy in a room. There upon the fakir set down at the Durgha of one mystic, Amin Shah Shaisti, who met in easy for him to meet his love. It may sound strange and reason may not give it the credit of being true but those who belong to thy mystic circle vouchsafe for the veracity of the facts that on repeating the words which seemed to me, " Open sesame." Of Ali Baba a

natural opening would be made and the fakir would easily enter the room and meet Ghulam Mohammad. This too had its day. Ghulam Mohammad before changing his mortal coil had requested Bedil to lavish his all love on Gazi Pir Mohammad whom he dearly loved. It is often asked why Bedil changed his centers of affection so often. There is no knowing why he drifted from one to the other and knew his combination only in Pir Mohammad. The only rational explanation that is possible is the artist's. Having beheld a spark in the first he probably found a bigger one in the other and so on till it came up to his conception. It may be that the artist in Bedil did not know such satisfaction in the boundary of the body and he trapped along these bodies to the body less. He did not bind himself to the bounded beauty. His heart always longed for those boundless oceans wherein he thought he would be able to one with it irrespective of the limitation of the barriers of the body of the dividing walls of the World. The great Italian poet Deannanzo suggests that the change of center affection is necessary for a growing and a cultured mind. This can hardly be argued in the case of a mystic and a lover. Loyalty is as natural to the human heart as love. Bedil was loyal to the light that beamed out through the window and like moth playing with the flame he consumed himself to give light more light to the World and its people. He took all the idols to himself and like a bondman slave he surrendered himself to them and they gave him songs in the night and tune for them the shadows of death in the morning. There is no method of obtaining a velvety lawn but by repeated mowing. The question then can be answered in this manner as well that these loves served to make him more quiet like the river that loses all its restlessness in the depth it gains. From the surface and sense plane he appears to have made his entry into the palace where sits eternal beauty decked in all its luxuries and the wealth that the affluence of heart can bestow.

The play of love is strange indeed. Its loss and by lass can only be understood by those that have gone through it. Bedil went through the different ways and became an adept in the love of the eternal through them. Pir Mohammad was the

crowning one. Life under his influence and in due regards for his feelings and sentiments found itself in a different mould. The lover was all learning and deepens love. The beloved was extraordinarily steeped in divine frenzy. It was on occasions only that he came to his normal state.

## PARU SHAH

For several years he served in the police. Born in the family of goldsmith's he had chosen for himself the work of a police man. It so happened that the art of the turning out gold from heaps of dross did not attract him. Nor did the art that beautifies the coarse material giving it form and shape, it may never have known arrest his attention. It may be he was destined to move in a world of his own. "For from maddening crowds in the silent secluded retreats, he lived a life- a life of constant warfare of struggles with the self. The police department was to be a training ground for this Hindu recluse who, live life of silent song. Buried deep in his bosom burnt the flame of the name.

This Eternal flame served as a Beacon light to many a wandering pilgrim. He was a light house to many a strayed vessel on the stormy nights. A watchman herdsman became to many a raid soul.

For eight long years, he lived as an exile in a mountain retreat. He came back to his native place with the fire burning in his heart. Not a poet though his life was one song with the infinite. The dreams, he had were his delight and the light in his heart led him on. His thought was ever fixed on the radiant face whose moth he had learnt to be. Consumed and worn out by the constant thought, the "mad one" wrapped in rags sometimes moved in the streets of Rohri-as a Royal prince would do in his robes.

Pilgrims have there have been many but the silent ones have sung the songs of the infinite rousing the slumbering hearts to their silent love.

The psychic influences still attack the young and the old, who unite in common chorus at his solitary shrine to beg of his alms- The gift of mercy.

It so happened that one day after the day's hard work, the officer summons him. Tired and worn out as he was he exclaims in fit of depression: "Enough" Enough of this." Determined to serve his 'king' the pilgrim accompanies the messenger to the camp of the officer. Politely the police man surrenders all the ensigns of office-his horse, his sword and his dress to march off in quest of the Eternal. The flame flared up in his heart. Having renounced his service he turned his attention to his domestic attachment to try and test them if they would bear the tension the lightening his soul might give them. The strings when tightened by the master musician respond to his touch and give out music superbly sweet. But the strings shapped with the pull of this pilgrim.

Early in his life had his father Hassrajmal married him to daughter of one Thakur Jhamandas of Shikarpur. He went to his father in law's house to see if his partner in life would gladly accept the hardship of the new life.

The pilgrim was doomed to walk alone in the dreary path of his quest. Disgraced and disappointed he came back to Rohri after symbolizing his wedded wife as 'Mother'. The bonds that bound him to the Earth, he broke to bind himself to the beloved. Thus equipped he marched off in quest of the Eternal.

### **At his door**

He watched, he waited and at last he worked his way to the Idol of his heart. Long years, he spent in the service of N. W. Rly arranging Time tables for the different trains. This work had given him peculiar training. The training awaiting the arrivals of others had worked its ways into his systemized ultimately led him to the door of his love.

A friend, of the silent servant Bhai Vasan he, would often

run from his native place Larkana to his love in Rohri. He kept the flame on. Day after day would he go up to his house and worship him. Silence seals up the lips of a lover. The pen and anguish finding no expression through the tongue flow out in the stream of tears with these he washes his heart clean to lay it at the feet of his master. Mary Magdalena the sinful woman offered her heart with tears trickling down her sides, to Jesus. The master accepted the woman of the sinful streets with arms out stretched. Not so was the master to receive his young lover. His path was a tedious one. It was a steep ascent for the aspirant. He had to work his way to win over the master. No estrangement was there to be bridged over nor was there any rift to be patched up. The mystic and the house holder stand poles as under. The mysteries of the domain divine reveal themselves to the deserving touch of the touches tones tells a tale. It is as acid test that brings out luster of gold. So does the pilgrim shine out through the fire of persecution and privation. And the privation of the soul is by far the hardest test for the pilgrim. Waiting' waiting- long and lovely hours for the vision tears the heart of many an anguished soul. It is not at the same time a paradox of spiritual life that the more we wait the more do we get. Several aspirants came to his door. They prayed they begged but they knew not the secret of waiting the laws of compensation work out wonderfully. But this beggar was determined to state his self than give up the attempt. It was waiting unto death. The uphill march was gradual.

Holidays would be spent in Rohir wandering after his beloved the master. A similar instance in the History of mysticism comes to us in the life of Bullah shah of the Punjab who too had to win over his love even disguised as a courts man. Love counts not the cost Un-knowing in a movement of selflessness he sang before the master "Thy love makes me dance". The words spend the heart of the master, who greeted him-as the 'king of the darks number'. It was an instance of reconciliation. But the hero of our story was seeking entry into the Blessedness of spiritual marriage. Most the bride-groom alone who needs must woo and win but the bride too must go a courting. Loves course runs counter to

the common way. They swim against the current.

One day this Ochi comes to Rohri. Paru Shah sits all silent in his love. Indifferent to life, observed in himself he did not need the calls and cried of the waiting one.

Perhaps he thought with Milton "They also serve who only stand and wait". He waited. He kept up his cry till voice failed him patiently he waited but persistently and perseveringly he kept on calling by endearing epithets my king, my true king, my love, come. Waiting on through the darkest nights and difficult days, he kept on like the faithful watchman denying himself food and rest anxiously looking up for a glimpse of his God through the window like a gardener housing a delicate plant through the blasting days and stormy nights he protected the flame in his heart. The flame flicker but failed not.

Day after day wore out but the master listened not waiting wears out many a time the Zeal and Zest of the longing heart. But on the other hand waiting weaves out the web of life. Waiting reopens the road, give relish and colour to the budding and juicy sweetness to the so, fragrance to and bloom to the blossoming. All life is governed by floovering the same laws. Waiting on the intensity deepened. He still waited. It was his fifth day standing at the door. The master would not respond. Sixth day came on and still silence was the answer. The seventh day dawned. The light was languishing but it did not sink.

Life is at battle where in a true warrior faces death rather than run away from the field of battle. The coward in man coerces him to hunt out a place of safety but the valiant wavers not nor does he desecrate his name by being a run away. Similarly faithfulness unto Death is law of the life of the spirit. The path is for the headless ones. Death seemed to pounce upon him. Eighth day it was and the master, it appeared wanted to test his devotee through. The time of trial hangs heavy upon the heart. The curtain was to drop and the mystery of love-the meeting to come about. All of a

sudden a crushing sound reached the ears of Paru Shah. He came down to attend upon the attendant. The beggar lay in the lap of his love and the beloved kept on lovingly introducing liquid food spoon after spoon into the mouth of him, who had waited so long. The healing hand of love soon breathed life into the languishing spirit. Mother Ganga was waiting to see the play of love between the master and his spiritual child.

Life pulsated through every nerve of his body. The Master with every draught throwing into his mouth the madness of love divine, the child rose to his feet running away to the mountain retreats intoxicated with the love of the infinite that the draughts divine had rouse into his being. It was an accomplishment, the like of which is to be rarely found in annals of mysticism. The waiting one wrong out of the Divine goldsmith, what the latter would not hesitate to clip from his mother's nose ring, 'Take, 'Take' said the master' for thou hast forced out of me the 'golden touch' of life. All a flame be not unlike the master road about with radiance of the Prince Branded.



# THE TRAVELERS

It was winter. The travelers had encamped for the night in the heart of the desert. As the night wore on, the cold breezes began their howl and the travellers, who had so long been mad with a story, a snatch of a song and a sip of wine began to feel the life. They were roused to a sense of reality. One of them raised a cry "Is that all?" "Where is the fire?" "It is nipping cold. Light some fire." Soon the camel-men picked up some dry grass and fuel and set fire to them. They began to drive in piece after piece to keep up the conflagration. The travellers again forgot the pinch of the blasting weather. The body feels only when the mind is not wholly immersed in the intensity. This law of life lost its hold as the intoxication of the warmth began to wane. The murmur again rose and the cry that had so long languished into silence began its beat once more. And with one voice they commanded "Keep on the fire."

The quest of the Pilgrim leads him through the dreary parts of the desert. He not unlike the travellers moves on and pitches his tents in the heart of Time.

It is a dark night-a wintry night for him when he loses intoxication of the Beautiful. Like the travellers he cannot run after the fire not or to the cosy coverlet. Where? Oh! Where shall he run up? All is dark "Give me a draught divine, oh Beautiful One! The night is dark and I am far from my home," he says.

It so happened that a band of singers came to pay their homage to the great mystic Kutub Shah. The singers began. The feelings ran high. The singers roused the fire lying dormant under the ashes. Strain after strain augmented the fire of feeling. The comrades marked the rise of the wave on

the face of the mystic. He was all fire. They poured down pails of cold water over him. "What?" said the great mystic. "is it all over? Keep up. Keeps the fire burning?"

"Look at on this and look at on that." How very similar are the needs of the travellers and yet how different lie the ways they travel. The one drowns his being in the Beauty of the Beloved; the other merely depends upon warmth from without.

The one keeps throwing himself in the great fire of Love whereas the other warms himself on the fire without.

Consumed by the fire, the Pilgrim of Eternity like the fabulous Phoenix soars high-a resurrected being, radiant in rags like the Royal Prince.

*[Reprinted from the "Servant of Sind" "Dated August 9, 1937]*

# THE GIFT

Life is a gift but many do not know its worth and value and therefore squander it away like the Prodigal Son. The pilgrims of Eternity have understood the significance of Life differently. It is they who know the art of living. To live is to give.

Christ taught: "Give all thou hast and follow me," and so do the mystics of all the ages.

To live, to sleep, perchance to dream, is not the object of the mystic. He lives intensely. This intensity of life moves him on through the deserts dry to the Place of the Prince, but the Mystic's march is a journey to the Cross. He needs must wear the crown of thorns, and ultimately give up his life. "To die is to live truly," says a mystic of old. Hundreds of years have mystified the memories of men, who lovingly hugged "Death" as a gift from their Beloved.

Mira, the Immortal Queen of Mewar, accepted the cup of poison as nectar and a black viper as a thing to be worshipped. She therefore sang, "My bed is on the gallows; how can I sleep?" Shah Latif, the mighty minstrel of the Desert, has sent out a similar strain through the sands, "To them whose bed the gallows are, death becomes a meeting with the Be-loved." How strange, yet how very true, is the understanding of these and the singers drunk with divine ecstasy!

A youth was led before his spiritual preceptor, who initiated him to the mysteries of the Land of Love. The youth was all ablaze and the master while taking leave of him offered him a golden rosary, a blazing sword and an illuminated copy of the Koran, and asked the young man to

select one of them. The youth was no coward, nor one who would keep on saying his prayers and moving the beads of his rosary.

"The sword, master, is the gift that I would like to have from you." "Yes," said the master smilingly, "you will have it but too great will be the price you will pay for it." "Yes, master, that I will gladly give," said the seeker. "Know then," said the master, "the price of the gift is thy head." With a smile playing about his lips the seeker accepted the gift of death from his divine companion saying, "I longed to give my head in the bargain. It is too cheap."

The youth taking leave of his preceptor rushed forth from his presence to look for Death-the Gift Divine.

*[Reprinted from the "Servant of Sind" "Dated August 9, 1937]*

## THE DIVINE VAGABOND

It was an expression of a Veteran Pilgrim who said: "Destroy thy name and then establish the Allah." Shah Nasir stressed this point. Bedil the learned Divine and Lover said: "Know the secret of dissolving the self." These Sufi songs represent different types of experiences on the path the Pilgrim has. E. I. W. Gill in his History of Ottoman Poetry says: "Man's business is to eliminate as far as may be the element of Not-Being and to attain to that union with God and absorption in the Divine. But how is one to overcome that element of not being, by conquering self." The Sufis of Sindh have been one and all Lovers of the Beautiful. The beautiful object on earth is to them a window through which the Beautiful One peeps out. Attracted by the light and luster of form he pursues the Formless. Many a time the Formless eludes his grasp and he holds tight the form of the fair one till at last he finds to his great disappointment that the form fades and the shades grow dim. The worship of the One grows in him a tendency, may a deep desire to become an ardent votary of the One pervading all. A Sufi of Sindh has expressed this truth beautifully:

***Millions of bodies, lacs and lacs, and thousands are there.  
Life is the same in all but the gleam and glow in each  
is rare.***

***How shall I speak, O Love! Of thy infinite ways,  
Murad the intoxicated singer of Kandri sings.  
The One sings through eighty-four lac cages  
Boundless is the flight of that Ethereal Minstrel,  
The Speaker speaks varied tongues through different  
forms and ages  
Drinks, eats and enjoys, oh Murad, who then is helpless.***

It was this cosmic vision which that lover of Beauty, Bekas, the bond-man slave of beauty, had. It is so related that he was wont to wander over the banks of the Indus. Every fair form that came to the river or merely passed by could not escape the attention of this intoxicated soul. Through every eye, he beheld the Beautiful and began to exclaim Oh!: what a glory of Allah doth shine out." Form after form he greeted as the King of his heart, innocently till some ladies of the town taking offence at his wayward conduct ran to his mother and complained to her.

The mother, who loved her child, could fain believe this. She sent away the enraged complainants with words of consolation promising them that she would go into the matter.

Next day as the young lover went out to greet the Beloved in varied forms his mother also followed him along with her daughter to test the veracity of the complaint she had heard. Her amazement heightened when this prince accosted the Beautiful peeping through the form of his mother saying: "What a glory of Allah doth shine out!" Her daughter followed her and the young girl met the same scrutiny and warm endearments as the others had met. Humiliated and humbled the mother returned to her house. Bekas came back from the Festival of the Fair in the evening. The enraged mother in an imperious tone demanded an explanation of what he had been doing all the day long. Like a child, Bekas pleaded innocence, saying: "It was not I mother, not I. I am absolutely ignorant of what you alleged against me." The mother thereupon got wild and said, "How dare you lie, when I have been a witness of your vagaries?"

The next day, the mother in order to test the innocence of her son stealthily concealed a live charcoal in the folds of his turban. At the appointed hour, Bekas dressed like a gay prince went on his rounds. The mother was beside herself and so she followed him along with his daughter to watch the happenings of the day. She reached the place and to her amazement she found her son greeting the God of his heart

through varied forms. Hour after hour he stood absorbed in the Beauty of the Beloved. The live charcoal could hardly arrest the intensity of his emotion.

Night came on and the prince returned home full of intoxication. The mother who had imagined that Bekas would be reduced to ashes was greatly surprised and, calling him, said: "How is it dear boy that you still continue your vagaries?" "Not! Oh! Mother It was not I." This absorption in the Infinite is the ultimate end of the Quest. Not union but constant communion is the finale of the Pilgrim's march to the Palace. Not victory but defeat is the desideratum of the Divine Vagabond.

*[Reprinted from the "Servant of Snd" dated Sept. 6, 1937.]*

# **BACHAL SHAH**

(A Modern Mystic Poet of Sindh)

Sindh is a desert. The desert has its charms. The walls-the dividing lines in life-have no place in the geography of the desert. The vast plains stretch before the eye in an endless extensity. However, much one might stretch the eye, one fails to limit the Limitless, who comes to occupy the desert. It is when a person makes of himself a desert that he begins to feel the vastness of earth and sky and many a time it makes him cry for a hand! It is only when one, during the heat of a hot summer day with the scorching sands under one's feet, is travelling through the desert that one feels intensely the need of a stream.

The desert of Sindh, warm in the extreme, has given the inhabitants streams of cool limpid waters that would not only wet the parched tongues but would also fill with hope starving souls.

In the economy of nature intensity varies in proportion to the extensity. Living in the land with an extensive outlook the people come back to themselves nearer than their own bodies. The vision that had gone out began its travels inward and kept on its search for that vast expanse in the world within, for without man began to see the desert. It is a happy coincidence in the history of human Endeavour that the intensity of the need quickly brings its mead. The speed is again proportionate to its immensity. These laws are for the outlaws-those that live in the desert.

Many a stream of cool clear water has flown through the soil of Sindh. The murmuring of the waters has filled the very sands with song. They are singing the song of Life-the song of



mystery and majesty- mightier than any monarch of the Earth, and stronger in intoxication than the best wine crushed in any vineyard.

The song fills the desert and the traveller lends his ear to the melody swaying and surging with the current of the stream. Often the inquiry issues out whence the song? Whence the singer?

It is in the quest of these singers of the desert that we are out. Not the singers alone shall we meet but their songs echoing the Eternal shall we hear in the heart of our hearts.

The influence and the intoxication of their songs is so strong that one begins to throw oneself away in the full of the melody. The song has always been the ravisher of the soul. It has its seat in the heart of man. It is the man of heart who bursts forth into song. As the nightingale sings her joy-song before the rose, so does man flow out on the waves of a song when he can no longer contain within himself the joy or sorrow of his being.

What must there be in the making of the man of music? An attuned harp whereon the hand plays only to strike fire into the metallic strings, which ring up at the slightest touch and begin to sing of the beauty of the Beautiful One

***The colourless Love himself shows.  
Through Colour thus it grows.  
Bedil, know Beauty's Shrine  
Is the very light of the Divine?***

## II

Far away from the humdrum of human life, Miani-a place on the banks of the sacred Sindhu-was chosen by one of Sindh's true sons-Bachal. The bustle and rustle of a growing commercial city had little attraction for the lover. He therefore selected a quiet spot a place of beauty where he built the Temple of the Beloved. Amidst the tall trees and playful waters Bachal sat down in quest. The glory of the

setting sun, the splendour of the rising moon filled him with joy and hope. Day after day the spot grew lovely, for Bachal worked hard to make it as beautiful and as inviting as human skill and effort could make it. There, in silence, by the side of the Sindhu, he daily worshipped the Vision Beautiful.

This constant companionship generated a light which stood by him even in moments of darkness. It was a ' kindly light that led him on amidst the encircling gloom'.

Bachal bloomed and blossomed through blessings. Serving an old pious lady he earned her goodwill and affection and one day calling him to her side she said, " Bachal, my child, thou shall be Shah one day." Her blessing was fulfilled to the letter.

As a child he went to attend a school at Manjhand, where a Hindu fakir, struck with his shining brow, enlisted him as a servant of the Lord. The Fakir was the servant of the Fair One. He breathed inspiration into the little boy who went to the school no more. Bachal himself sings of it thus:

***The Master taught us the lesson of love.  
Lovingly we inscribed it on the tablet of the heart.  
Lord's love ever increased endureth age.***

The Master gave him the word. Meditating on the word he lost himself in the word. The Beautiful took him up and he began to sing:

***Nothing is lost, nothing gained,  
Nothing is to come, nothing to go,  
Like pompousness contained in the sea,  
Mistake lies with understanding,  
Gain is a joke;  
Loss a falsehood;  
There is no gain and no loss,  
It is full as it was.***

When he found the keys of the Palace-gate he began to

sing, "Learn renunciation through submersion of self". Another great Master, Bedil, similarly sings, "Learn the art of dissolving yourself. Reading and preaching avail not."

In another song Bachal sings of the world like an ascetic, world-weary in spirit, warning pilgrims on the path against the traps laid out. He says:

***The world, frail and lovely, dances like a courtesan,  
Plays many a game and sets the hunting eagle;  
Seldom is a Man able to save himself from the dragon,  
Bachal, only a valiant one could cut off her ears.***

Rohal, a great Sufi sage, sounds a similar note when he says:

***The world is a hypocrite  
The seekers thereof all dogs.***

Almost all the mystics of the East and the West are agreed on this point that the world is a great stumbling block in the spiritual progress of the aspirant. Like Hafiz and Omar, Bachal was fond of the cup and this intoxication made him mad with the beauty of the Beloved.

The God-intoxicated soul would always sing the well-known song of his great Punjabi compeer, Bullah Shah: "Thy love makes me dance." The latter sang it to appease the wrath of his Master while the former, to please the great Master. To the one, it was a song of repentance and to the other, a song of joy, of fullness, of exuberance. How strange! Yet how true!

Bachal would often swim across the river to meet a great servant of the poor-a singer-on the other side, and this man was none else but Bhai Vasan-the meek and mighty-silent, yet singing the songs of love in the service of the poor. In his company he would dance and sing, for Bhai Vasan was a Bhakta-a singer of a very high order.

Not unlike him, he too served the poor. Once a poor woman came to Bachal with tears in her eyes saying, "I have

nothing to eat," and lo! You find Bachal running along deeply distressed to the field of the woman. Days and nights he works for her till she has plenty, when all of a sudden he disappears. His heart ached to see the helpless in distress. It is said that against her wishes was being dragged into marriage a young daughter of a Zamindar. She had an ardent desire of dedicating her life to the Lord. In disgust she left the parental roof.

A dancing girl enticed her into her house. Expecting to make money from her beauty she taught her some music. She had an occasion to sing before Bachal who, perceiving her learning, gave her a pan in the beginning (a sign of cordial welcome) and a rupee at the end as a gift. She thus learnt the lesson of love.

Love always dreams and this girl was not immune. She would often ask Bachal to accept her as his disciple but he would invariably refuse saying, "You are in the enchanted kingdom of youth, blissful and beautiful." The girl took the hint and, throwing away all she had, followed the Master.

Bachal once went to the Dargah to Qalandar with sandals on his feet but the keepers of the shrine refused him admittance whereupon he told them, "Behold! The Qalandar holds the cup for me." They begged of him to show them Qalandar. He replied, "Since you cannot recognize me how can you recognize Qalandar?"

Despite his fondness for music and wine he was not attached to them for he always declared that true happiness lay in the love of the Lord. He says: "Happiness lies in singing the praises of the Lord. The Atmapad is seldom understood. Through kindness slave Bachal has been favoured with instructions. They only attain who dig deep into their minds."

***In another song he says:***

***Those who did not dive and see in themselves,***

***Bachal, they know nought of the mystery of making.***

***Their life passes out counting the hours of the clock.***

Bachal died in the land of his love at the advanced age of 100. Such, in short, is the life story of the Man of Miani.

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## THE PURCHASE

Merchants from Kech, as the legend goes had brought their wares to Sindh. And it was in one of these bazaars that Suhni, the beautiful daughter of a washer man, was led by her friends.

In one part of this bazaar were displayed rare pieces of art- the product of the magic brush of the painter in colours that brought out the object of their portrayal s literally true to life. Sassui came, saw and was conquered. The picture caught her imagination and the stalwart personality began to haunt her. She began to live in her own Dream Land. The pleasures and things giving them out no longer pleased her.

She thought, she had employed the eye to purchase for the merchant the merchandise she had needed.

Two different poets living in times very much different have expressed this significant truth in lines not insignificant. Darya khan of Kanderi coming as he does from Rohul's lineage sings. The eyes a broker, the heart a trades man love the bar gain we made many years after him another great mystic Kutab Shah in one of his songs sings in a similar strain and only used 'God' for love.

Thou art the king of kings and I a beggar at thy door.

Form day to day, it has been thy mission to look after thy kingdom of thy vassals. But not mine. Am I not one such to claim your attention. I know I am one such shorn of all that is graceful. All that is rich and rare. Yet why do you spare me the trouble and come not to my door.

Through wailing wind and wetly weather I keep on,

looking out for thee, o king, my king- that you might one day come to bless me. I wait on the day of life and the sun is about to sail.

I still trust that at the last breath you would come to receive me to, your heart and take me as your own.

You hold the keys of all the rooms in the palace my aster, and not of the one I occupy. How could that be? Oh: king of kings?

Thou art the God of all the temples. How can it be that thou wouldst be absent from my temple? "Yes, I have the keys" said he, "of those that have surrendered them unto me." "I still occupies the room, how can he take the keys of the room?"

Long have I been waiting for Him? - He comes but I offer him no 'He waits but I wish him not. Without a word, He passes out of sight. I keep on wailing over my lot, when my comrades tell me; He came to conquer thee but has gone back. Alas: Would that I had given unto Him the keys of my little kingdom.

It is a cloudy Day. All nature is arrayed in mellowed colors to sing the song of spring.

I linger by the little brook and find you mirrored in the running waters.

How is it that you have concealed yourself there only to look at me? I go about mad, with this touch and sing to the dance of the river. I find you again coming up from the skis of the Desert. Why didn't thou like thyself there was it only to confound me?

I found the birds singing of the colors, the magic of thy magnificence, and I found thee leaning against a tree. Why didn't thou come to hear thy own song? Only to reveal thyself to me- I saw the passant girl going to her fields, alone. I asked

her, "Are you going out to tell the field swan on this pleasant day?" "Yes" said a she "I go out to men Him, who comes to keep He Company in the noon sun."

"He comes to you and not to me? - I went to the gardeners, and I told him" For whose have you been saving beautiful gardens?" "Why, don't you know my master comes to join the festival of the spring?"

I went to the Gold smith and I found him making a beautiful jewel piece I asked him, "For what beautiful bride are you making it?" he laughed and said, "Do you not know He comes to solemnize the marriage." "I then went to the taller that was busy preparing a robe of fleecy white- I asked him for whom are you making the **Babe Beautiful**. For the Beautiful one.

Who comes to lead me away into **Bower Beautiful** "Alas" said I? "Of all the people in the world for seeker and forlorn I have been- Yet I went to a widows who, keeping the lamp by her side and been looking out through the window. For Snow are thou looking Oh, woman Ola?" For him, The Eternal Bridegroom, who comes to play the cycle of spring?

Witness his casing, I find the flowers, the farmers, the artists and the artisan But never over festival him, of what face, of what race just he be?"

The well known painter who knew was painting the picture of Princess, I asked of what prince of strange land art thou painting the picture? The prince, whose dream has been danoing upon mind for ages, -----Nothing have I done for his coming- Yet I take up courage and silently any to HIM. "My unknown master, Nothing, Nothing have I done. Yet with child like heart I offer to the blooming flower of my heart. Is it not a play that you delay to deliver the goods?"

From infancy have I looked to you for guidance but the dawn has been slow in coming. I have offered my hand to thee again but thou a hast with drawn thine leaving me all alone.



Still patience has not tired me. I still pursue thy image-  
Oh prince in the hope that someday, you will be pleased to  
come to my door and claim me as your own.

***Is not thy touch in the pain you seek to give me?  
But I miss it for it evades the grasps of any desire.  
I grope in the dark, but still thy loving hand comes  
to clasp mine,  
Yet I soon forget it was you.***

When the storms rock the ships of my life, Fear  
overtakes me, yet I forget that it is you who come to embrace  
me.

How strange is thy play oh master?

When you go out to play with your playmates, I silently  
watch you in the Distance.

My heart leaps out of Joy to see you so amused, yet do I  
not feel the void without you.

I do not know why you seek the company of those, who  
are strangers to you.

It may be I who call myself your friend, have not the  
fullness of life within me to transmit it to you.

Is it you want to give me the uniqueness of isolation, the  
solidarity of a rock by putting me away?

All this ends my understanding.

I build a palace- the joy of my hopes, but you pulled out  
one of its plans and it tumbled down.

Silently I awaited your next move. You passed by the  
ruins of my Palace and laughed at the Glory of my  
Destruction.

Does it please you, Oh master of my life?

When the despair of light grows upon me and the suffocation stifles my breath. I come out in the open and await thy coming, the magic touch of thy hand, Oh love?

***Is no thy pain the perfume of the pleasure?***

***Is not thy denial the dance of thy measure?***

***Is not thy game to tame thy leisure?***

***Is not thy silence the seal of thy treasure?***

Permit me Oh prince thy promise to share and suffer me to sing piece of art with its lights and shade, slope and heights, beckoning us to the Beautiful beyond the lines.

Thus shall we make of ourselves a new picture awaiting the magic finish of the master's touch to be transformed into livening lights?

## LOVE'S ADVENTURE II

Rivers have their source in mountains but the stream of our life runs counter to it. It flows from the softer spring to the hard ground. It is an uphill climb, a precipitous ascent which the brave and the hardy can scale. Yet the weakest and the meekest stream let shoots like a rocket and make a home for itself in the hardest crust of the human heart.

Does it stay there like a stagnant pool or it goes a giving widening its width and growing in bulk?

Does it grow like a trace or does it gain bulk? It sends out its fertilizing factors to water and nourish the heart of man? Wonderfully do the flowers flourish and shed their fragrance in the Desert. No sooner do these put their appearance than the Dreamland of the Desires becomes a huge waste where the unique flower dances its sprightly dance at its achievement.

It is not an anomaly that despite the uphill march the pilgrim never feels the parch but keeps on cramping the deserted stony hearted paths with a significant smile on his lips, under the most trying circumstances, the most oppressing atmosphere, the most suffocating stifling season. What is it that man about willingly lay his head under the executioner scoff and ridiculing ways of the selfish world running madly after the mirage? What is it? I fondly ask? It is a mystery, which the spectators refuse to resolve and the seeming suffers spurn the solution. Those that cannot but rather spurn earn a place for themselves in the Palace of the Prince.

It is so related that once Suhni was standing on the bank of the river when some of her comrades began to speak of her

folly. She said to them, "Ye that have their feet on the bank what know ye of the pleasures of the Deep. Ye can only remember but not jump after him. Ah! Me I cannot count the cost. It is needless. I cannot contain me self. - I needs must go. Hold me not. Let the ear than vessel crumble but let not the hour the momentous time. (Hour) she flung herself head long into the Deep with a fling equal to me a sure to catch the Deepest gage. Priceless prize as she was the river received with a joy that suffers no restrains and brooks no barriers. Longing to lisp at its feeling it failed to mutter but instead heaved a heavy for it longed to lock up the lover on the other bank. By a magic touch he heard may felt it and flung himself head-long the deeps drive out all despair and instead dance a unpoind round to solemnize the tie that Nature had woven. The waves vied with each other to sing a loud the song of victory the Fusin of Trinity into the Endless one the infinite to Immensity of the mighty main the Sahar the slayer the sea the sways the slain.

## ENGROSSED IN OUR OWN DREAM

Kabir the great mystic and one of his pregnant songs say's all sacred shrines are within my heart. 'Shah Latif the Sindhi Sufi and mystic say, "When I peeped within and began to hold converse, I found that there neither was any mountain nor was there any hankering for the **home of the Beloved.**"

It so happens in the life of every mystic. Kutab Shah was no exception to the common rule. He dived deep- deep, depths below Depths, as Shelly would put it.

Lost- completely in the love, he did not even like to look at things that pleased the senses. Beauty he witches. What beauty of form can compare with the formless. The form subject to time, space and causality changes and passes away but the one remains braving the ravages of "Time". Time prides in leveling down to dust all that exists but love, limitless by nature cannot brook the limitations of Time but enchains Time to do its bidding.

A devoted disciple once came to him and asked the sage "Sire, would you not accompany me to a place, where without any persons on the stage one could see dramas." "Is it" said the child – like heavy headed one "most willingly." The man was a wealthy fellow. He got some seats reserved, and led the reserved one to the house. All along the sage sat with his head bent between his knees. "Sire" said the man." "Why would you not look upon the screen." "It is beautiful". "True", said the sage. But the drama before our eyes defeats all description.

To turn away from the drama divine is the task that is not mine. Allow me, pray to enjoy the sublime and Beautiful. All through the hours, the man kept on beseeching and the

sage lost in the vision Beautiful continued to drink the Draught Divine. Despite the delicacy of devotion is still able to trust His is sun to be rewarded. The mystic does not long for a reward. He only keeps on.

A little one comes, and piously puts up a cry "Oh father's starvation is staring us in the face. "And to this the Fakir calmly says, "Yes dear child, but God will set everything." Thou old man continued his meditations. An hour elapsed the little one could no longer restrain his appetite and once more come with a cry calling for mercy.

And the mystic round from his Divine reveries said, "Yes God will do the very best." Silenced by this reply, the boy went away. After an hour finding no relief, the little one again said "We are starving, 'Sire' while you are lost in your meditations 'Yes' said the hoary headed one" He would satisfy your demands after a while this word was fulfilled to the letter and the mystic continued to commune with the Beloved.

## WIPE YOUR NAME OUT

Latif the immortal poet of Sindh has said 'If the crowd runs with current, you needs must run counter to it. 'A wise saying a no doubt for the recluse to follow but the man of the world must follow the beaten path. If it is only the few, who choose the line counter to the common people. Ordinarily name and fame have been aim and end in life. No man who cares to be esteemed a man of importance in society can forget that he has to establish his name, 'Fame is last infirmity of the noble mine but says the mystic' Begin with wiping away of name and then alone you will be allowed to play the game. 'How strange that! The wisdom of the world and the ways of the mystic should and poles as under. His life is one of devotion, of dedication, nay above all of consummation.

It so happened that once Kutab Shah was invited to dinner by one of his companions. The August's personality of the Fakir drew many devoted souls to the house. Everything was on well. A passer happened to peep in. Curiosity led him to inquire into the history of the Fakir. All of a sudden the question "What is their name?" escaped from the lips of the inquirer. The Fakir who had heard the words made a significance reply saying 'Baleshahi', meaning there by as belonging to a class of vagrant beggar.

Like shows that a man of worth remains concealed till one fine day he is forced out of his companions. World does not wait for the coming tide. It shows its own trumpets.

Early is life the pilgrim marches on in his quest for the Eternal with misgivings in his mind. Sometimes counting the cost of the journey and at others venturing for the Beloved, the most precious objects in his life little caring what the Time and Tide may bring him. He little knows what is to Trust. The prince, who was ordered by Jesus to give away his

all before he could follow him, did immediately what he was bid. There was no thought of the future in his mind. Those who have not understood aright what it is to Trust-born as it is of faith in the 'plan' and the purpose of the Providence can well speak out- 'Whatever comes from the Beloved is sweet. "There is of course a wide gulf between what the lips lisp out and what the least accepts. "Kutab Shah" had let the ruins of his life in the hands of Allah the great- the wisdom.

It is true to give up is not easy but those who have the knowledge that daily dependence on the Divine, is the source of premium Joy.

Independence is born really only when one is independence upon him.

This knowledge of reliance-technique-called termed- Ilim-al-Yakin. Leads the seeker to another step in his life & endows him with an 'Eye'- the eye of Trusting- Aim-al-Yakin'- and lastly dawns on him. The truth of trusting, it is only then that the mystic forgets his self to find it flowering in the Fair one. He then accepts joyfully as the very best all that comes to Him. This unfaltering trust is then tried, tested on the touchstone of life. Every act is then weighed in the scale and if it is found not wanting in, the mystic domain.

Such hard test the mystics of all Times and climes, have to go through. Namdew and Tukaram, Mausur and Rohia, Latif and Bedil are a witness to this implicit trust. They trusted to the last breath of their life. Love smacks naught of wrong-it lacks naught- it grows strong with this trust.

Kutab Shah, though born in a good family had at one time to face rank poverty and privation.

It is easy to put with all provocations in life. How hard does it become when one finds little Ones- Gods sweetest flowers languishing for want of sufficient subsistence. He who despite.

It was noon. Everyone was within his doors lost in the midday rest. None but the hawker was seen striding about



through the scorching streets of the village. Latif had also stretched himself at full length to rest awhile and then to proceed on his travels again. Rest for the body is essential for the pilgrim for the vehicle refuses to work on account of friction between the body and the breath. The yells, cries and sounds of the peddles disturbed the quiet of the scene. None seemed to care for the hard life these poor people were leading for the sake of the belly.

Quite contrary to the common way of life, the class of humanity has its own standard of enjoyment. Sweating under the summer sun gives him joy. Different are the conceptions of the best life. Some say it is best to 'save' when others at the top their voice been proclaiming "They have saved it who have lost it". How paradoxical is the saying, 'Pains are the charms of pleasures- woe unto pleasures without pains.'

An old woman who had been picking up green vegetable in the field finding that it was time for the 'Our winds to play their evening care, as the time for their sins return was at hand, came out to hawk her things. Latif was still asleep. All sudden he jumped and said alas! All my life has been lost. His comrades were taken aback and anxiously interested their sire to let them know the secret of his heart. But he would weep all the more pressing and persistent. After some time, he was with great difficulty led to unburden his heart." Did you not listen to the cry of the woman saying **Palak, Soa Choka** one who is negligent for a while is lost.

Sleep robbed Sassui of her Punhoo. The prince all her efforts to bring his back failed. "Languor is upon my heart and the slumber is in my eyes. There is meaning different from the common one for the mystic to all the incidents of life. He interprets everything in the light of the **Supreme Passion** that pulsates through his being.

## SHAH LATIF

She lived by the side of the river deeply immersed in the thought of the Beloved. Every evening it was her duty to fill the jars for the family from the village well. One fond day she came and when all her mates had gone back, she lingered behind for one who was the dear one of her heart. She came and slowly slipped her jars one after another into the pond. The empty ones began to moan and groan under the weight of the burden. She listened and silently lay the lesson to her heart. Her companion standing nearby anxiously inquired what all that meant. She spoke not but smiled eloquently. 'Those that have emptied themselves will be filled.' True, but dear co-pilgrim, will you not tell me the secret of it all. You have filled your being with His memory. True, but how many times do you remember your love. "I", said the other "keep no accounts with the Beloved".

# **KUTUB SHAH**

(Intensity of Life)

Life loses all its luster if it has not the warmth and the glow generated by its guiding star. A listless, weary and wayward dragging or drifting is no life. It is not only a soulless existence-an existence that does not warm itself, nor does it bear any beautiful fruit. A man of the world running from pillar to post is being beaten by the waves of Time, but consciousness of the plan and purpose of life leads us to generate energy of thought and feeling and the speed-velocity with which this thought & feeling revolve in the being of this sentient animal create an intensity whose density can hardly be measured. The depth develops and the man of vision is lost in the Immensity of the Infinite.

# RENUNCIATION

(The story of Pilgrims' Quest)

*[Reminder]*

A mystic is one who puts his values like a good tradesman on men and things. Though he does not keep an account book to calculate profits and losses in terms of pounds and pence, yet he does not throw his talents away. He does not sleep away like the foolish virgins but keeps awake all through the Night. Life is to him a rich gift to be used for gaining the Beloved. Any period of life that does not direct lead him on the path is considered a huge waste.

To a man of world life yields its profits but for a mystic it bears a rich harvest of pains ultimately leading him to a consummation doubtly wished for. What then is the value of Life? Life has different values at different times and in varied climes. All life comes from Him no doubt, but all Life does not consciously flow back to Him. The main difference between the mystic and the ordinary man is this. That the latter moves with alight of "I" for the glorification of the self where as the former seeks the self from whom he feels, he has been cut as under. It is this thirst, this longing this quest after the eternal that colours the vision of the seeker who puts his own values on even and things. He lives, moves and has his being in Him.

Disillusioned either by distress, disappointment, death and the like or by extremely intensive enjoyment, man turns round to have a look at the reality. Disability, disease and death drove Buddha to austerities and penances the end of which was freedom.

Lost in the exuberance of youth, a young boy from a noble family while performing ablutions one day happened to

see a grey hair in his head. 'Alas!' Said by "What a time has gone by" The youth was awakened as if from slumber to reality. Throwing his costly clothes off with a piece of loin cloth around, he marched off in quest of Lifes' goal. The ordinary man lets his life slips under his feet but 'every breath' is too precious to the pilgrim. "Take care of the Breath" says Bedil. The same truth is well expresses by Sri Narid "Life is to be filled with His love and therefore consider every breath invaluable". Pleasures of the senses may be everything for man but for an awakened soul, for a man who is adherent for the Beloved these sensations and pulsations are dross. Over the glimpse of the Beautiful dawns on us, no allurements however enthralling can arrest the onward march of the Pilgrim of Eternity.

## STORY OF A LIFE

Lodge lived in a village. After completing his life at school, he went to Karachi in search of a job. As luck would have it, he soon got into a clerk's chair. But this he felt to be irksome and galling. Soon he threw off his yoke and joined a band of workers, who had devoted their life to the service of society. Full of Idealism, he dreamt of a new world, where every man, moved thought and felt after his type. In this world of the Ideal, he created a Penal code of his own, with persecutions and punishments more severe than those of the Inquisitionist. He would not admit of any excuse, nor suffer any infringement to go without a lash. 'Housed in a dream, at a distance from the kind,' he could not realize that others must have cherished dreams and ideals of their own. He was obstinate and obdurate. No relaxation was known to him. PRINCEPLE at any cost was his watch- word.

The very first day, friends had a meeting. He sat all quiet in his chair patiently listening to the speeches. Whenever anyone spoke after his ideals, his eyes shone out of joy but the moment he felt something going out of his way, the tightening of his teeth, the grating of his grinders was so great that he felt the issues and Empire did rest on the question. Suppressed emotion found its outburst in a shaking speech as he rose to address his friends. Day after day the excitement in his mind swelled. He found to his dismay that he had to break his connections with the society and start life where he could be a pioneer a Martin Luther in the field of Individual Reformation. In a small school, he thought he would be able to work wonders, in no way inferior to those of Watts, Caxton and Faraday.

Society does not respect Individualism. It stands for co-operative life and action. But lodge felt differently. Disillusionment had not yet dawned on him. The very first

day he took over the charge of his class he burst out into an oration. "Friends, I have come to you a long way from my place to mould, plaster and polish you after a pattern. Let me hope that my cry will not be a cry in wilderness. Muster strong round my banner. Carry the torch of Reform to your homes, to your Panchayats and above all to your city Fathers. Bear out the Ideal of Plane living and high Thinking. Sweep away all obstacles which seek to suppress you and check the progress of your march. Wait not. Waver not, but march On! The students clapped at the end of this oration.

Next day they came to the class bubbling with buoy any grimly he came and flung himself into the chair. Disappointed he had changed the direction as mechanically as a car finding no way through water would. He proceeded to assert himself in a loud voice followed by frightening punishments. The boys who had expected to find a hero in him were sadly disappointed. They began to grumble and murmur on all occasions. He thought of setting them right and bringing in a reform not only amongst them but throughout whole school.

"Truth will rule the day" said he to his friends one day who had got annoyed with him. "Love and not lead will bring us out of our rusts" was their retort. Patiently he waited to look into his mind but the gleam was slow in coming. It seemed to penetrate through the old curtain of 'I' Imperceptibly at first but day after day it came to stay there and began to illumine his mind. "Persecutions", he said, have failed. "I will now try another method. Forbearance might win." He tried this with his boys, with his angry friends and last but not the least with his wife who was a shrew. The turmoil in his mind calmed. He was able to see more clearly what the blindness of excitement had screened from him. Gradually forbearance assumed the form of toleration. Toleration born of weakness- the fear of a strike or any untoward action on the part of boy is not a virtue. Still it has its bright side. As the turbid waters of the river grow clearer after the mud has settled down so does the mind steeped in ignorance become transparent through toleration. Toleration is a negative virtue. As no photograph is possible without making a negative positive similarly no virtue becomes a

power unless it asserts itself in a positive form. Time is a great teacher. He had come to teach but slowly and gradually in the great school of life and the little world of school he was learning the first letters of the alphabet.

He lost his rough tongue, his harassing eye, and above all his wildness which was the result of Imperialistic 'I'. I- the Reformer had its baptism, and Reformation. Calmly and coolly considering, patiently hearing the complaints the, sympathetically understanding the inconveniences, carefully quartering the demands for comforts and conveniences from other's cordially co-operating and co-coordinating his life with that of others, analyzing and synthesizing, punctuating his progress by commas, colons and semi-colons, culminating into full stops, he had come out of the thorns to bloom and blossom a new without much ado. He had the joined the school to teach and breach but he had the greatest lesson of his life. "They teach only to learn and earn the wages worth their weight in gold in the softening of the senses, culture of the emotions and gaining of the third dimension for the mind- the depth of a Life Divine.

Thus did he leave behind his old habits, a new life awaited him everywhere. His respect for the feelings of others drew reciprocal response. He became the flower of society. Looking back at the history of his past life, he began to wonder if it were the same Lodge, who had become a favourite with the people.

While meditating upon this question him one day murmured to himself "Yes", said he, "Lodge is the same in body but his mind and heart have learnt to understand men and their thoughts better. Understanding alone does not carry us far. It takes us nearer to them. So placed we begin to feel the fragrance surrounding us. We try to go nearer and behold, greater beauties await us. The list of good points goes on swelling till we realize the fullness of beauty enshrined there in and begin to appreciate, then admire and lastly to love the object."

Smilingly Lodge turned his face to a mirror on the



opposite wall to see if the mind had wrought a change in his countenance. To his great surprise he found that there was a remarkable change. Then the truth of the statement "Beautiful minds make the bodies beautiful" came home to him. His face was now beaming with a smile and radiating the light of Love to all alike. "This is Life", said Lodge. "I feel its fullness in every limb. MY body bathing as it does in Love's sunshine, assimilates all the good and gives the best to the world. "Truly did our Lodge through storms, clouds wander as a pilgrim of John Bunyan unto Light, Loyalty to the inner urge for modification of one's life, and the bravery to break away from habits and convention that hold one in bondage to the past can order the clouds to disperse and the storms to calm down.

Purity of Purpose is another qualification for the pilgrim on the path. Truth is no foreigner to the pure. It is its necessary companion. However feeble it may be at first, it gains ground in the Paradise Lost through disobedience to the Divine. The great arch angel refused to obey the order of his creator to bow down to Adam. He had therefore to lose his place in the paradise. His mission then became to scatter seeds of sin, evil and misery throughout the world to become a leader of rebels against the Almighty. However much he tried the response though at first & encouraging began to feeble down and he had once more to retrace his steps to paradise through repentance. Evil allures but the Good, the True and Beautiful endures. Lodge could see all this after he had regained the Paradise he had lost. The way to regain the Paradise is through darkness, suffering, pain and persecution. Lodge had suffered considerably at the hands of his associates. He had suffered in health, wealth and position. Appreciation came to him through repentance. He thus literally fulfilled prophesy of the poet and proved himself a worthy model. The poet wisely says:-

***"There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave  
There are souls that are pure and true  
Then give to the world the best you have  
And the best will come back to you."***

# WORDS

Words are little birds that carry the message from one individual to another. Every bird in Nature keeps on lisping its language but only the birds of the same feather can clearly grasp the significance of what the brother bird sings but for them words cover worlds. They are not the kingdoms of the wordy kings but the domains of the Dreamers, thinkers, poets and philosophers. The rise and fall, the heights and slopes, the light and shade, the deeps and the depths are described by words infinitely smaller than the Universe they circumscribe. But how many of us think **definitely**. How many are able to understand the boundaries and the border lands, the limits and the limitations they impose on the limitless life, and give many a tinge to man's free hold on Nature and make him feel how infinite he can be.

It is all the magic of words. They make him the monarch of all he surveys' but the next moment a drop of ink makes him shrink. Words! Words!! Words!!! They are the wealth of the linguist, the breath of the lawyer, the health of the literature but the death of the Poet. The linguist finds in words a wealth which the jeweler may find in his diamonds. The lawyer has the words of the section on his lips for he lives on them. They are the breath of his life. He twists and turns these words to gain his object. The letter of law is all that he thinks of. The literature whose vision of life is vast does not hold them fast to his heart. They only give him a start to rear up a picture out of the different pictures the words suggest. Like an artist he uses the colors, the curves and curvatures to bring out a living picture of life. The philosopher and the scientist dive deeper still. They go to the '**Connotations**' (the bearing of the word in all its phases) and denotations, the inductions and deductions that they logically suggest. The poet uses them only as an imperfect vehicle to

paint a part of the picture he has in his imagination. Tennyson has finely expressed this:- "Words like nature half reveal and half conceal the soul within". Every word that the poet uses is dipped into a color of a picture, the poet wishes to portray.

Saints and sages of all ages have thought of them as 'Shadowy nothings' having no flesh and bone. Bedil the great mystic says "he, who gets involved in words, would never ascend the heights of love".

What then is the truth? Are we to weed out words or allow them to lead us on to light. Words are like living birds singing to us a song a heart has thrown. They are a live fire which give us glow and flow- and make us think and feel. They are sparks of Light Eternal- sign posts to the Great One- and still they cease to be naught. Not for us but for them given, who have driven away the self and its sheaths.

But for us "**Students**" they are everything- a world to live in. There is a romance in them and lovers of life would find them shading luster that would brighten up their beings. Let us then definitely understand words, recognize their relations and relationships and establish a bond of fellowship with them. Thus shall we proceed to form word pictures and people our imagination with pictures so formed. From these pictures, we pick out the most beautiful ones and dwell on them and grow beautiful after Beautiful.

This is the way of the word; for out of the word by the word, and in the word has the world come out to be, Lives and would cease to be in Time.....

## LIFE IS A SONG

I have often been visiting the studio of my friend "Nikash" the painter and my surprise has been great when I find him painting different pictures of Life. How is it I many a time question that he is able to paint a variety of pictures and yet maintain a unity of life in them? I missed the answer of this query, and without the least hesitation I went up to him and asked him to explain to me what he had written with his brush on the canvas. He took me round a gallery of paintings through which I had passed no less than a dozen times before this. But the lines and colors had never spoken out so eloquently before this as they seemed to do now. Nikash now raised the curtain of a picture he had fondly called "Life Dream". A man in the hay day of his life was watching the moon as it was rising. "Is it Life?" I asked, not a little surprised. "Yes" said Nikash. 'What, then should I call it?' "Is he not in it?" "Yes" said I a little falteringly, "Do not feel sad" said my friend. "Life is not all this, it is much more." He then lay bare before me the picture a young man 'Flying a kite! This is life's play. How anxiously and intently he watches the wave of the kite; how does his heart soar or sink with the rise and fall of the play thing whose thread he himself holds in hand. I was amused by this painting but still life had a meaning deeper than its play things could express. My friend thence led me on to muse on the picture he at one time of his life had treasured. Bubbling with emotion said he, "This, this once was the best of my life." It was life's struggle. A young man full of vigour was seen slowly making his way to the top of a mountain. From the foot of the mountain had he started with the dawn determined to finish up his ascent before the shades of Nights fell fast on his path. Every step he put forth met with an obstruction. He stood perplexed, confused, and confounded. A light seemed fall upon him. A step forward he took determined to jump to the top even though it be at the

cost of his life. "Life is a battle for the brave" he appeared to say.

***All honor them to each brave heart,  
Though poor or rich he be;  
Who struggles with his baser part  
Who conquers and is free.***

"Not yet" my friend said Nikash the best is yet to come. Life's curtain does not hold behind it only these. Many more are the pictures I have painted, but still the Diversity is so great that my heart fails to fulfill the promise I gave to make for the life I received. From the struggles of life he has hired me into a room where there was no gloom. The bloom of life was having a harvest of joy- which the pains and struggles could not destroy. It was the dream, of the strong, the gleam that does wrong. It was the vision of Life as Song. It never accepts anything wrong but fights a fight that brings to light the True, the Good, and the Beautiful.

Through the deeps springs out a man holding in his hand a lyre and singing of the Desire to aspire and inspire the people to rise and receive the Radiance of the Radiant One.

Every phase has its marked place in the plan Divine. Let us then avoid the conflict of Thine and Mine-but sing and shine to work the Great Plan and Make this world still more fine.

# ETERNAL DRAMA OF LIFE

In the eternal Drama of Life the Artist lays out characters, plots and by plots to bring about a cohesion of the coherent and coordination of the in coordinate. In this Beautiful Leela of Love the master pulls up the strings of the instrument and brings out music celestial. Each string a part gives out a note the character of which is cognizable only when it has lost itself in the harmony of the whole. The part however singularly beautiful cannot stand for comparison with the melody of music. Individual characters contributing their quote to the beauty of the Drama do not in any way lose their entity by becoming one with the Drama but rather help to the making of their selves and in as much as they harmonize and humanize their beings. The story and stress of the wind, the rent and rush of the waves are not the dark shadows of life but the background of it- the light and shade of life. If life is a drama, if it is a piece of art, if it is a symbol of the beautiful, then let its separateness run into the vanishing point, let isolation over take co-ordination as the dawn devours darkness. Then will there be music- the music of the Master!

Seek ye not to know the secret! For it is given to those that live in the garden of sacred silence! Truth flies out on the wings of wild wind that comes out from the cave guarded by the little ivory mountains.

Attempt ye not enter the cave for these mountains begin to move the moment they perceive anything getting in.

Sit ye not silent for silence alone will bemoan and groan the froth and decay- there is and fall of man and empires.

Come ye out to carve and create a tarot in the very vitals

---

of your Being. Dig ye deep into the depths of your life, and the Torch of Truth will flame up in all its nakedness withal in all its modesty-? All its beauty converting the crude and the rude into the radiant and the radiating radio of the Eternal.

## A PILGRIM OF ETERNITY

St. Francis of Assisi is reported to have asked one of his monks to go with him on perching round. The monk complied with orders of the master.

At night-fall the disciple humbly said, "Sire, have being walking all day long but not have spoken "true" said the master. If our walking through the streets is not preaching, our life has no purpose." Was Jamshed one such if not, why did he set out early us to reach ... or to preach?

Sidhodhan, the father of Buddha, tried to keep his son fettered to the wealth and life offer. The young prince was a-thirst. He sought to know. He tried to look beyond. He left the palace. From the vastness of the earth and sky come back heal the world. His comeback to lead the world from the darkness into the light. Was this the ideal of young Jamshed? This pairs youth, a worshipper of the fire, seems to have been a flame, like a youth with a fire in his hand, knocking at the door of the world the set hungering hearts aflame.

In the spring of his life when news of the crash of his in Karachi reached his years he rushed to the scene and was soon seen lifting stone after stone on his shoulder to relive the victims from weight of the fallen debris. Was he discovering his peace in their release?

Dr. Johnson though extremely poor had a dream of an eternal quest for the happiness, which he wove into the story of Rasellas- the Abyssinian Prince. This young prince had wealth and pleasures.

Happiness was still beyond his reach. It was in the distance. Every time he thought it was near him, it escaped



his grasp. Jamshed too was silently wending his way towards the palace of the prince. In a variety of ways he plodded on but never like the weary ploughman

John Bunyan, well-known of the Pilgrim's Progress found his path of self-illumination as he sat down to rub a vessel heard. Every rub made the light more bright. This came to him like the discovery of new land. Was Jamshed following in the footsteps of this great man?

The bee is busy with dawn. She is out of suck. She is bringing all her day's wealth to the hive. She does not allow anyone else to possess it. Jamshed brought the wealth, the cream of all the knowledge experience to the door of humanity. He let it flow. In lifting the load, in cheering the weary, enlightening the illiterate, in beautifying the unbeautiful, in making the broken the whole, and the building the inbuilt, did he dedicate himself? He surrendered himself so completely to the Mother- the author of all life-which he was often, found repeating to himself "Sweet Mother we are thin." Thus did he tap the fountain of all life?

I remember his from had issued a calendar in 1917. This represented a mother and her children. She was teaching her little ones to say their prayers when the day was done. I wrote to him about the beauty of picture and the massage it carried. To be a little one, to feel the presence of the mother and to bend one's knees and head before the mother, saying, 'Now the day is done', is what Jamshed taught me long ago.

He had of scattering. He was the shower of the seeds. Beautiful thoughts, kind words he throw, as he walked along life's path way. He grew his crops but left them others to reap. He sat by them to sing the harvest song. In the festivals he flowered.

Sweet, soft, sober and serene he walked builds him. In building himself he laid the foundation of building up the youth. A young builder of the golden chain, he was too busy in knowing what he was achieving. He found him joy like true

artist in the work he had imposed upon himself and though it he began to learn the truth of truths.

True to the worlds of the poet, he had learnt to walk in the way pointed out by Bedil:-

***Learn the secret of self-effacement.  
It is not necessary to read and teach.  
He who involved in the intricacies of the words,  
Never can ascend the height of love,  
He who has learnt the lesson of the affirmation,  
Enjoys the blessing of the seasonal showers.***

He had a vision of beauty. He adored it. He worked for it. Beautiful flowers, beautiful towers, beautiful bowers he grew. He thought these beautiful temples barren without light. He trimmed his own taper and called on the young and old to light theirs and join the star pilgrims. He builds beautiful Karachi-the Queen of the East. He raised many institutions. He left the blue birds fly.

He saw that they whispered their secrets to the human hearts. His manifold writings in the page of the Young Builders give us material for understanding him. He was street lamp light house, to many of wonder of vessel.

A lover follow man, a servant of humanity, He wished like Abu-Ben Adhem that his name may be written down one that he loved his fellow men. He has chosen to be a pilgrim of eternity. He has silenced the voice of mind and had learned to in the way of the heart. Every moment, he was busy in the wavering a web of the beauty and a building up the dreams of the beautiful. His life his of long prayer has not the truly said:

***He prayeth best, who loveth well,  
All things both great and small,  
For the dear God, who loveth us,  
He made and loves all.***

# THE VEIL

The anguish of the heart heightened when love concealed itself.

I had only a glimpse

It brought brilliance in my being and the sleeping heart was awakened.

Haunting me like a ghost everywhere- it followed me in the kingdom of the Dreams

But its beauty threw its powerful beams on me

And I felt that the glimpse- the glow was like the flow of the falls of the Nigeria- fierce and forcible in its on slaught.

***Romantic in its adventure***

***My heart was a flame!***

The burning- the consuming like the way candle the fountain flow from the two pools was watering the dry heart.

But alas the thin curtain the concealment behind the hide and seek the tormenting taper the flaming passion all these the diseases of the distressed made me mad, for I had drunk deeply in the dark.

They shone on me! Those dark glittering glassy things now no longer open to my view for the veil has won a victory over them.

Suppressed silence send out a flowing furnace from them and the victor wet with it brings the beautiful into relief.

It is the baffles of the belligerent and the victory of the vanquished that the veil is torn away by the wailing wand for

she too had been a common and low. How soothed and softened the breeze becomes

Again the wave turns the tide and the veil once more gains its goal.

All that once had been kissing the rich perfume of radiant rays and inhaling the brightening beauty of the blooming flower is drawn away by the veil that has his sway.

Growth has gone in for a guard the sentinel for safety. Was it less beautiful when it was unguarded?

***None the less.***

***The Bloom was not there.***

The child is beautiful but the flower gives shade fragrance after its bloom.

All fragrance fails and fades away that does not stand veiled for the wilderness of youth crushes the tenderness of beauty,

***How long this veil?***

***Oh beautiful one-***

Grow in the garden of Beauty the sweet flowers of softness and like a pilgrim come with them to worship at my shrine!

Then will the veil of the Beautiful be drawn away, and the veil draws against all the rest.

In union-nay in communion-Beauty brides the Beautiful!

## AS HE SHOWED ME THE WAY

[1]

Love looks through present at the past as it were in the bloom of spring. I see him every young. Thought he has past the age of the youth, yet he looks at me with ever radiant and bewitching eyes. Time has raised an insurmountable barrier. Love can raise it to the ground and heal my heart. It is this barrier again that has kept "Love" aflame and has led me to dig in to the past and look for Diamonds that he let fall into my heart's Eternal bank when I was yet a boy. I call them diamonds now through I took them for a glass pebbles then to play with. They have left their marks on me and through I took them for glass pebbles then to play with. They have left their marks on me and through them I see life a dome of many coloured glass.

I don't what he is now. I love to think of him only as a cowherd boy in whose company I walked many miles every morning listening to his parables and sayings drawn from the Divine Dwellers of the Desert. As he walked, the dusty roads would raise their heads to kiss his feet. He did not know that his love has drawn the dust of the Earth. He could not see that man was infusing an ethereal fragrance into his being. He could only feel its warmth and say, "My body is warm". Just feel it. It so happened that once of the warmth became so intense that he could hold it back no longer. This was one wintry night. He quietly got up and plunged into the pool of the garden house. Next morning as usual I went to his residence to take him out on his daily round. To way great surprise I found his face flushing red light. I was struck dumb. After a while I requested him to go with me in my place. He would not to my proposal. Another friend joined me in my prayer. A suitable house was found to receive him. I led him

to the house. A simple doctor was called in. He was a lover of fakirs. He gladly undertook to treat him but laid down one condition. It was a simple one. The doctors ask for no fees. He said, "The tuft, curly crowd lying on his head must be swept off clean." The next day a barber was called in to do his job.

It was ayueman's task to sheer the beautiful locks that had enslaved many a wandering heart in their lasso. I remembered then how the great and godlike Chaitanya had behaved on such a like occasion. The barber of Chaitanya had caught the contagion of "love". The barber of this recluse was moved when he told him "Baba, Beizali Karyoon"\_ Disrespect them as you will". To this day the barber keeps on asking me the meaning and I simply plead my ignorance instead of trying to expound what I cannot really understand.

## [2]

In one of his walks, I remember, he told me in commenting lovingly on the failures in my life, that there is a Divine plan working itself out through our lives. Failures are fulcrums. I was a mere boy then. I had a boy's faith. In the words of the poet 'a boy's will is the wind's will and the thoughts of the youth are long, long thoughts'. I did not understand then. I can hardly live it still. I feel that there is a Divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them, how we will". It is easy to quote verse and chapter in the support our stand but it is difficult to dedicate. Sukhamani, the great gem of Sikh religion, lays down dedication as the only qualification for the seeker to develop thus:-

***It is my prayer to thee, O Divine  
This life and body art solely Thin;  
Thou art the mother, and father too  
We art Thy children true;  
Plenty of pleasures to Thy kripa we owe  
Yet hesitatingly we ever bow.  
Know we not, thy end or view  
Higher than the highest lord all true.***

After a lapse of time that very morning, I humbly enquired of him 'how it is then that adherents of Free-will school scoff at fatalists and ridicule the doctrine of Dedication as an escape of the week". He smiled; he became silent; he patted me and then reminded me about the famous lines of an English mystic-Tennyson:

***Our wills are ours, we know not how;  
Our wills are ours to make them Thin***

I was not a little confused. I repeated my requested for a clarification of the two principles-Divine plans and dedication of one's life and being to the Divinity.

### [3]

My teacher in school, who had remained as an inmate of his Ashram at Karachi that this great teacher used to say, 'My Akbar towers high above the luminaries of India'. I asked my teacher, why did he hold such a opinion about Akber? He said it was because of his 'Din Illahi-the religion of God-is the religion of Truth that outshines them all.' I could half understand and half misunderstand these words as the poet has said:

***Words like nature, half reveal  
And half conceal the soul within.***

In moments of deep depression and despondency, failure and frustration, the stories related to me by this recluse whom one of his class-mates at the D.J Sind used to call a "capricious fellow" come back to me not a matter of master's caprice but as a conscious reminder. It is the way of the capricious not to go their own way but to follow the word of the master.

It may not be out of place to reproduce the story that has so deeply stuck to me through the long stretch of years extending over decades. Napoleon/ he said "Rose high from low parentage. He could not afford tow shirts. 'There is a tide in the affairs of men, which taken on at the flood leads on to

fortune'. He took this tide and tied it to his advantage. From the lowest level in the army he rose to be the Emperor of France. He became a scaring name for English children. Mother in England would repeat to their children the name of Bonaparte to the set them right. This very Napoleon during the cycle of victorious campaigns forgot his poor parentage and remembered only the 'Power' that he had gathered. It so happens. It will happen if one sowed the seed he had sought to scatter. He told one of his generals to lead a detachment of soldiers to a particular place. He had calculated the chances of victory, he had measured the strength of his opponent; he had carefully counted the numbers; he had taken in the account the time element in covering the distance; but also! He had not counted upon the only countable. Napoleon thought in the pride of his power that he would subjugate Europe. He could not think that he could if only He would.

Pandvas accepted Kishna and the Kourvas who numbered hundred, only requested him not to wield arms in the battle. The Pandvas relied on Him and the Kourvas on the strength of the arms. The former won, the latter lost. The general well intentioned as he might be, thought of going by a shorter route than the one dictated by the Emperor. To his great surprise the route had all got wet and he could not complete the march in time. He arrived a little late. The enemies' forces had captured the field. The general was a day after the fair. Napoleon lost the ground and suffered successive set-backs so much so that he found himself in a pitiable plight. He is reported to have said:-"Able was I, ere I saw Elba".

How a win was turned into loss is apparent from the change that took place. The general had planned failure of Napoleon.

This is only one side of the picture. Let us look on other side too.

To illustrate this he narrated the following from the life of Abraham Lincoln of America.

Lincoln too was born in a poor family. He studied and



worked. He lived to labour for his life; for his parents; for his ideal 'I shall study and get ready, may be my chance will come'. Honest and sincere as he was, he got his chances. He waded through woods, water deep and roaring to reach the white house. He was up in the arms against the slave trade and lost his life to the shots of his countrymen. This man meek in his might had his mooring in the mightiest. His source of strength and power was not the Americans of modern time think- "Personality and planning" but it was pinned in the faith and trust like the true easterner to the Timeless, Ageless Entity. It was in His love and merry that he lived, moved and had his being. His life was one long prayer to the Divine Deity for his found Him in His creation. Life Abu Bin Adam he loved his fellow-men to worship God.

It is so related that during the dreadful days of civil war messenger after messenger came to inform the president that his generals were fighting a lost battle. Abraham Lincoln who took life, position and power and self as a trust, did not get dismayed. He quietly entered his prayers room-a room set apart only for meeting the Beloved. He bent his knees and implored, entreated and begged God to save the honor of his country. He repeated again and again that America belonged not to him but it was His. This surrender of his changed defeat into victory. It is when we admit defeat that the Victor decorates us with laurels for Victory. This truth dawns upon us in the evening of our lives and we begin to sing with the poet:

***Our little systems have their day.  
They have their day and cease to be;  
They are but broken lights of Thee  
And thou oh Lord art, more than they.***

The story ended and we came to the parting of ways. I took leave of him and promised to see him the same evening. As I bent my steps to my house, I thought of the stories and the man who narrated them. He has man who has struggled, analyzed, synthesized but ultimately found his solace and satisfaction, serenity and sublimity in sincere and loving

surrender unto the Supreme Sovereign.

It is one this account that he comes, comes, and ever comes. He sings 'to one clear harp in diverse tones'. I hear the echo of his musical voice. Like a learner I try to rear picture after picture, astonishment and wonder seem to wax on me when I find that my creation is not a creature of the Earth but a lover of the Eternal Values of Life and Death. Like a child at play, I love my creation more than the creations of playmates on the vest seashore of this world.

*(This article Published in MIRA on July 1960 Editor Gangaram Sajandas)*

## ASI KNOW THEM

A prince went to the master and requested to be initiated into the mysteries of the Eternal. The master is reported to have said "Give all thou hast to the poor and follow me". The prince did as he was bid and the master accepted him.

One such teacher kept up an ashram where lived in fellowship with him, students who had vowed to build a new Sind. They were not a few. The master asked them "Be ye multiplied" and the disciples scattered themselves all over the country to bear witness to the ideal of their master. Amongst them was one in whom the master saw his own self. He was slim, tall, fair, blithe and buoyant. He was a youth of beautiful build. A reach man's son yet the song of the musician who played to one clear harp in diverse tones ravished his heart and soul. Youth is romantic, it is adventurous. It is full of dash that knows no bounds.

In the vortex of life's great current, he allowed himself to be swept away. He forgot his father and bade good-bye to his legacy to follow his master. Without even intimating his relatives, he follows his teacher, who had baptized him in the fire of knowledge.

He went away to the land of the lion of Punjab. The father was a thirst. He had had thorough search to be launched, but nowhere was his child to be found. He had found a father, who sang the song of the Eternal, night and day. How could he stay? The sticking was gone. The perfume of his presence shone on him. The ring of the Sing sang into his soul. He had accepted the one in defiance of many. Naturally persecutions and scourge must follow him. The father travelled from his place to the place where his progeny had made home. He brought him back. Young, beautiful,

towering above the common in the crowd the infuriated father led him like a felon, dealing out blow here, a slap there till his heart come out of its weavings into the open starry sky steeled to suffer silently disgrace and bear witness to the age old saying "Having given one's head, useless it is weep."

Scarcely a couple of days elapsed and the disciple disappeared from the dungeon to its native home. Again old father followed his child but this time the youth refused to budge from the path he had chosen to step in. Enraged and infuriated the father maligned, reviled, disgraced and deemed the devout demeanor of the disciple and his master saying "Woe, betide such devotion."

Years rolled on and the youth gained university laurels. He came out meet a man and greets life. The master desired to speak through his spiritual child to the people. He needed a vehicle. To this end he gave all he possessed to him. He pooled down all his resources to make it the voice of new Times heard to the end of the Province. Spiritual giants are always miscalculates from the worldly point of view. Profit is not their passion. Loss is a pass for them. It is a gateway to the Eternal. Loss upon loss kept on accumulating till all the washed off. It was difficult for the disciple to maintain a house of his own. He moved his family into the editorial chambers. The master could not have privacy and quiet so he left the centre of his activity and to find out another outlet for his voice and pen. Always from the business center he quietly settled down in an ancient place on the bank of the Sindhu. Here is quietly piled his pen for he felt all that God had given to him was a trust and by no means could he misuse or abuse it. Books came out one after other. He helped his child to tide over his financial difficulties and stand on solid ground. Income could not meet the expanses. The mist grew dense. Not being able to find the way out, he desperately tried his head at speculation. The master still employed his credit to being his child out of his troubled waters but in vain. The disciple had earned all this devotion through self annihilation and complete self effacement. Like child unasked he would stand with shoes ready to let the master slip in his feet. The

master on the other hand under the moonlit sky would transmit his spiritual energy through silent communion. It is a sight for Gods and not for earthly beings to see the wave of love lapping and overlapping. It is a game of gods. "Rapt in still communion that transcends the offices of prayer and praise" the master mind was thanks giving to the power that made him: it was blessedness and love.

### [II]

Love is native to the human heart. It must rest somewhere. It must wear itself away to live in the one. The master lives in the disciple and through him he is reborn. The cycle continues. Ramakrishna lived through Vivekananda, Socrates through Plato, and Plato through Aristotle. This master lived for time through his pet child but the poor little thing soon fell a pray into the trap land the mammon. The master true to the traditions of the Eternal friend continued to protect and preserve his nursling. He saw that canker had made a nest in its sapling. He tried hard to save it from torrent and tempest. The mist clouded the heavens and the master to defeat death had it transplanted in to foreign lands.

### [III]

The instrument was gone. The vehicle yet the heavenly powers arrange in their own way for the transmission of Energy. Another young man stopped to carry the banner heralding the Dawn. He was not a brilliant nor was he comes to walk into the ways of adepts. He had come to seek. He came with an aspiration to earn the favor of spiritual giant. He did not know that the master was of all love. He could not feel the pulse of the times. He could not gauge the deep of disappointments the master was wading through. Still the simple smiling sojourner to the unknown accepted him as a copilgram. He assured the anchorite of his sincerity, loyalty, diligence and devotion.

The teacher once again the set out the school the young

science graduate. He felt that the novice must go through a grind and find his moorings. One day the teacher tells him to copy out to one of his printed books. I asked him to reason of doing and with a shy smile he said: - "I have been asked to do so," What a simple remedy for a chronic disease! Many would scoff at it. Some would ridicule this outdated done yet a few would credit the simple receipt for its efficacy. By this simple artifice he could convert the mind and heart of the young man and reshape it after his own conception. To my great surprise after some months I found the young man transformed as if by a magic wand of the master Artist. This could not outlive his time. He came only to go back.

## [IV]

As one lamp neither lights another, nor grows less-so nobleness of the master continued to enkindle nobleness. Another young man came to man the great machinery. Dawn at come to gone. Noon had not been reached. The sunset had yet to be awaited. A new dawn danced on the horizon of the east and west. The new apprentice was devotion to the master and his mission. Soon the "Mira"-the immortal singer-the valiant woman adventurer to the Eternal came to vitalize the life of a few girls and boys Simplicity, sadhan and service strung up the lives of the Idealists, Slowly and gradually, a group grows up. Out of their small group sprang up a grove. The grove widened and blossomed into the garden yielding both the blossoms and the fruits. The gardeners are still alive to keep watering. His creation force has brought forth young Gardner who carries saplings to the different part of country. His voice reaches the ends of the civilized world through his Boswells and Mahyadevs. He still has needed many more.

It will not be wrong to say that many more still need his massage. *Mira* Alone would not be enough. East West will not bridge the gulf. Shyam and Sanimala will not take under their protection the teeming millions. Life-pulsating through the heart of cosmos would some days catch the spark of Divine joy and the atmosphere will be aglow with festivity-a Jashan-the Dawn of a new day and the approach of the Golden beauty

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and love.

Renunciation is merely enunciation of the theorem. Its solution yet to follow. Disciples come and go. They sow leave it to others to reap. Their joy lies not in to the yield that their field offices. They are aflame when they see that the sprouts raise their heads above ground. The master keeps on singing life in them. The song touches the hem of their garments lo! Dressed in the append that the nature bestows on them they come. They come not as solitary sowers. They sow the fabulous Dragon's teeth and in the twinkling of an eye hosts of the people bound the field, Is it is miracle? If Orpheus' music which could quell the wildness of the forest beast, why should not love rise above it. Youth know love's charms. Age cannot be romantic. It is wise. It must grow and outgrow. It must give receive only to give and to live. It must assume only to consume and rise anew like the Phoenix of old-beautiful beyond compare. So the disciples die to live a new, those who learn to die, live, for the death is gateway to Eternal life.

*(This article was written for and printed in MIRA on November, 1959)*

# ASI SEE HIM-1

## [I]

Long years have stood between us yet the light that he shed keeps up the flame. No light is possible without consumption. The man who is constantly consuming himself in the fire of love will bear witness to the light that outshines all lights.

He was comparatively when I was a boy, yet in his hearts the flame. Beauty rouses the sleeping soul to run after it. Love grows from more to more. It was in Tikam Ashram on the Rohri hills that the recluse came to pass to silence. In the silence he wished to live, but Rohri-the place of Bedial and Bakas refuse to accept his request. People far and near came to pay their homage to him. They brought their offerings. He told them, "All these offerings I accept, but a beggar needs the offerings of Rohri, the benediction of Bekas." I happened to overhear these words and when the crowd dispersed I humbly asked him the impact of his importunity. He smiled. I persisted and he smiled again. I continued to repeat my query in my boyish way and he said, "My boy, you do not know what vision of beauty this boy-saint has. No would poet one such." I was struck dumb. I could not understand the import of the words that he had spoken.

With knell of the parting day came band of the singers. They struck the chords of their simple instruments and the stream of melody began to flow. I saw the tears flowing down his eyes. I wondered. I said to myself:-"why does this man shed tears little a child!" It was after many days that the small voice with me said:-"He is a lover of beauty." I could not refrain from referring the answer to him from his attestation but he lovingly smiled and patted me.



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**[II]**

It was full of moon night. I carried his Dinner from my house. I was so amazed to find the silent atmosphere that I took care to pace the courtyard of the Ashram quietly. I saw him wrap in still communion. He was drowned in the depths of Beauty. The stray clouds played their hide and seek.

**[III]**

The eyes of love are eloquent in the extreme. Their speech is speech of silence. His eyes seem to say with the poet: "..... Wonder not if high the transport great the joy I feel communing in this sort through earth and heaven with every form of creature as it looks towards the uncreated with a countenance of adoration, with an eye of love.

His warship of beauty is transcendental. It is not confined to form and faiths. It rests in the Radiance of the Prince through it does not neglect the rags of the lowly and the lost. His renunciation does not denote denunciation. It is enunciation of the great law of love that embraces all.

**[IV]**

In one of his walls, as his custom was, he told me an incident from the life of Swami Ram Tirath. The great Swami had renounced his wife and the world. He had donned the ochre coloured dress. He had renounced even the mother who had given him "life". How could a mother renounce? It so happened that one day his mother accompanied by his wife went to see him. Puran, his favorite follower, was with him. Puran reported the arrival of tow ladies to his master. Ram Tirath is reported to have asked who they were and whence they came. On hearing the reply, the master told his disciple that he could not countenance any lady as a *Sanyasi*. Puran thereupon said: - "Oh Swami, if your say as enforces upon you not even to meet your mother, woe be to such a *Sanyasi*." These words went to the heart of the swami whose eyes began to the shed silent tears. After the heart of emotion had

cooled down the Master called upon Puran to present his mother before him saying "Oh, Puran, we renounce renunciation today." So saying he tore away the ochre colored clothes that bound him to the order he belonged to. He now embraced all Earth like the sun, moon stars, winds, He became one of them.

## [V]

Not like Swami Ram Tirath did the Transcendentalist travel. He did not retreat to the woods of God Realization. From the principal's chair he moved to market place where not unlike the great Grecian Socrates he stood preaching to the common man and woman. He renounced the wealth of Earth to announce his initiation. He took the Earth as a good mother who had brought to birth teaming the millions of creatures. He has renounced a rich legacy in the field of letter to be follow traveler with the poor. He has renounced his own by blood to accept all that the flood of love could drive unto him. In spite of all this he would not disown the ignorant and ugly, the decapitated and deformed, the peasant and the pauper, the lowly and the lost for he has worshipped the beautiful, who shines through them all. All the imperfections are heading towards perfection and illuminated mind and heart must greet the growing birth of Beauty before the common man can claim it even as comely.

***"And in their silent faces could he read  
Unutterable love, Sounded needed none,  
Nor any voice of joy; his spirit drank  
The spectacle: sensation, soul and form  
All melted into him; they swallowed up  
His animal is being; in the did he live  
And by them he live; they were his life.  
In such access of mind, in such high hour  
Of visitation from the living God,  
Thought was not."***

Long before, he could come back to himself, and feel the presence of persons in the physical before him. He felt little

abashed for the 'secret' of his heart had accidentally escaped. He quietly partook of the fungal meal and asked us to retire. Methinks the spirit still stretched its wings to enclose him in his embrace. He is eternally in it now. The Vision Beautiful can no longer afford to desert him and suffer him to live one "Dark Night"

## ASI SEE HIM -2

I saw him in silks. I see him in a poor man's garb. Is he one? My mind refuses to recognize him as one of them. He is not wealthy. Yet he is rich. His riches belong to a kingdom different from that of the Earth. Has he then scorned the Earth and its pleasures? Again the answer is negative. In spite of all this, the people call him "Sadhu." In the ordinary parlance the word means simple, unsophisticated, plain and pure. Strictly speaking the word denotes a "*Sadhak*" -one who has undertaken to practice *sadhans* or disciplines. He needless to say is a "*Sadhak*". He says "I am a humble seventh of "sadhus"." Again if you say he is a *brehmchari*. That too he is most liberal connotation of the term. A *brehmchari* does not hold discourse with women. He lives in their midst. He lives for them and works for them. He is a rebel, who would lead a woman's Revolution. He feels that she is a faltered force and must be released and employed usefully to the greater glory of a man and marker. Who is he then? He is well versed in English. Is he then a European Sadhu? He has the face of a European, but he is born in Sindh. He has inherited the rich legacy of the Fakirs and Dervishes of Sind. He is not a house-holder yet, his house so large that it would be beyond the capacity of one man to manage it. Is he then a *sanyasi*? He is not that too! A *sanyasi* has no abode. He depends for his daily needs upon the bounty of the Providence. He does not live under the trees. He does not only subsist on Nature's fruits. What is he then? Is he a missionary? He is not one of them too, yet one for amongst them. Long ago he had chosen to be one had gone to foreign lands to preach the message of universal Brotherhood. It was a Germany that he spoke to a large congregation of intellectual giants and he did not convert them successfully to his views. He was in thirties then. Silks covered him. Money came to him in plenty. He did not play into the hands of Lakshmi. He employed it to convert himself for he felt that a teacher must reach his own

self before he can except to preach to others. I remember that once he was tempted to eat mangoes. He told me that he gave a good amount to a servant to bring a **goodly** heap of different varieties. When this was brought, he sat down to feast himself on them. He repeatedly told his "mind" feast yourself fully. Seeing the heap the wandering mind was lost in wonder. The hand could hardly pick up a few and in a short time he felt the satisfaction of one satiated. On other occasion he sent for 'Chandu's Halva.' In those days one could have it for ten nanas a seer. He gave his attendant Rs.10 and the man brought for one man to consume 16 seers. Thus did he satisfy the 'hunger' of his eyes? He lived a secluded life mixing with mankind on occasions that suited his ideals. Soon he realized that to serve man, you must live with him as he lives. He felt with poet:

***"Farewell, farewell to the heat that lives alone,  
He used in a dream, at a distance from the kind  
Wherever such happiness be known is to be  
Pitted Fortis surely blind".***

He renounced distant lands to serve his own land. He felt that to serve man and you must have serve woman, for one good mother is better than hundred good school masters. He felt keenly that their training and culture had suffered because of 'sad-neglect'.

All along so far, he had taught boys and now he turned his attention to "girls".

Is it not strange that one who had studiously avoided "woman" should now undertake to go near her as a "child"?

He had so far starved himself and denied her the joy of his influence. It might be started otherwise. He had created a barrier between himself and woman the mother. He decided to break this big wall. People were prepared to entrust their nurslings to him. Was he ready to accept the trust?

I have known him decide crucial issues by referring them to the author of all problems. Deep within his heart

burn the Eternal Light of love. It is under the influence of that light that he moves as he sees. Some of us began to wonder at the step he was about to take. He laid down four simple conditions binding all those who cared to adopt him as their Spiritual Father-*sadhan*, simplicity service and sacrifice. It is easy to accept all conditions but difficult to devote one's life to them. To mould one's life, one must hold their breath, be it a life in "yoga" or a life in pursuit of Truth. 'Hold your breath.' Hunger nor hanker after but live up to the ideal and die for it need be'. I remember to have read a review of a book "learn to die schools". These schools had their home in Hitler's Germany. He meant to train German children to die their mother country. Our hero is no Hitler. He is humanist. He is a psychologist. He is a psychic. He is an educationist; he is a poet and preacher; a teacher and an idealist, a dreamer and withal a realist; a lover of the God and man. He knows what force burn within the body. He knows, for he has learnt, and burnt the way he has been taught. Like an alchemist, he has known the chemistry of consciousness. He is an artist who sets the student to walk into his footsteps by magic look.

I have seen him doing it. I have seen a young man copy his prints books one after another. As first I was amazed to see a graduate to do it but little did it occur to me that to copy with love is to concur with the master Toto.

"Imitation," says Emerson "is weakness". Did the youth from the land of five rivers obey him in order to be one like him? If he did follow him TAS did Thomas-a-Kempis then he must have been abundantly blessed. What a rich and radiant life does Kempis promise? What a wealth of sprits flows into the heart of him who follows the word of the Master. Love reached very roots of life. It teaches. It preaches not. To lay one's self as an offering and step into the foot-prints of one's Love is to invoke the spirit Beautiful. And beauty border of murmuring babble at the holy shrine of all splendor passes into his face. A child at play traces out the outlines of a beautiful picture. Little does he know that this playfulness of his is pregnant with a rich yield and it foreshadows far off events to come? He rears the dreams of his childhood into the

picture. Maybe, he becomes a builder; He initiates them into the mystic kingdom not by words of mouth but by a smile, a look, a sign of the cross. Love crossings are a gift that breach up the rifts. Is he then Love's votary? If it be so, he needs must efface his self. Has he done this or has he not? Love's ways are varied and many. Mary Magdalene was about to be stoned to death but love pronounced a sentence "he that is without sin amongst them, let him cast the first stone." He did not sit in judgment on her for he had laid down as one of the laws: 'Judge not, lest ye be judged'. We are not judging him. We are not assessing his value. By what measure shall we account for all that he gives. He lives a life. His life is a life of love. 'To give is to live'; to receive is to deceive oneself and others'. It is enough to assert that he lives. The question then comes to my mind: "Do we live?"

Invariably the reply is "No". We merely exist. He lives for he gives and wishes to give his all and be one with them. How can that be? He lives in a room-away from all and sundry. 'Yes he lives in a room and awaits the coming of the Bride-groom speculators from their picture. The Bride has all love in her heart. Her picture excels all art. Her creation carries in its heart the flame that has no name. It is true secrecy is a sin yet secrecy is sacred. In secret do the waiting ones draw near to the feet of their Beloved and wash them with their tears. He is one such yet not one of them.

What is he then? He is an artist. He paints and plants. He rears and grows. He is a culturist; He cultivates virgin soil. He transparent the fruitless; he loves to graft the ugly. He is not merely the renowned horticulturist like Burbank but a humanist whose harvests are not hedged by boundary lines but ones who sings to varied chords in diverse tones. He sings of beauty. He rings the death knell of all that is ugly and unholy. Yet he is not fastidious. He has been cultivating his soul. He rightly believes with the great German Rathenau that it is through cultivation of the soul that new economics come to a people. He says 'to believe is to achieve'. Again and again we drift from this to that, from now to then, from here to there. How many of us try to understand? We fail to listen. Let us learn to listen, attentively to the fairy tale of

this planet with awe and admiration as the teacher tells us. The time has changed. It is not only the students have changed, but the teachers have changed too. So the need of the times is teachers who carry a child-heart. He, who can be child with the children can impress, improve, integrated ennoble and enlighten a "becoming" entity. I know an incident in his life. During the days of non-cooperation, when the schools and colleges of the British were in the milting pot, he was called upon to new schools to national talent. I remember what he said to a committee of wealthy citizens. He told them, "Teachers must not be regarded as servants. They are paid for the time they give but their Knowledge is priceless" He then request the Chairman of the board of the Education to give the teachers representation on the different subcommittees to formulate a system. People could not understand the wisdom of allowing the teacher to be a co-worker, a co-builder, a comrade and above all a trustier of the real wealth of the nation. He believes in fellowship. He feels that unless and until the teacher identifies himself with the work, he would not be able to give the best and do the very best for his nurslings. A teacher is a gardener. He must see that a garden does not grow to seeds. He is a hermit, who breathes out aspirations and allows them to travel to the various part of the world. Example is better than a precept. Here is a preceptor, who has perceived the truth, practiced it and has now let it float on the waves of time and space. He has realized life is endless and eternal and that beauty and bounty can become boundless only when it is propped and propelled by the pressure of the Providence.

To realize this ideal, he trains the emotions of young boys and girls to sing hymns listen to the heroic achievements of saints and sags and then inspired move slowly into the class to hear the word of the teacher. Thus he divested Macaulay's system of clerk producing machine of its mechanical nature and made of it buoyant, courageous, community serving instrument generating reverence for the great goods, the gentle, the true and the beautiful.



## **ASI SEE HIM-3**

### **[I]**

Fifty years ago I happened to see him. I was then a little boy. I knew him not yet I felt that I knew him. I did not know the "words" that he spoke yet every nod of head, the fall and the rise of the finger that kept pace and tune with one another seemed to sing a song-seemed to ring the rhythm of dance divine. Tall, well built, beautiful he was. His ringlet seemed to invite my heart. I had no decisions then. I felt myself noosed. I could move not even an inch. Fixed to the ground I stood and on my tiptoes tried to raise my head to have a look at him. How beautiful did he look in his white trousers, Long black coat I could not then realize for 'beauty' born the breath that ran through his being lent its aroma to his face. Fragrant and fresh as the blossom of the early spring he came to charm, ensnare and waylay. Did he desire to do so? Did he not come to play upon the harp of human heart? I did not know this then but as I look back upon the past over my shoulder, I see picture after picture coming to see me and whispering into my ears the silence and strength of the seed that he scattered and let it fall.

What a beauty! I have carried the picture the value of time, through clime and country and whenever I have uncovered my heart, he stands there smiling a silent smile spreading the sweetness of his soul and the radiance of his love.

### **[II]**

A stretch of eight years came in between. I did not see him. He left his native land. From the position of a mere teacher, he rose to be the guardian of a great race. Love

outdid the smell. At Karachi he had an Ashram where it he lodged the promise of future Sind. He dyed the youth deep in the message of saints and saviours for he had a vision of a new Sind and a new age.

From amongst the crowd of young man-one-the tallest and most beautiful in mind, heart and body followed his master renouncing a rich legacy and love. Both the master and the initiate lived a life of devotion and loyalty. There is no triumph or failure in life for beauty and love know no defeat nor do they retreat into the rest and forsake the pursuit of 'life'. Life is the sumum bonum of all human Endeavours through smaller ends and may for a while smile and lead the pilgrim into a wrong thinking that he has attained the desideratum of his life. 'Not yet' is the motto of youth. Age smile and says 'Enough' has been done, a great hot has been achieved but the soul that is athirst says 'the heart is yet to be.'

He continued to teach and preach. He tried to reach distant and the nearby word of mouth. North and south, he travelled but he did not forget the earth that born him. I know it not. I was a youth indifferent. I tried to contact him. In one of his brief letters, he subscribed himself "Yours in the service of Sind." I resented it. I reproached him. He smiled the long distance and said, I shall not try to defend myself but trust the truth would one day shine'. I laughed and said: 'words, words'. Years rolled in between. He came to Karachi during his vacations to work in the 'New Time'-a half nana daily. He spend all he had and much more. He delivered lectures on Upanishads and Gita. Krishna and Christ, Mohammad and Buddha and lo what a ring his silvery voice had. Beauty is breathing beauty; youth striding out a bold path. Silks still covered his body.



Lahore could not keep him long. He had in his early years ravished the hearts of men and woman in Europe. He now moved on to Cooch Bihar. He occupied the chair vacated by a

veteran at Patiala for a time. He ultimately came to his last post of his service. Brijendranath Seal the great 'Savant' was than the height of his glory. He was called the living encyclopedia. Dr. Seal was then exploited by Research Scholars but the idol of my infancy walked into ways unknown to everyday life. He lived a life of a recluse. The Maharani of Cooch Bihar was his devoted votary but this pilgrim to the unknown sought the other world. He scourged himself night after night to arrest any wayward impulse. "St. Stanislaus he told me one day during the course of his walks has been guide." St. Francis of Assisi has been his favorites too. He told me that he did not believe in the suppression of desires. He believes in the conversion and sublimation. After years of teaching, he relinquished his office to become a 'Servant of Sind'.

## [IV]

After the inception of non-cooperation Gandhiji said to him: "If you look after Sind. I shall be free to devote myself wholly and solely to the rest of India". This he did not undertake. Education for emancipation of the sleeping spirit is his vocation. Religion and Politics are wedded to life and this silent man of Illumination kept the alive by fellowship. He led many in his long walks and taught them more than what they had learnt at the college. Steeped and saturated in the spirit of knowledge, he discarded all silks and satins to live like the poorest peasant.

A deep student of History and Philosophy, he would from the failure of Napoleon's calculations arrive at the truth and truths that is higher Power that presides over the destinies of men and Nations. 'Prayer,' he says 'can turn the tide of the losing battles.' To prove this he often quotes Abraham Lincoln's prayer at the time when his sides were losing. Following upon his knees the President with the tears in his eyes is said to have begged of the Benign Father to lead North to victory and lo it come to be out of the dark cometh Light. 'Be not afraid of it' he would often tell me I have him consoling the crucified saying, 'God would still fulfill the

promise of your beautiful life'. What is uplifting hops is there. Not a ray of light alone but a joy to come be holds out before you.

## [V]

Calculations stranded Napoleon. A man of faith and prayer-one who has drunk deep at the Fount of philosophy of the East and the West got strangled. He had banked on his small savings to serve Sind during the rest of his life. God has His own plans and man his own. When we are own ourselves, we disown God. This Almighty cans ill brook. He needs our faith undivided, our love complete and our heart replete with Him. Not winks can His brook separation. Not in the desperation does He destroy but out of affection does He trample under foot all the castles with blind in the air, Chastisement chastens. Lo, a tide came in the affair of his God-Son and the little hoard he had laid by washed off with one sweep. My hero did not wail or weep. He retired to a small little town Old Sukkur. There he was well known to the youth. They gave him house to live in but he would not consent to live in the rent-free. They arranged for his board but he would not touch a morsel without payment. The owner of the house with a great persuasion accepted rupees five as the rent. The lady who cooked for him charged him Rs. 8/- per month. This left him the balance of Rs. 12/- out of twenty-five, he got from his dear one. This too was a debt of honor, which he discharged.

Heart-rending food he got. Full of chilies yet he never complained. Quietly would he give it away to birds, which he dearly loved? Through his hoard at that, time was little yet his heart was great.

It was *Thadhri*- a day preceding *Janamastimi* I had gone to him with a friend. As usual, I requested for sweets. He expressed his inability to provide the same but simply flung a rupee at us. This fling had the sing of a Prince and not beggar.

It was life of *Tapasye*- a starvation, *sadhan*, and service.

He never allowed time to step out of his grasp. Every moment was a sacred trust. Every drop of blood is a sacred treasure to be used in the service of the poor.

He still keeps up and keeps on despite disabilities of advancing years. Poverty has richly blessed him. Though a *sonyasini* by very nature, an Educationist by his profession, he is a very great householder. He never raised eyes before a woman for many years, to educate his emotions, yet he is not insensible to their healing influence, nor to the miraculous power do they wield as "mothers". In early life, he had been confronted with the "Beautiful". He prayed intensely lifted above form. Beauty is boundless. In that spirit, he adored the effulgence of the Illumination as it peeped. He would not wait for the mate. His march has known no respite, no retreat and no regret.

For a time, he seemed to live housed in dram at a distance from the kind yet his heart was athirst to pour of his brother. He is aflame with the fire of love, but he would be secretive and reserved.

His life through an open book is yet a sealed volume. It has often been interpreted or misinterpreted. After he cast off his rich robes, and put on simple dress of the poor, he has come nearer to the common man and become many confide their secrets to him. He carries in his heart the burden of many suffering hearts.

## [VI]

Back the field of Education, he labored to revolutionise the system of education. Mire Movement in Education is what he smilingly calls it. Mire education people loving songs but this "Sufi" trying to live within the bounds of society-rings the death knell of mechanical system and sing the song of simplicity, service and sacrifice. These three must need *sadhan*-with discipline and devotion one nears the Dawn, he is longing for since ages.

Have you not witnessed the New Dawn in his eyes-a New Age in his radiant smiles that defeats all doubts and installs a faith in the Power of Love Divine?

A torchbearer knocking at the door, I salute him as a great soul- the like of him may be repeated after an age. Sages rarely come and there is no dearth of them.

*This article published in MIRA volume 17 In April 1959.*

The letter was also published

Elsewhere in this issue we have pleasure to publish an interesting article entitled 'As I see him' by our dear friend Prof: Jhamandas Bhatia, Shikarpur Sind (Pakistan).

Prof. Bhatia is a dear friend of St. Mire's Movement. In the article the gifted Professor writes about Sir T.L Vaswaniji whose name he does not mention in the article.

# HE SHOWED ME THE WAY

## [I]

"Woman" he said "regarded as *Janani* (mother) is wholesome. Her influence and impress upon the child is great". "Kamini and Kanchan, woman and wealth are two great temptations," said Sir Ramakrishna. These two again are driving forces of the life. How then is it possible to turn to one's advantage," I said. He smiled a silent smile that was more eloquent than the speeches he delivers. It was more poetic than the pomes he writes. It was beauty. Putting his on my shoulder, as I walked by his side, he said, "My boy, I have tried to keep away from the allurements of the beauty and especially beautiful women. I always pray that I might be able to go to God white sheet."

Continuing the story of his struggles, he said, "I am not immune from the attacks. I have had run for my life on my occasions. I was in Europe and one day, a young girl came to meet me after my lecture. She was supremely innocent. She had the fragrance of the fairyland. In spite of all these attributes I could not rick another meeting with her when she asked for one. I gave her appointment but I could not rest. I longest to leave for my land. I phoned to find out if any boat could carry me back to India. God so wished that I should be saved. He brought me back before I could respect the engagement."

Long after his return I saw him addressing large ladies' gatherings with closed eyes. I asked him the reason. He said "the flesh is weak". In this connection he always narrated the story of Prince Kunal. Tale after tale he would relate to show that there is a bewitching charm in woman which the blessed ones like Buddha, Christ and Krishan, Parushah and Bekas

might be able to stand. Shah in one of his poems aptly says:-

***Lakhs of young girls might flit,  
But the illuminated ones would go their way.***

## [ I I ]

I was amazed at this. I could not resist the temptation asking him again the why of such fear. After I address him; Sir, how is it that even you stand to fall and you are afraid of it?"

Serene and sober as he always is, he said", "You think wrongly when you place me above ordinary human beings. I am as frail as any one of you is even more so. I therefore fill every minute of my life with His living Presence and parry to Him to keep me away from into a trap that might be laid out for me. Deep devotion and daily dependence on Him in undertaking-in all humility and love is a source of strength and support on the narrow and slippery path of life".

Continuing he said, "Many would scoff at this attitude of mine to Life but I believe it is bereft of all danger. Apart from this repetition of one's heart to face the formidable foes." In this connection he would cite examples of Rabiya, St. Teresa, and many others who had sublimated their carvings in stand of suppressing them. "Ramakrishna could do it," he would say. At this point, I raised the issue once again. 'Was it Ramakrishna who could do it?' He said. "No! My child" "Who was it than," I said. "It was Kali-the Mother who came to redeem him," he would say. I kept quiet for awhile but thinking that such walks and lonely talks were a rare gift, I said: "Sir, what is the feeling of those who succeed in their little battle?" He smiled and said, "We are Arjunas. The great charioteer drives us to Kurukshetra. We lose heart. He steels up our nerves. Who then should expect laurels in case of victory? The charioteer or Arjuna?"

## [ III ]

This is one of the sides of the picture. The healing hands



of the mother, a sister, and a daughter can do mere- much more than doctors. If the beauty and youth that one sees growing on a girl could be accepted as the beauty of the mother, there is no reason to run away, the enlightened ones advised:

***Spin, but keep fearing;  
For those that weight is clever enough,  
If they accept, they may even are one fourth of a sees;  
Else they would reject mounds.***

In spite of hard discipline, he takes no credit to himself for lived a celibate life. "It may be" said he, I have had too much of bhoga in the past and this life may be a reaction."

How humble and meek is he! All his glory and his greatness, he writes off to the credit of his Creator and all the discredit his owns to self.

## [IV]

He is a teacher, who preaches by his practice. He is an educator, not only a young and the old, but of a man and woman, child and adult but of the animate and inanimate. His life is continuous dynamo generating electric waves that not only light bulbs but that enflame the hearts of hundreds and thousands, far and near.

I asked him one morning: "How is it that, you greet and honor more than wealthy and the beautiful?" Ones again he remained quiet for a while and then began to smile a smile that spoke to me in unseen whispers. He smile again but at last opened his lips. "Yes," said he, "I do greet and respect the beautiful and the wealthy because they are the gifts which must be utilized to glorify God and not laid to waste. I am a servant of God and I must honor 'gifts of the nature and of grace'. In discharging this obligation I must not heed what other say. I must see the wealthy make right use of wealth that God has bestowed on them. I should also see that beauty grows greater beauty and make the world more and more

beautiful.

It is the worship of the transcendent Beauty that the Sages and the Prophets have enjoined. Just see the beautiful Shikarpur. The people are very like the Greeks, tall well-built, lovers of gardens and out-door life. Is not a Nature displaying its verities from Dawn to Dusk? Is not the sunrise beautiful? Is not the sun-set one such? Is not the nature wealth and beauty to be love and respected?" So saying he sank into a glowing silence. There was a hole of glory round his head and a dreamy drowsiness in his eyes. I said to myself "How is it that this man bring a version of beauty to us and makes us feel the healing efficacy of wealth which the people of earth can rarely think of?

## [V]

Pythagoras suggested introspection and self-examination. Surrender means rendering unto Him what rightfully belongs to Him. A servant has no right to usurp his master's manifold gifts and use them for his own self gratification.

Adepts generally try to convert and sublimate but surrender is the best and the highest form of becoming sub servant to the will of His master. He once related the following incident:

"Ram Tirath had renounced the world become a Sanyasi. With renunciation enters a subtle ego which unknowingly robs us of the radiance we generate. Renunciation is enunciation, for it is born of denunciation. Hate carries in its train the keys of another kingdom that is not heaven. Ram had greatly developed the angle of vision that sees the same self in all. He used to address his audience: 'My blessed self in the form of ladies and gentlemen', and yet to appreciations and encomiums that were showered on him in the American press, he treasured like a child. Long had I begun to repeat to myself how it is? After a lapse of time he asked my leave to retire into his room, I told him, "Sir, I come to you to sit at your feet and you send me away." He said "My boy is servant

is not always free. He must render an account of the time and talents that God has bestowed upon him. Life is great trust. It is wealth, it is beauty. This great trust must not be careful, not to squander away like the prodigal, nor must he sleep away like the foolish virgins indifferent to the advent of the master"

## [VI]

"Goddoth not need either man's work or his own gift. They also serve, who only stand and wait". He smiled and said: "A servant must accept the Divine decree not because "he must" as there is no other way but he must lovingly submit to the will of the master. To glorify oneself is defeat the very purpose of the Divine Plan. But before one accepts to be a servant, he must clean sweep his selfish desires by replacing "I" by "you". You know Ram feasted his mind; heart and soul on these press cuttings but love the alchemist one day change his angle of vision. He considered all those newspaper cuttings as gross and dross. Quietly he consigned this accumulated treasure into the bosom of the Arabian Seas. Fame and name is the last infirmity of the noble minds. One has to walk on the double edged sword and yet keep the balance."

The child persists through the mind in his progressive programmer resists and insisted on installing the Eternal. Many battles have to be fought. Peace is dearly brought. It is sought by many but wrought by one the blessed few. He is one of those very few who have changed themselves and converted not a few!

# THE MAN OF MIANI

(A Sind Mystic)

Sind is a soil of saints and sages. It is rich with their fragrance. From east to west, north to south, it rings with the songs of Sufis, the singers of the Celestial One. Sand and stones which give "Sind" the name of a "dry, dreary desert" are full of song. Some Sufis have been silent. They have sung songs of silence-their music is the music of the stars, 'who climb each night the ancient sky'. Not so was the Man of Miani.

Far away from the hum drum of human life, this place on the banks of the sacred Sindhu was chosen by one of Sind's true sons-Bachul. The bustle and rustle of a growing commercial city had little attraction for the lover. He therefore selected a quiet spot a place of beauty where he built the Temple of the Beloved. Amidst the tall trees and playful waters Bachul sat down in quest. The glory of the setting sun, the splendour of the rising moon filled him with joy and hope. Day after day the spot grew to be lovely for Bachul worked hard to make it as beautiful and as inviting as human skill and effort could do. There, in silence, by the side of the Sindhu, he daily worshipped the Vision Beautiful.

This constant companionship generated a light which stood by him even in moments of darkness. It was a 'Kindly light that led him on amidst the encircling gloom.'

Bachul bloomed and blossomed through blessings. Serving an old pious lady he earned her goodwill and affection-and one day calling him to her side she said to Bacha, "My child, thou shall be Shah one day." Her blessing was fulfilled to the letter.

As a child he was wont to attend a school at Manjhand where a Hindu Fakir, Struck with his shining brow, enlisted him as a servant of the Lord. The Fakir was a servant of the Fair One. He breathed inspiration into the little boy who went to the school no more. Bachul himself sings of it thus:

***The Master taught us the lesson of Love.  
Lovingly we inscribed it on the tablet of the heart.  
Lord's love ever increaseth, endurth age.***

The Master gave him word. Meditating on the word he lost himself in the word. The Beautiful took him up and he began to sing:

***Nothing is lost, nothing gained.  
Nothing is to come, nothing to go.  
Like pompousness contained in the sea  
Mistake lies with understanding.  
Gain is a joke;  
Lose a falsehood;  
There is no gain and no loss,  
It is full, as it was.***

When he found the keys of the Palace-gate are began to sing "Learn renunciation through submersion of self." Another great Master, Bedil, similarly sings, "Learn the art of dissolving yourself. Reading and preaching avail not."

In another song Bachul sings of the world like an ascetic world-weary spirit warning pilgrims on the path against the traps laid out. He says:

***The world frail and lovely, dances like a courtesan,  
Plays many a game and sets the hunting eagle  
Seldom is a man able to save himself from this dragon.  
Bachal, only a valiant could cut off her ears.***

Rohal, a great Sufi sage, sounds a similar note when he says:

“The world is a hypocrite-the seekers there of all dogs.” Almost all the mystics of the East and the West are agreed on this point that the world is a great stumbling block in the spiritual progress of the aspirant. Like Hafiz and Omar, Bachul was fond of the cup and this intoxication made him mad with the beauty of the Beloved.

The God- intoxicated soul would always sing the well-known song of his great Punjabi compeer, Bullah Shah: “Thy love makes me dance.” The latter sang it to appease the wrath of his Master while the former, to please the Great Master. To one, it was a song of repentance and to the other, a song of joy, of fullness, of exuberance. How strange! Yet how true!

Bachul would often swim across the river to meet a great servant of the poor-a singer-on the other side and this man was none else but Bhai Vasan-the meek and mighty-silent yet singing the songs of love in the service of the poor. In his company he would dance and sing, for Bhai Vasan was a Bhakta-a singer of a very high order.

Not unlike him, he too served the poor. Once a poor woman came to Bachul with tears in her eyes saying, “I have nothing to eat”, and lo! You find Bachul running along deeply distressed to the fields of the woman. Days and nights he works for her till she has plenty when all of a sudden he disappears. His heart ached to see the helpless in distress. It is said that against her wishes was being dragged into marriage a young daughter of a Zamindar. She had an ardent desire of dedicating her life to the Lord. In disgust she left the parental roof.

A dancing girl enticed her into her house. Expecting to make money from her beauty she taught her some music. She had an occasion to sing before Bachul who, perceiving her leanings, gave her a pan in the beginning (a sign of cordial welcome) and a rupee at the end (a gift). She thus learnt the lesson of love.

Love always dreams and this girl was not immune. She

would often entreat Bachul to accept her as his disciple but he would invariably refuse saying, "You are in the enchanted kingdom of youth, blissful and bountiful." The girls took the hint and, throwing away all she had, followed the master.

Bachul once went to the Dargah to Kalandar with sandals on his feet but the keepers of the shrine refused him admittance whereupon he told them. "Behold! The Kalandar holds the cup for me." They begged of him to show them Kalandar. He replied, "Since you cannot recognize me how can you recognize Kalandar?"

Despite his fondness for music and wine he was not attached to them for he always declared that true happiness lay in the love of the Lord. He says: "Happiness lies in singing the praises of the Lord. The atom is seldom understood. Through kindness slave Bachal has been favoured with instructions. They only attain who dig deep into their minds."

In another song he says:

***"Those that did not dive and see in themselves,  
Bachal, they know naught of the mystery of making.  
Their life passes out counting the hours of the clock."***

Bachal Shah died in the land of his love at an advanced age of 110. Such, in short, is the life story of the Man of Miani.

## LOVE POETRY OF SHAH ABDUL LATIF

***IN THE FIELD of love their did fall  
To sever the head, keep the body apart,  
This their ornament is.  
I saw them giving over the Beloved***

Every poet is a lover. The world does not know a poet who is not aflame with love or who has not known the torture of love. All the annals of poets are full of love. The poet of the East is thrilled with the lust of love. Jalaludin Rumi says, "Love is imbued with such electric pressure that even the mountains begin to move the moment they hear its name.

Shah knew both the love of form and of the formless. He has sung under the intoxication of Love.

***I cannot praise the pain of love  
I would spell it artfully and read it with gusto.***

Shah says love has no beginning nor has it any end, still it has its source in the eyes, and every lover worships his Beloved through his eyes.

***"Every bride worships her love through her eyes".***

Shah is a true lover. He stands unmoved despite a shower of arrows that his Beloved lets fly upon him. He sticks to his post. He knows no retreat.

I stand where I am struck. My love is gallant, would that he struck me all the more. (Yamen Kalyan)



Love begins when the eyes meet and it is becoming that we must walk towards it with our eyes. Eyes for feet shall we make and go\_\_go we must.

Shah's eyes have over beheld the beauty of the Beloved and thereafter have known no rest. They are so mad after their love that though the poet is asleep, they stealthily leave him to meet their love.

***The eyes, who saw somewhere something  
Became mad, struck with beauty***

***They have known no peace says Shah  
When I restrain the eyes  
Seeing me asleep, they meet, crossing world,  
They decreed my death in their union,  
Love is a malady of the heart.  
The like of it we do not meet.***

As Rumi says that the disease of the heart is unique. According to Shah a lover whose face has not known fading but is still abloom with blood can hardly be termed as such. Love rules the subject of all as grace and beauty. Reason and tact bid goodbye to him. Self-respect gets drowned into the depths of love.

***When love came as a leader  
Reason lost all its counsel***

Shah calls lovers Wadhoo\_\_ those that have been rent asunder. A great calamity has befallen them. In the plains as they be, they do not cry of the cuts and the pains that are gnawing at their hearts. Life without a glimpse of the Beloved they do not need. It tastes poison to them and they say

***Without the Beloved, life we do not need.***

The poor "Patient" cries out of pain, the physician feels his pulse, examines his wounds, but those wounds are such that they heal not- love's sight would be a healing balm for them.

The wounds pain and peel, but the bitter medicines do not bring relief. The Beloved's sight alone serves a soothing salve. The physicians return disappointed. Love comes to administer the physique. He the friend came fast flew the pain.

Shah has described Love, a strange thirst which never can be slaked. In his poem on suhini he says:

***I scorch, I roast, I burn, I cry out of pain and pry,  
The thirst of the Beloved is in me,  
with drink I can never satisfy  
The whole sea would be one draught.***

In another poem Sasui he says:

***Love those that have thirst to the brim  
Drink the cup of thirst to allay thirst. Oh Punoh,  
Come to administer it that I may slake my thirst  
with thirst.  
The parch and thirst of the lover  
Would be satisfied when a similar thirst would  
grow in the Beloved and then a union of the two  
would work a fusion.***

Shah says: If thou want to claim a name of love for self, roast thyself on the irons Love. The lion and the, female camel all hunger for roasted meat. The more they take, the greater becomes their hunger.

***The alchemy of love fuses the two loves into one  
Love does not bring the two to drink of one cup.  
The black bee renounces flight and comes to settle  
with the lotus of the Earth.  
It is the miracle of love which brings about the  
synthesis of the high and the low.  
Blessed is that love which bridges the high and the  
low and fuses them into one.***

Shah calls love a snake and longing gallows or

martyrdom. A true lover is always ready to mount the gallows. One who considers the gallows a 'bridal bed' and 'death meeting'. Those who feel being butchered an act of love, death would be unto them union par-excellence. Longing and lying down with the same letter start. Both without giving themselves, fall too short Wine of the "Tavern of Love" \_\_ a drop of it \_\_ is a pearl of great price. To gain it one must give one's life. One who wishes to step into the dominion of the lover should set little value on his head. Love is first like a 'Black Snake' and if it did not avenge itself, it cannot be called a black Viper.

***Do not care to save your head in the field of love  
Love is a snake, the bitten knows it best.***

Shah is a true and real lover, and he gives a call to all lovers to jump upon the gallows. The test of love comes only when the gallows greet him and he meets death as if it were his Beloved.

***The gallows call. Would any of you come oh Sisters?  
They needs must go who take the name of love.***

Poets of the East like Tagore always advise secrecy in love. They say, "Love that does not face the light is pure and shines like a diamond in the dark chamber."

***Do not divulge the pangs of love to the people  
But keep it concealed, a secret treasure.***

***This concealment, says the poet, you can learn from  
the oven.***

***Oh dear, learn love from the oven which all day  
doth burn, a puff out of it doth spurn  
Lovers, despite the agony of love do not let a cry out  
Lovers weep by night When none is in sight.***

Shah puts rain and love in the same category.

The clouds let out rain and love brings out water though

---

the eyes of lovers. Rain and love the same genius have.

***He deprecates those that display their love.  
Oh mother, I do not trust those that shed tears.  
Who bring water in their eyes and show to the world  
Those whose hearts ache, cry not and naught do  
they say.***

A lover need not be light-hearted to give vent to his feelings nor need the frequent his friend. It is a union of two hearts, a communion which transcends foolery out of distance.

***Go with eyes, as your feet  
Give not out love's search to anybody  
Love does not cherish any desire. It does not brook  
barriers.***

Rivers and canals are but little which can stand surging of the sublime. The mount and the desert dared not obstruct the path of Susui.

***The forest admits defeat before devotion.  
Those that surge with love feel a river to be a mere  
crossing.  
The highest mount needs must bend before love.***

Shah is deep in love with love. He never looks for union but always thirsts that he should continue to pine. He keeps green and fresh the memory of his love. He lets love sleep on the bed which death has made. He never thinks of nearing union, but always welcomes separation.

***Separation is dearer than union  
Whatever in separation's womb lies  
Union, at our moment all defies,  
Come again oh, separation,  
Union brought a cleavage  
The wounds that pained love came and healed.***

Shah always desired a search, a quest and not a conquest of the Beloved. He said:

***“Seeking, seeking let me not love find  
Lest union silence the restless of my mind...”***

If on the day of resurrection I were to meet the Beloved, it would be too near for the greetings of Union stand far removed. Such was shah's “Eternal Love”.

Hafiz says: **“Love never comes to lips.”**

Sachal says to his disciple Yakoob,

***“Were I to detail love’s romance,  
a hundred doomsdays would not suffice to cover it.”***

Shah beautifully says the same strain,

***“There is neither limit to pain nor is there any to love  
No quantity controls love, it finds itself in Death.”***

# THE SONGS OF MURAD

(Translated from original Sindh)

Murad Faqir (man of God) of Kandri (near Rohri, Sindh) came from Baloch tribe and was originally an inhabitant of Dera Ghazi Khan. In the prime of his life he made his living by committing dacoities, his accomplice, among others, being his cousin Rohal, who, later on, became one of the renowned Sufi poets of Sindh. His notoriety spread striking terror everywhere and he had ultimately to be extended from Punjab. He then went to Rajputana and continued his marauding until the Prince of Jessalmir drove him out of that territory. He then established himself in Umerkote in Sindh. Subsequently, the then Kalhora rulers in Sindh offered him and Rohal the gift of lands and they readily agreed to give up their nefarious activities. Later on, Rohal became a minister and Murad, too, became a high official. It was Rohal, however, who, urged by the irrepressible Power within him, renounced all worldly possessions and wandered in quest of his Divine Charmer. Murad, too, joined him in these wanderings. The turning-point in Murad's life came when once some cattle of a neighboring Sayyed (religious preceptor) trespassed in Murad's lands repeatedly even after Murad had brought this to the Sayyed's notice. He then complained to Rohal saying that in case the Syed would not arrange to stop that nuisance, he (Murad) would curse the Sayyed which would indeed be deplorable for a descendant of the Holy Prophet. Thereupon, Rohal exclaimed that speaking to the Syed would not avail; better he who was excited by anger should slay his "self". These words pierced Murad's consciousness like a sharp-pointed spear. There and then, covering himself with a sheet of cloth, this 'wounded one' lay down till he was blessed with the Sufi's mystic vision of Oneness with his Maker and His Creation. His death is believed to have taken place a little earlier than 1800 A.D. His poetry, unlike that of Shah Latif, is

tinged with an unadulterated Sufi touch. His works in Persian go under the name of "Diwan-i-Murad".

— {Ram Panjwani and S. L. Shahani.}

**(1)**

*I have neither the features, nor the color, nor have I any  
sense  
Neither have I smeared the rogue, nor have I applied the  
antimony  
Neither have I chewed  
Neither have I parted my hair, nor have I laboured  
But the one, who is beloved of her Lord, she is Oh Murad  
a real suhagin.*

**(2)**

1. *The lovers came to sell themselves in the market of love*
2. *Boy ant, within Oh Murad they ramble about without  
like languishing birds*
3. *None but he who has felt the pinch can value the  
wounds of the wounded*
4. *The candy or the eater there of alone knows the taste of  
the candy*

**(3)**

1. *She whose beloved is safe, why nee is she must spin*
2. *Recklessly roams about even though a fool does not let  
string to the wheel*
3. *Day after day she wears variegated colored clothes*
4. *She who is a favourite of her lord Murad her stars are  
ascendant*

**(4)**

1. *The pill of pain administered by the physician love  
leaves not a speak of disease*
2. *Not a slight ill remains within; it drowns all doubt and  
suspicion*
3. *It there the veil of I shows the Real to the eyes*

4. *Murad the Beloved is beside the heart only if you would  
deep within*

**(5)**

1. *Know the I, that you may have me, because, I decide in  
the I*
2. *Do not look for me in the deserted places but meet me  
in the I*
3. *I am in you and you in my do live thus up thy doubts  
give*
4. *The man, Oh Murad thou must know and in me, to me  
count thou bow*

**(6)**

*Don't carry thy head with try self if thou woudst the  
Beloved meet,  
Divest thy self of reason and then step in  
Renounce all the dirty desired of self end role it into  
obedience  
No place is there for the living, oh Murad for the dead  
alone can enter*

**(7)**

*Every one styles himself a lover but to be a lover is not easy  
The first symptom of love is to die when alive and then live  
To drink draught divines from the hands of the Cup-bearer  
every breath of your life  
Then alone is it befitting Murad to call oneself a lover.*

**(8)**

*If union be thy goal make haste to meet,  
Place thy foot in the field before others enter  
None but the headless can enter the bargain  
To die alive Murad is useful all else is useless*

**(9)**

*The eyes, a merchant, the beloved the ware, Love a broker*



*we made  
The Beloved we got the anxiety we forgot for the bargain  
we thus paid  
The head and heart and this body too a sacrifice to love we  
said  
Murad, the Lord arranged an excuse, we gave a reed and a  
lac we got instead*

**(10)**

*If they would the beloved rest  
Taking the night long must thou great  
Crowing have they come with their mouths sealed  
On the gallows their truth remained unrevealed.*

(Shah)

**(11)**

*In whatever heart the Sun of love crosses  
Its do assanduelity for ever did it close  
He that is love intoxication  
Asserted him Darya khan and his self absted.*

**(12)**

*Love shows the light and the ways  
The common call it a astray  
He who swears obedience to love  
Has none but himself to look above  
Lovers in Mansoorie state  
Best the drums of God like fate  
The book of Beauty to the pure  
Blesses with faith and the dirt ours.*

*(The colourless friend expresses through colour.)  
The colourless love himself shows  
Through colour and thus it glows  
Somewhere Salik secret master  
Stows up stands to the sight faster  
Shah Sharaf Sarmud  
Roam about-love-sad.  
Bedil know the beauty shine*

---

*Is the very light of the Divine?*

**(13)**

*Allow not slumber to close thine eyes  
Arise cored as, for the dight slowly dies  
Difficult in the hilly way  
Where lord above will be my shay,  
The boat in the mid street  
Is old, then it begins its so rear,  
Take your things where on to hold,  
For neither is there grain nor water cold,  
Sisters shah Latif says,  
Nothing is fixed nor ever stays.*

**(14)**

*Fisherman, oh Ferryman,  
Row me across the River,  
Thy Chandan and ivory Boat  
Has for its rudder on a made of silver  
I shall pay my fare,  
Row me to the other side,  
No business have I  
In the port market,  
Ferryman row me across,  
Row me and pass,  
Viles and waves on all sides toss,  
God give strength to face,  
Desolation, and its race,  
Comrades Shah Latif says,  
Comply with this and ever prays....*

## BE-LOVED BRIDE

### I

- (1) *She is the Beloved Bride who has heart full of love  
Coming into consciousness she stands apart while alive.  
She roots out all duality from her mind,  
Sami, such a one always enjoys the union with the Beloved.*
- (2) *She is the Beloved Bride, whom the Lover calls his own,  
Who throwing fear and doubt bears herself respectfully,  
Relishes the sweetness of love and offers unto others.  
Sami, such a one enjoys the beauty of the Beloved.*
- (3) *She is the Beloved Bride, who has her Love in her lap,  
Who keeps not a speck of the dirt of duality  
Sami, she always is happy in the will of her Beloved*
- (4) *Hundreds wear bridal decorations but the Beloved may  
be one.  
She who wears the wreath of humility out of trust,  
Who climbing the cost of comfort enjoys the beauty of  
the Beloved,  
All the rest without love get a bad name.*

### II

- (1) *Truth-commodity, O Sami, is dear,  
Desiring union, dash off and receives,  
Willingly do a drag throwing all fear  
Courageously cross, thus shalt thou achieve.*
- (2) *King of a country famished in a dream  
Palanquins and plenty master of all,  
Petitioners at his door Sami they call,  
Conscious thus a begging in scheme.*

## SONGS OF ROHUL

*Entertaining love-fire  
No privations they feel,  
In oneness of union  
They enjoy their weal,  
**Rohul**, spurned by afflictions  
Ferment thy soul's desires.*

---

*Why go to another shop a-trading  
Silks and satins ye have the goods nearby.  
Open ye the love-intoxicating tavern,  
Change not your centre, oh **Rohul** of Love,  
Longing alone would give the Light.*

---

*Nine symptoms of Light  
Hang on the Lover's sight:*

1. *Sitting on the paths  
Engrossed in their thoughts;*
2. *Touching no food,  
Nor thinking of their good;*
3. *Bending their heads,  
As their "ego" fades;*
4. *Hearing with ears,  
Looking not to fears;*

- 
5. *Linking themselves fast,  
Living it to the last;*
  6. *Breaking not the bond,  
Of which they have been fond;*
  7. *Every nerve manifesting  
Love and-not jesting;*
  8. *Singing of the strange  
To lovers and their range,  
While on their way  
Are happy and gay.*
  9. *Shattering their sleep  
Closely they creep;  
With the strength of heart  
From the world thy depart.*

# THE THIEF

*He sees Him  
The King!  
And his eyes area glow with His glory  
There is a Desire  
To steal!  
He was a master-artist  
But the perception of  
Beauty was wonderful.  
The theft too strange,  
Too hard.  
At mid-night he leaves his home To Ram about  
Alas! He feels the presence of the King,  
It haunts him  
The hours—the hours of waiting—are the hardest.  
Slowly he steals a glance  
But the King pays no heed.  
Again he uncovers his heart to see his precious treasure  
And lo! The King dawns on him  
In amazement, Says he  
The "King" the "King"  
And the King disappears.  
He then sings to bring back the King.  
But the "King of the Dark Chamber—"comes not.  
The heart—once so delightful, loses its light  
It becomes a "Dark Chamber"  
But where is the King!  
The thief feels his failure.  
Again the King while returning from His rounds sees  
him sitting,  
Hamming the hymn of Love  
A Light came upon Him  
And He felt—that his heart had been stolen.  
Oh! Thief—thou hast outwitted me.*

# PALACE

*He sits in the Palace,  
The Beautiful One!  
The radiance and fragrance of His beauty have collected  
the lovers like bees.  
But sitting in it is forbidden.  
All along a weary pilgrim, drawn by the charm, comes and  
cools himself down under the shade of a tree!  
Wonder! What may this mean?  
What could there be in the Palace of the Prince!  
Mysterious-yet too plain is the Perfume,  
How then can the inner apartments are seen!  
Not till the Prince permits!  
Wearied with waiting he stretches himself on the grass.  
In the darkness of the night the brilliance brightens him up,  
Through the pin-holes he tries to peep in!  
But, alas! The Prince is in the heart of the palace.  
How then could he penetrate into the presence of the Prince?  
Not by any device of the brain, nor by the strain of physical  
pain.  
To rush into the royal chambers,  
To break open the bars.  
Alas! That cannot be.  
The morning dawns,  
The Prince comes out,  
He passes by like a soft wind.  
From the deep stupor the pilgrim rises  
But the Prince the King of kings is gone.  
The palace gates close down against him.  
All day long he sits.  
Again the night comes on.  
In the darkness of the starry sky the moon comes out.  
He shines but slips off*

*He knows not.  
The Prince comes out and unlocks the door, shut  
Against the pilgrim  
Face to Face they stand !*

---

*PILGRIM— Oh king, what is there in thy palace?  
PRINCE— My kingdom.  
PILGRIM— Kingdom in the palace!  
PRINCE— Many more.  
PILGRIM— Open unto me the doors of thy mystery.  
PRINCE— Not till then —  
PILGRIM— When! oh when ?  
PRINCE— When thou gives all will the doors be opened  
unto thee  
PILGRIM— Prince. King of kings, open the gates of the  
palace for I long to enter thy kingdom!*

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*Silence is the stair to the bower of the Beautiful.*



## THE “THIEF”

*He sees Him-  
The king!  
And his eyes are a glow with his glory-  
Then is a Desire-  
To steal!  
He was a master artist  
But the perception of Beauty was wonderful  
The theft too strange  
Too hard-  
At mid-night he leaves his home-  
To perm about for a prey-  
Alas He feels- The presence of the king  
It haunts him-  
The hours- the hours of waiting-are the hardest-  
Slowly he steals a glance-  
But the King pays no heed  
Again he uncovers his heart to see his precious treasure-  
And lo! The king dawns on him-  
In amazement says he  
The “King”- the “King”  
And the king disappears  
He then sings to bring back the king  
But the “King of the dark chamber comes not-  
The heart ones so delightful loses its light-  
It becomes a “Dark Chamber”  
But where is the king  
The thief feels the failure-  
Again the king while returning from his rounds sees him  
sitting  
Humming the rhyme of Love-  
A light came upon Him-  
And he felt- that his heart had been stolen-  
Oh! Thief-thou hast outwitted me-midnight.*

# THE GIFT

*He goes out  
From his desert home-  
Into the heart of a neighboring city  
From door to door he goes  
And sings! The song he sows  
Being the best to his bowl  
One day he meets a fellow Fakir  
Tired with his wanderings he leads  
Him to the king's door  
"He has larger store" said the Fakir  
"True"- but he is our king!  
Yes the king can give large  
Only if he has known the "art"  
Of giving and has the heart  
The kings give  
No said the beggar  
They are the greatest beggars  
Every inch of their lives they are beggars  
Dissatisfied they go  
Into the presence of the king  
He receives them  
"What has brought you Either" asked the king  
The "lust" of gifts  
Ah said the sovereign  
I am a greater beggar  
Give me the gift  
That knows no shift  
But remains to the last  
Fixed- Whose colours fast  
Lend the light  
And make the heart still more bright"  
The beggars smiling said  
We have no such gift*

*But we will search for it  
So they travelled on  
From kingdom to kingdom  
In search of the "gift"  
For the king  
And all the kings  
Confessed their poverty  
They came to a country  
Where they met a Rustic  
He was busy sowing the seed  
And they begged of him to give them too  
The "seed" that grew  
Putting on colors ever "new"  
And the rustic said- yes  
The "seed"- "I can sow  
But know not if it will grow"  
The beggars disappointed began to look  
But the old man shook his head  
And he said- "Do not beg"  
But rather "give"  
And thus live  
From day to day  
Let this be thy stay  
And the beggars said  
What to give?  
We have nothing  
"Yes" true  
He that has nothing  
Has "all" –  
Is it? – said the beggars  
"Yes"- For the "kings"  
Coffers open only when you have  
Given all your own- disown  
And see yourself grown  
Like a flower  
In the bower  
Of Beauty!  
And the beggars- getting this gift-  
Went to the king-  
And told him all that had happened*

*But the "gift"  
They gave him not  
And the king asked  
Or the "gift"  
The beggars said  
Oh king- the "king of kings has given thee kingdoms  
Pleasures and treasures wealth beyond measures  
And still thou art "a beggar"  
Not a "king"- a slave- "Not a master"  
Lust of life-! Has taken hold of Thee  
Give me the spark  
Trim thou thy lamp  
And wait!  
Thy life will flame up into  
A fire- the "Gift"- Eternal.*

## THE NEW GUEST

*Ten long years-  
The vast stretch of time  
She waited!  
Roaming- in the infinite space  
Of Earth and sky  
One day she saw a cloud moving  
It was a dark cloud  
And she saw!  
Her heart leaped up in joy  
The depression and dejection made way for the new  
Guest  
Ten years of my life have I spent for thee!  
And still many more many lives-nay  
Life Eternal shall spend for Thee  
There was a transformation  
The Transfer scene!  
New curtain had been dropped  
The old one had been raised  
Her life became a Leela  
A life of music that sprang from the Deeps of love  
She heard the song  
And her heart danced  
But the singer she said not  
One beautiful morn the sun arose  
And she felt the singer had entered  
Her apartments!*

## PRISONER

*I am a prisoner in my own house!  
The chains are strong.  
Long have I suffered from wounds these chains have  
wrought.  
And I often look at them and say,  
"They are the blessings of the Beloved."  
He has chained me- a vagabond!  
I feel the chains.  
Cheer up! Oh heart,  
He comes to deck those,  
Who bear His yoke.*

*I am a prisoner  
Entombed within walls!  
They have thrown on me  
Their spell of silence,  
Shrine of Silence!  
Radiating radium rays,  
The stars and the moon come to the window silently,  
They are my comrades.  
Birds lay out a feast of song.  
Into the vastness of the plains  
The walls vanish.  
How intense- yet how vast!  
No more a being chained!  
Being changed I have become free.*

# THE ARK OF LIFE

*In the depths of the Dark-the Art of Life he sat.  
Singing the song  
Of silence!  
The song Eternal and the song breathed unto Him  
Its Rhythm- its melody  
Its beauty and its light  
Day after day he changed  
From the Deeps unto Devotion  
And this colored the things around him  
The values of Life changed  
But he grew stronger in vision  
Till one day the king came to him,  
All his strength failed before the King-  
The victor of the victorious  
And this vanquished heart become fresh with the  
Fragrance of His touch  
The song in his heart changed  
"Accept me as thy slave- oh! King"  
"Admit me into thy Presence."  
The king heard the prayer  
He granted it!  
He was asked to go  
Through the kingdoms of the King  
And one day he said to himself  
"He has enslaved many"  
His dominions are vast  
"His banner flutters over many a heart"  
The strongest for tress is his own  
Where in he lives in peace  
Ruling over his Realms!  
Year's glide- seasons change  
But this slave has not obtained the keys of the fort  
His devotion deepens*

*He gets the Magic word  
He gives up all the keep the word  
Day and night  
Illusions and Delusions danced on him  
But he did not feel their presence  
The Reality was revealed unto him  
The magic word breaks the spell of maya  
(And the king is drawn towards him)  
He (King) comes to him saying  
"The keys of the "Golden For tress"  
In the kingdom of "Jy"  
Have I come to give thee"  
But said he "I am a slave"  
How can I accept them"  
And the king tells him  
"True, but thou has won me over"  
I had enslaved many  
But you have enslaved me  
Oh conqueror of my kingdom  
"I am Thine"  
But the slave humbly said  
"Master---- Thou- not I  
I am the slave of thy slaves, the meekest of the meek  
My joy is alone in thee  
Thou art the Ark of my Life.*



## LOST HEART

*He was a dreamer  
And every minute he built up homes in the Dreamland  
But soon after a while he would pull them down to build  
up new ones  
So on- he went  
But his life though rich in dreams was a desert in reality  
It did not occur to him  
That the dreams he had once cherished as his pet creations  
were merely the Phantoms of his fancy  
He lived in the happy homes of never failing "Hope"  
Day and night he sought- nay wooed in the woods- the  
"Fairy" – Fair.  
But every time he thought she was within his reach- she  
slipped off  
But still the "Dreams" continued to brighten up his being-  
He kept on  
But the song of his life changed into dregs  
He saw the downfall his empires  
He grew restless  
From place to place wood he flit- seeking the kingdom of  
Youth  
One day he began to sing the song of his "Sorrow"  
The light that once guided him seemed to have vanished  
And he felt that he was groping in the "Dark"  
Restlessly he roamed about-  
He looked up to the stars for solace  
To the trees he implored for repose  
In the birds he begged for a song!  
What was the wrong he knew not.  
One day in a mood of despondency he went to the river  
And silently recited the story of his afflictions  
He saw a man there- who was looking for some thing*

*The man jumped into the river headlong and after a time  
came back to the bank  
Again the man waited for a few minutes  
Looking about here there he dashed off saying  
"It must be there"  
The youth began to think "this man too is searching for  
something in the river  
He is restless  
The man came back again disappointed and confused  
He sat alone for a time but again ran off at a speed saying  
"It must surely be there – I see it – It cannot slip off"  
Jumping into the river he disappeared under waters  
After a long time he came back exhausted but a little  
brightened up  
And the youth seeing him went to help him  
The man was unconscious and was saying I have found it-  
Now have I found it !  
The youth began to whisper- "I too have lost?"  
"But what is it I have lost" said he  
Something!  
He heard a song in the air- It was a song of solace  
He revived the unconscious man  
And the efforts inspired him to dive into the deep  
And he dived deeper and deeper  
Till in the "Watery cave" he found a shining flow  
It was the lost heart- the jewel of his life.*

## THROUGH THE 'WINDOW'

***I sit by the window***

*And watch!*

*The changing scenes*

*The setting seasons*

*The blooming flowers*

*And the fading colors*

*Watching through the window I receive the*

*Rays and catch its first sprays and then the burning*

*Lava and last dyeing embers of a glorious fire*

*It comes out again*

*A resurrect phoenix*

*In a new form- a new glory*

*But now a cooled comrade- not a burning Battle man*

*Suddenly the window through which I was looking closed  
down*

*And the changes no longer caught my fancy*

*I did not care to come up to it*

*The window of my heart had been opened*

*She came there every moment*

*And I could not leave her*

*She was the balm of my burning life*

*And every moment I was weaving a garland of flowers*

*The flowers streamed out in an endless flow*

*And I had no time to look up each flower was full of  
fragrance*

*And as I passed needle after needle*

*The flowers began to smile*

*I was taken a back*

*How said I can the flowers smile?*

*And soon the flowers said*

*We are being stringed*

*And this brings out a song*

*For our soft petals*

*It is the song- the smile- of Nature  
You feel you are crushing for the Beautiful  
But no- we are rushing  
With joy- to the Beautiful  
Stringing together  
Singing to weather  
We waft-  
We graft  
From the garden  
The fairest of the fair  
And through the window  
I watch the flowers ...grandeur  
In the heart  
The flowers  
For the coming Festival!  
Tenderly taking them in my tiny hands  
I watch  
Into their faces  
Is written the story and the glory of their lives  
And one by one they whisper  
The heart rending story  
And then said- still so fair  
How rare  
To keep- the Beauty  
And they said- "Peep"  
Through the "window"  
And the fragrance of flowers along will grow you into their  
glory  
The joy of the Beloved.*

## **“LEELA”- THE “SEEKER”**

*She was a simple girl  
But the music in her heart vibrated through her being  
The eye- intoxicated- stretched out to catch a glimpse  
She knew not the object  
Her voice sang the song of beauty  
Her heart had not seen the Beautiful  
She leaped up in joy  
She knew not why!  
All of a sudden one day  
He came to her cottage  
Saying- “I need water”-  
His presence was a magic wand  
She left her dreams  
And went to the well  
For the water of life  
She looked back  
How beautiful!  
And the heart melted  
Again she said how tender!  
And the furnace began to melt it  
It was all water  
She had forgotten all about her question  
He came to her- under the tree- and said Water!  
Yes! Oh Lord!  
The well has been dug  
But the water must be dirty  
Nay- My Lord  
Give me a draught!  
Alas it cannot be  
You alone can do it fine*

*(Jhamandas D. Bhatia)*